

Saturday Night Wrestling

Saturday, November 8th, 2014

Dallas, Texas

Crockett Coliseum

[We fade in from black to find quite the scene. "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is in the middle of the backstage interview area, an exasperated look on his face as there is a cacophony of sound in the air. On one side of Blackwell is Supernova, Sultan Azam Sharif, Derrick Williams, and Bobby O'Connor. On the other stands Johnny Detson, Calisto Dufresne, Terry Shane, and Joshua Barnes. Both sides are shouting angrily at the other.]

LB: Hold on... hold on... GUYS! CALM DOWN!

[Blackwell's shout seems to stop them short for a moment.]

LB: You're going to have plenty of chances to shout at each other... and plenty of chances to beat the tar out of each other for that matter. But before we do that, we've gotta get an answer. Supernova, who is the final member of your team?

[Supernova goes to respond before his answer is swallowed by the shouts of the opposing team. A frustrated Blackwell turns to glare at them.]

LB: Fine... Johnny Detson, who is the final member of your team?

[But as Detson goes to respond, a burst of screams and shouts from the opposing team buries the reply. Blackwell throws up his arms.]

LB: ENOUGH!

[The shouts slow to a halt... for the moment.]

LB: I just came from speaking to the AWA Championship Committee and they made it clear that we need an answer to this question and we need it tonight. So, you two have got a decision to make.

[He points to Supernova and Detson.]

LB: Either you pick your final partners yourself and announce it here tonight...

[Dramatic pause.]

LB: ...or tonight will see an Open Invitational Battle Royal where the last two men standing will get the final spots in the match!

[There's a big cheer from the fans inside the building who are watching on the video screen.]

LB: So, what's it going to be, gentlemen?

[Blackwell offers up the mic for the answer as Detson snatches it.]

JD: There's no chance I'm going to get stuck with some pencil-necked twit like Hernandez or a fat slob like Sweet Daddy Williams. Don't you worry about it, Blackwell... we've got our partner!

[Blackwell pursues more answers.]

LB: It's about time. Who is it?!

[Detson smirks, wagging a finger at Blackwell.]

JD: Tut, tut, Lou. Team Detson will be announced in full when WE decide to do it.

[Blackwell shakes his head, turning to Supernova.]

LB: How 'bout you? You have a partner?

[Supernova pauses, rubbing his chin.]

S: This is a tough one, Lou. Part of me wants to give each and every guy in this locker room a chance to steal the spotlight...

[Nods all around on his team.]

S: ...but part of me is afraid we'll get saddled with some lowlife without an inch of honor to his name.

[Supernova shakes his head.]

S: No chance of that, Lou. This match is too important to all of us. I don't have a partner to announce yet...

[He pauses, pointing a threatening finger at the other team.]

S: But before this night is over, you better believe I will!

[The scene bursts into another mess of shouts and angry points as Lou Blackwell ducks underneath a swung right hand.]

LB: That's enough of this! Get me the heck out of here!

[The cameraman swings to the side, abruptly cutting to a black screen with the AWA logo splashed across a starry field. A barrage of lasers flash in from all sides of the screen, etching along the borders of the letters, illuminating the plain white text into glowing and glittering gold. A deep voiceover begins. The words "American Wrestling Alliance" come up one by one at the bottom of the screen.]

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades as the sounds of KISS' rock anthem "I Love It Loud" starts to play. The thudding drumline of Eric Carr tears through as the black screen twists to reveal a shot of the World Television Title belt, glittering silver with splashes of red. The shot of the belt fades to show photos of Dave Bryant, Ryan Martinez, Johnny Detson, and Tony Sunn holding the same title aloft.

The World Tag Team Title belts follow, golden in all their glory, turning into photos of the Blonde Bombers, Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds, the Lights Out Express, and Air Strike.

And finally, the World Heavyweight Title, majestic in all its splendor with side plates listing the names of the champions past and present. The photos of James Monosso, Calisto Dufresne, Dave Bryant, and Supreme Wright follow just before the song's lyrics kick in.]

#Stand up, you don't have to be afraid
Get down, love is like a hurricane#

[Footage from the very first year of Saturday Night Wrestling appears featuring Marcus Broussard, Ron Houston, Ricky Royal, Kentucky's Pride, Stevie Scott, and Calisto Dufresne among others.]

#Street boy, no I never could be tamed, better believe it
Guilty till I'm proven innocent#

[The footage gets a little more modern, showing Juan Vasquez, Robert Donovan, Nenshou, the Southern Syndicate, and many others.]

#Whiplash, heavy metal accident
Rock on, I wanna be the president, 'cos#

[And then yet more modern featuring Supreme Wright, Dave Bryant, Glenn Hudson, Dave Cooper, Violence Unlimited, and more.]

#I love it loud, I wanna hear it loud, right between the eyes#

[A barrage of superkicks - Stevie Scott to Skywalker Jones to Dave Bryant - connect on opponents. A moonsault from Juan Vasquez. A huracanrana from Cody Mertz. A Wham, Bam, Thank You Ma'am from Calisto Dufresne.]

#Loud, I wanna hear it loud, I don't want to compromise#

[A press slam by Tony Sunn. A gutwrench powerbomb by Robert Donovan. A Mind Eraser from Hannibal Carver. The brainbuster from Ryan Martinez. And lastly, the title-winning Reign Supreme from SuperClash V by the World Heavyweight Champion, Supreme Wright. The image freezes still and then EXPLODES into fragments, leaving behind a ground-level shot of fans pouring into the building underneath the marquee with the name of the building and the words "SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING" in block black text as "I Love It Loud" continues to play. The trademark voice of Gordon Myers interjects.]

GM: Hello everybody and welcome to another exciting night as we come to you LIVE from the Crockett Coliseum in downtown Dallas, Texas!

[Another cut brings us inside the building - into the warehouse converted into a makeshift arena's "seating bowl." The wooden bleachers are still there as are the hundreds of metal folding chairs surrounding the red, white, and blue roped ring. The black mats are down covering the floor and the black metal barricade is up to keep the fans at bay. Two tables can be seen at ringside from this elevated view which also reveals the interview "stage" has been set up near the top of the aisle as has the long elevated entrance platform leading from the locker room to the ring.

A large video screen has been erected over the entrance platform, right now looping an AWA logo but certainly with the idea of showing some backstage interviews and such throughout the show. The screen isn't gigantic by any sense of the imagination but it's big enough for the fans jam-packed into the downtown Dallas building to see.]

GM: We are a mere nineteen days away from Thanksgiving Night when the AWA is breaking new ground by heading into the Big Apple - heading into the Mecca of sports and entertainment, Madison Square Garden for the biggest night of the year, SuperClash VI! If you haven't heard the news, the show is SOLD OUT!

BW: SUPER NO VACANCY!

GM: Whatever that means! So, the only way left for you to join us for what is sure to be an unforgettable night of professional wrestling action is to call your cable or satellite company or head right now to AWAwrestling.com and place your order - tell 'em you want to see the best wrestling in the world! You want to see SuperClash VI LIVE on Pay Per View!

[We clearly see banners on the two far sides of the building. On one side, we see huge banners hanging from the rafters spotlighting the current AWA champions - Supreme Wright, Air Strike, and Tony Sunn. Opposing them on the opposite side of the building, we can see banners for James Monosso, Calisto Dufresne, Dave Bryant, and Supreme Wright - the four men who have held the AWA World Heavyweight Title around their waist.

Another cut gets us down to ringside where we find two members of our announce team. The Dean of Professional Wrestling announcing, Gordon Myers, is smiling as though a giant weight has been lifted off his shoulders

over the past couple of weeks. He sports a black sportscoat and matching slacks with a white dress shirt and a red tie - very professional and very by-the-book for the senior play-by-play man in the industry. By his side, as always, is the colorful Bucky Wilde. Wilde is about as different from his colleague as you can get, sporting a dazzling orange coat over a hot pink dress shirt. He's opted for a bright purple bowtie on this night as he turns his back to the camera, jerking a thumb at a bedazzled "BIG BUCKS" across the back of his coat.]

GM: Good evening, fans, and welcome to another star-studded edition of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling featuring all the stars of the AWA galaxy. I'm Gordon Myers and by my side for the next two hours, as always, is the one and only Bucky Wilde.

BW: Gordo, Gordo, Gordo! Damn, it feels good to be a gangsta!

GM: What in the world has gotten into you tonight?!

BW: We're nineteen days away! You can count the days, the hours, the minutes, the seconds until Buckthorn Wilde puts the City That Never Sleeps to bed and tucks 'em in nice and tight with the sweetest dreams they'll ever have! The joint is sold out, daddy! That means almost twenty thousand fans are comin' to MSG and they're all comin' to see me!

GM: I highly doubt that. I think they're coming for the matches they're going to see that night. They're coming for the Texas Death Match. They're coming for the Winner Takes All tag title match. They're coming for Steal The Spotlight. And yes, above all others, they're coming for the biggest World Title match in recent memory when Ryan Martinez, the AWA's White Knight, challenges Supreme Wright for the World Heavyweight Title!

BW: The match so big, it got its own show to hype it!

GM: That's right, fans. Don't forget - immediately following Saturday Night Wrestling tonight, stay tuned to WKIK to see UNFINISHED BUSINESS - a thirty minute special highlighting just what these two men are going through as they prepare for the biggest fight of their lives! And then we'll be coming right back here LIVE for the official contract signing! It's going to be a wild night of action here in Dallas, Texas, and we're going to kick things off by heading right up to the ring for one-on-one action!

[We crossfade from a grinning Gordon Myers to the ring where ring announcer Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: Tonight's opening contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from Jacksonville, Florida... weighing in at 207 pounds... ALLEN ALLEN!

[The slender Allen Allen arrogantly flicks his shoulder-length blonde hair as he stands in the corner, waiting for his opponent to be announced.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The ring announcer delivers a pregnant pause, waiting for the PA to kick in...]

#WHO WAN' SIT ON SWEET DADDY'S LAP TAAANIIIIIIIGHT?!#

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

PW: From Hotlanta, G-A... weighing in at 302 pounds...

SWEEEEEEEEEEEEET
DADDYYYYYYYYYYYY
WILLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLIAMS!

[The rotund fan favorite bursts through the curtain to a big cheer as he pumps a fist, grinning at the reaction. He stands at the top of the elevated ring entrance platform in a red windbreaker with "SWEET DADDY" written across the back in white script. He's wearing black trunks with white boots as well as he starts to head down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: The man from Hotlanta is in the house!

BW: Seriously? I have to see a show with the Stenches, Cesar Hernandez, AND this slob?

GM: Haha! I love it!

[Williams leans down off the ramp, slapping every hand he can reach as he heads down the aisle towards the ring. As he nears the ropes, Allen Allen storms across, taking a swing at him. The Hotlanta native drops back, fist balled up...

...and then cracks a grin as he spins around, shaking his large rear end back and forth to another big cheer!]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams is in the house and we haven't seen a ton of him this year, Bucky.

BW: Well, I got one of my wishes for Christmas 2013.

GM: Would you stop?!

[Williams steps through the ropes, shrugging out of the windbreaker and giving a shout, waving Allen Allen to "bring it on!" as referee Ricky Longfellow tries to maintain some calm.]

GM: The official trying to keep these two from tearing into each other before the bell.

[Longfellow quickly checks both men for weapons before stepping back, waving for the bell.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Here we go with the opening match just nineteen days away from SuperClash VI!

[Williams dances out of the corner, looping his right arm around and around as Allen looks nervous, ducking back through the ropes.]

GM: Haha! Allen Allen wants no part of the street fighting offense of the veteran fan favorite!

[Williams smirks as Allen orders the referee to back him off. The fan favorite obliges, opening up his hands and backing away. Allen Allen slips back into the ring, threatening the man from Hotlanta with a backhand.]

GM: Back to the middle they come...

[Williams quickly hooks a side headlock, easily taking the smaller man over with a takedown.]

GM: Side headlock takeover by Sweet Daddy Williams. Allen Allen is giving up about a hundred pounds to Williams who will be able to muscle him around at will.

BW: Muscle? The only muscle on Williams is that big mouth of his. Everything else is concentrated pancake syrup and Mint Chocolate Chip ice cream.

[Williams leans his weight on Allen, forcing the smaller man to exert his strength, pushing back to his feet...

...where Williams takes him over again, grinning at the crowd's cheers for the simple takeover.]

GM: It looks like Sweet Daddy's having a little bit of fun in there, Bucky.

BW: That's always been his problem, hasn't it? Always trying to have fun when he should be focused on winning a match.

[Allen Allen slips a foot over the bottom rope, forcing the referee to call for a break. Williams obliges, climbing to his feet as Allen Allen slides out under the ropes to the apron.]

GM: Nice escape by Allen Allen to get out of that headlock... and he's really letting these fans have it as he gets back to his feet...

[Williams has seen enough by this point, stepping over to the ropes, spinning Allen around into a scoop slam over the ropes and down hard on the canvas!]

GM: Big scoop body slam by Sweet Daddy!

[Williams winds up the right arm, racing to the far ropes, bouncing back and burying the point of his elbow down into the sternum!]

GM: Oh my! Three hundred pounds down into the gut will do a number on you for sure!

[The fan favorite shifts his weight into a lateral press for a two count before Allen Allen lifts a shoulder up.]

GM: Two count before Allen Allen escapes but Williams is staying on the mat, dragging him up by that blonde hair...

[The referee reprimands for the hair pull...

...and then reprimands for a closed fist as Williams pastes Allen across the face, sending him falling back into the corner!]

GM: What a right hand by Sweet Daddy Williams!

[He grabs Allen Allen by the arm, rocketing him from corner to corner, charging across after him...

...and throws his hindquarters up into the gut!]

GM: OHHH! That'll knock the wind right out of you!

BW: Hopefully it didn't knock the wind out of Williams' rear end or they'll need to declare a national disaster area!

[With Allen gasping for air, he slumps down onto his rear, seated against the buckles in the corner...

...and Williams charges right back in, slamming his rear into the face of the seated Allen!]

BW: Ugh! Disgusting!

GM: Getting three hundred pounds slammed into your face like that has gotta have you seeing stars!

[Williams grabs the hair, pulling his opponent up off the mat, tugging him right into a side headlock...]

GM: Wait a second! Williams sets and-

[...and charges out of the corner, leaping into the air, and DRIVES Allen facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: RILEY ROUNDUP CONNECTS! He's not getting paid by the hour tonight!

[He flips Allen over onto his back, lunging into a cover, and gets the easy three count.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Quick and impressive victory for Sweet Daddy Williams right here tonight in the Crockett Coliseum on the eve of SuperClash VI!

BW: Aw jeez, he's coming out here.

GM: He certainly is. Excuse me a moment, fans...

[Gordon gets up from his seat, picking up a house mic as a sweaty Sweet Daddy Williams arrives, clapping him on the shoulder.]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams, it's good to see you here tonight in Dallas!

[The crowd echoes that statement as a grinning Williams nods.]

SDW: Good to see me here too, Gordon.

GM: Congratulations, of course, on the impressive victory we just saw in that ring but I've gotta ask - we haven't seen very much of you in 2014. What brings you to Saturday Night Wrestling tonight?

[Williams nods.]

SDW: 2014 hasn't been the best of times for ol' Sweet Daddy. I used to tell people that it ain't the years, it's the mileage... but these days the years AND the mileage is pilin' up on this ol' jalopy, ya hear? I've spent a lot of time on the shelf, nursin' old injuries and new injuries. I've done more promotional work for the company... even done a few things to prepare for life after I gotta hang up these boots.

[The crowd boos the idea of that. Williams smiles, raising a hand.]

SDW: Now, I didn't say that day was here... not yet at least. I still got some things I want to accomplish in this business and one of those things is to put my hands on some AWA gold, baby.

[Big cheer!]

SDW: I've been gunnin' for gold since Day One here in the AWA and I just can't seem to get myself acquainted with any. But maybe... maybe 2015 is gonna be different, Gordon.

But let's get back to your question... why am I here tonight?

[Williams chuckles.]

SDW: It's SuperClash season! And if you're a pro wrestler lacin' up those boots every night... or even an old pro wrestler who dreams of lacin' 'em up one more time... you want to be a part of SuperClash. You want to be in that squared circle. And this year? In New York City?

[Williams whistles through his teeth.]

SDW: As much as I love my family and friends back home in Hotlanta, there ain't no place on Earth I'd rather be on Thanksgiving Night than the Big Apple, baby!

[Another big cheer!]

SDW: But as I look up and down the dance card, it looks like just about everyone's got a partner. I even called up my ol' friend Juan Vasquez and offered up my services against those mangy Dogs who took my boy, Willie, out of action...

[Williams shakes his head.]

SDW: "Thanks but no thanks, Sweet Daddy."

[He shrugs.]

SDW: I can understand that. Juan Vasquez... Hall of Famer. Alex Martinez... Hall of Famer. Sweet Daddy Williams... Most Burgers Eaten at the 4th of July company picnic. Not exactly marquee material.

But what IS marquee material is a piece of news we all got this week. It turns out that the AWA has got something already on the books for 2015 - a little something called the Brass Ring Tournament where they're lookin' to give a guy who needs an opportunity - a chance they ain't never gotten before - to make a big splash.

[Williams slaps his gut.]

SDW: Ain't nobody ready to make a bigger splash than me, Gordon.

[Gordon chuckles.]

SDW: So, I'm here tonight to tell y'all that I'm entering that Brass Ring Battle Royal at SuperClash! I'm gonna get me a spot in that tournament! And I'm gonna win the whole thing to make 2015 the best year in ol' Sweet Daddy's career, jack!

[Williams throws both arms up in the air, getting a big cheer from the fans as he walks out of view, leaving Gordon behind.]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams is looking to grab that Brass Ring in 2015! He'll be in the big Battle Royal at SuperClash announced earlier this week to try and win the first spot in the tournament! As we opened the show tonight, we saw both teams set for Steal The Spotlight being asked the million dollar question - who is the final man on each team? "Sweet" Lou didn't have any luck getting that answer... but perhaps Mark Stegglet will. Mark?

[The camera fades in to see Mark Stegglet standing next to Joshua Barnes. Barnes is dressed in street clothes- a black jacket and jeans- instead of his wrestling attire. He's adjusting the wire-rimmed glasses on his face as Mark begins.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. We're back here with one of the members of Team Detson for the Steal the Spotlight match, Joshua Barnes. The ten man tag team elimination match - with two members are still unknown. Mr. Barnes, can you give us a clue who your last teammate is?

[Barnes gives Stegglet a scowl before speaking.]

JB: Stegglet - If I knew, I wouldn't tell you. But I don't know. It's a mystery.

[The scowl deepens]

JB: I hate mysteries.

But you know what I hate worse? Losing. Especially losing in my first major match here in the AWA. I haven't lost yet since I've been here. SuperClash is my first major event here. Major show. MAJOR payday for the winners. I don't plan on losing.

[Barnes pauses, jabbing a finger in Stegglet's direction.]

JB: And while I hate losing... the idea of losing to Derrick Williams? That punk kid who keeps calling me out?

[Barnes snorts.]

JB: That just ticks me off. It's not happening. Come SuperClash, I will be walking out with the winner's pay. Derrick Williams and the rest of his team - Supernova, Sharif, O'Connor, and whoever their mystery partner is - they'll be crawling out in pain. Because as far as I'm concerned, those five people are trying to steal from me. I don't deal well with thieves.

MS: Fair enough... but in the end, there's only one winner. Only one man can walk out with that Steal the Spotlight contract. What happens when all that remains are your team-

[Barnes interrupts.]

JB: Stegglet, you're being annoying here. I don't see you going to Sharif and asking what happens if he and that paint-faced moron Supernova are the last two. Or Bobby O'Connor what happens if it's just him and Sharif. Or Derrick Williams if...

[Barnes holds up a finger.]

JB: You're right - Williams isn't going to make the last part of the match. I'll make sure of that.

But you're just trying to stir up trouble, Stegglet. And it's annoying as hell.

MS: But you're the one that keeps calling your opponents 'thieves who are stealing your money'. Well, once the other team is eliminated, don't Dufresne and Detson and Shane become the people blocking you from winning? Don't they, then, turn into the 'thieves'?

JB: DAMNED STRAIGHT THEY DO!

[Stegglet nods, satisfied. Barnes doesn't say anything for a minute, then...]

JB: The hell with this. Go bother O'Connor or Williams or somebody else.

[Barnes storms off. After a moment, the camera fades out to black.

Open to a pan of an empty Crockett Coliseum before an event. The blue seats form a sea around the ring, which stands out like an island.]

VOICEOVER: The home of champions.

[Brief flashes of famous faces appear as the pan continues. Vasquez. Scott. Monosso. Dufresne. Wright.]

VOICEOVER: The home of legends.

[More: Broussard. Rogers. Martinez (the elder). Spector. Langseth.]

VOICEOVER: And the home of the best in the world today.]

[More: Shane. Martinez (the younger). Lake. Carver. Bryant.]

VOICEOVER: And now... to you.

[The pan of the arena slowly morphs from a live action shot to a 3D digitized animation shot of the exact same place. Everything looks the same, except this is no longer live footage... it looks like a video game.

And in the next shot, we see that it IS one; the stands are filled with virtual fans as a virtual Supreme Wright locks up with a virtual Dave Bryant. Rapid-fire cuts to the game avatars of many AWA stars, past and present, either in ring, in selection screens, or in entrances.]

VOICEOVER: The year is 2014. And the game... has... changed.

[And cut to a still shot of Supreme Wright holding up the title after his championship win at SuperClash, because that's the cover of AWA 2K14 by 2K games.]

VOICEOVER: Rated E for Everyone.

[As we fade back from commercial, the dark bunker that has become synonymous with Jericho Kai and the black suited enigma doesn't fail to appear. In the dank, lit by a single naked bulb, he dominates the centre of the screen seated on a steel chair. Poet Wright kneels at his feet like some deranged pet. Idly, he scratches at her unkempt mane of locks. The ghastly scars are livid against her dark skin, giving her a permanent rictus grin. Jericho holds the chalice in his right hand, drinking from it. His hypnotic green eyes command the camera and he quirks a smarmy smile.]

JK: (glancing down at Poet) This little light of mine, she lets me shine.

[Poet actually purrs at his feet, fawning at his knee.]

JK: She is my light in this world. She is the keeper of my flock. Without her, I'd be lost, man. And if I were ever to be lost what would happen to this here world of ours?

[He shakes his head in disgust.]

JK: We'd have a world where men like Manny Imbrogno ... heretics ... ran the world and we would move farther and farther away from the days when we were kings. No, man, we can't have that. We can't have a world where there are no miracles. We can't have a world where there is no divine intervention.

Manny Imbrogno, you are a classic example of every wrong I've come here to fight. You think that regurgitating words from a cold dead page makes you some kind of genius. But you have no original thought. You have no inspiration. You're just a bunch of high flown words recited from a dead machine.

I am Jericho Kai ... I am the recipient of wonders you cannot possibly understand. And I will bring these gifts to you, if only you will open your heart and receive my words.

[He scratches Poet's chin, gazing into her big black eyes.]

JK: And my pretty, tonight he will see exactly what it is that I can do in that ring and this world. He will watch and he will study and he will know. Or he will be taken by the Jackals. My darling, tonight, hunt for me and bring me glory. The Gods have returned through me.

P: We've come 'ome!

[Kai stares directly into the camera.]

JK: And we will set fire to your monstrous world.

[The already dark bunker scene fades to black before fading back to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: Ominous words from a dark and evil individual who is scheduled to make his in-ring debut here tonight.

BW: He's been talkin' for months and tonight it's time to see if he can back up his words in the ring.

GM: It certainly is but that's coming up later tonight. Right now, let's head right back up to the ring for more action!

[Crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, to my right, hailing from Southern California and weighing in at a total combined weight of four-hundred and eighty-five pounds. Here are Vance Ricks and Trampus Kennedy... THE SURFER DUDES!

[Ricks climbs up onto the second turnbuckle and gives the crowd the Shaka sign. Kennedy removes his jacket and strikes a bicep flex. Ricks hops off the second turnbuckle and sheds his jacket. Both men move to their corner after a moment and talk strategy.]

GM: We're leading up to SuperClash and into the holiday season, and the Surfer Dudes would love to get a little momentum going as the year comes to an end.

BW: I would like to find out what flower child named these two goofs, Gordo, but we all gotta settle for things within our power.

GM: That's... don't you ever have anything nice to say?

BW: I'm glad to see they're letting blind old ladies do their hair. How's that?

[Back to Phil.]

PW: And their opponents, to my left, at a total combined weight of 487 pounds... the team of CARL RIDDENS and CALVIN PORTER!

[Carl Riddens leans in the corner and nonchalantly holds up an index finger to the crowd, while Calvin Porter jumps in the center of the ring and holds his hands up. Riddens is his usual greasy self, in loose red pants and a black elbowpad on his right arm, while Porter is a thick looking athlete in a white and blue singlet, blonde buzzcut and a square jaw.]

GM: We all know what Carl Riddens is about-

BW: Do we? Do you think?

GM: -but I can tell you that Calvin Porter is a fine young athlete, a three year letter winner from Eastern Illinois University and someone who, at one time, was a candidate for the Combat Corner before that went south.

BW: Probably the best thing for him, truth be told. Toddy Mike getting evicted from that sweatshop probably saved this guy's life in the long run.

GM: And would you look at this. Carl Riddens is going to start the match for his team.

[Indeed, Riddens beckons for his partner to leave the ring and as the bell rings, Riddens stands in the center of the ring with Vance Ricks. Ricks is ready for combat but Riddens is in no rush, and mockingly points to the tattoo on Ricks' shoulder and gives the shaka sign back to him in jest... which nets him a kick right to the gut, and a forearm from Vance Ricks!]

GM: Vance Ricks didn't take too kindly to Riddens poking fun at him, and he starts the match off hot! Whip to the ropes, no- reverse by Riddens, Ricks off the far side- drop toe hold by Riddens, and Ricks didn't see that coming.

BW: I don't think any of us could say we thought Riddens could execute a professional wrestling maneuver, Gordo, based on what we've seen him do inside the ring here in the AWA.

GM: Ricks is back up, and Riddens is right on him-

"WHAAAAAACK!"

GM: Oh my, what a nasty European uppercut by Carl Riddens! And another, and what force behind them.

BW: I've said it before and I'll say it again. This man ain't ever gonna win a body building contest, he don't look like Mr. Olympia, he looks more like someone off the street. But to judge him on that is to fall right into his trap.

[Riddens backs Vance Ricks into the corner, then goes as if to whip him to the far side, and at the last moment pulls him back in and buries a knee right into his gut. Another kneelift straightens Ricks back up, and he walks right into a short back elbow from Riddens. Ricks staggers back a few steps toward his corner and tags in Trampus Kennedy just as Riddens looks to press the advantage.]

GW: Trampus Kennedy tags into the match and has the momentary advantage! Riddens is still tangled up with Ricks, and Kennedy puts on a full nelson to break it up.

[Vance Ricks quickly turns around and boots Riddens in the side of the leg before he departs, then blasts a forearm to the back of his neck. As Riddens reaches up to grab the back of his head, Kennedy shoots him into the ropes and then bends over for a back body drop... but Riddens grabs the top rope to slow down, and then boots the Surfer Dude right in the throat to straighten him up.]

GW: A mistake by Trampus Kennedy, and Carl Riddens makes him pay. Riddens picks him up aaaaaaaand brings Kennedy back down with the inverted atomic drop.

[Kennedy bends over and hops around because of the pain toward his groin area, and gets grabbed for a normal atomic drop.]

GM: A second atomic drop by Carl Riddens! Kennedy off the ropes- runs right into a back elbow! Carl Riddens cleaning house, and actually showing off a little proclivity in the ring.

BW: Hey daddy, just cause he don't doesn't mean he can't. Don't take the bait, Gordo.

GM: We've not actually seen Carl Riddens even attempt to wrestle a competitive match before, Bucky, this is something new! Of course, Riddens comes into this match a bit lighter in the wallet after being fined an undisclosed match for attacking a referee two weeks ago.

[Riddens lays in a headbutt to Kennedy, then backs him to the ropes and tags in Calvin Porter. Riddens sends Kennedy for the ride, hits the deck so the Surfer Dude can jump over him... and watches as Kennedy runs right into a Fierro Press by Porter! The crowd cheers at the explosive move by the newcomer Porter!]

GM: Calvin Porter announces his presence with authority, bowling over Trampus Kennedy. Porter brings Kennedy to his feet and tries to grab him- nope, standing switch by Trampus Kennedy and now a forearm to the lower back bends Calvin Porter back. Quick tag in to Vance Ricks, as Kennedy holds the arm up and exposes the ribs...

[Ricks gets into the ring and quickly hops onto the second turnbuckle, then hops off with a double axehandle to the exposed area. The Surfer Dude quickly scoops and slams Porter, and then runs to the far ropes just as the newcomer sits up... and buries a running kick right to the chops, dropping Calvin Porter back to the mat!]

BW: That's the art of tag wrestling, buddy, quick tags in and out, leave the guy in a whirlwind.

GM: Calvin Porter is going to have a shoeprint on his cheek for a few days after that! Here's the quick tag in to Kennedy, and the Surfer Dudes are using the five count to their advantage. Kennedy picks Porter up aaaand slams him down...

[Just as Ricks comes flying into the ring off a slingshot, dropping a high elevation legdrop across the windpipe of Porter and then rolling out!]

GM: Fine double team work! Here's the cover! One! Two- no sir, a kickout at about one and a half by Calvin Porter.

[Cut to Riddens clapping for the kickout and shouting words of... encouragement?]

GM: This is a new side of Carl Riddens here, Bucky, he seems to be actively involved in the match and is cheering on his partner.

BW: We had heard that after attacking that young kid on the last show, that management was not exactly thrilled with him. Maybe a little come to the light meeting was all he needed?

GM: My sense is that Carl Riddens is far, far away from the light, Bucky, but something seems to have straightened him out.

[Trampus Kennedy sends a weary Porter for the ride, then picks him up on the rebound for a side slam, but drops to one knee for a backbreaker. Kennedy grinds the near forearm into the cheek of Porter, bending him across the knee in a submission hold for a few moments, and then wisely deposits him back into the the Corner o' the Dudes. Kennedy bounces off the near rope and plants a boot into the rising Calvin Porter, then picks him up for a back suplex as Ricks tags himself in...]

GM: Kennedy lifts for that suplex... and Ricks with a neckbreaker on the way down! Exquisite team work by the Surfer Dudes! Vance Ricks with the lateral press! One! Two! No, no, a shoulder up by Calvin Porter, and the young man is showing some grit.

BW: But not a whole lot of wrestling skill, Gordo! And that might could be a problem, seeing as how this is a wrestling organization.

GM: Let's give the man a chance here, Bucky, debuting on Saturday Night Wrestling can definitely be a daunting task.

[Behind the prone Calvin Porter is Riddens, hand securely grasped on the tag rope and looking around to the audience, trying to drum up support by slamming his hand on the turnbuckle, urging the fans to clap for his partner.]

GM: Carl Riddens is trying to rally support for his partner, who has hit exactly one offensive maneuver in this match and has been at the mercy of Trampus Kennedy and Vance Ricks, the Surfer Dudes.

BW: You say it all the time, Gordo, the fans can rally a man in there. The fans can create energy and momentum for someone who needs it. Let's see it!

[Vance Ricks brings the hurting Porter to his feet and sends him for the ride... but right on cue, thanks to Carl Riddens and the fans, Porter reverses the whip! Hicks sprints off the ropes and jumps off when he rebounds for a cross body... but the stocky Calvin Porter CATCHES the cross body attempt and rotates into a powerslam! Riddens jumps with excitement, and some of the crowd does too!]

GM: Calvin Porter makes a move when he needs to-

"SLAAAAP!"

GM: And now Carl Riddens tags himself in!

BW: He's the fresh man, and he's probably got the most experience of anyone in the match.

[Riddens elbows a rising Ricks and shoves him into the corner, then takes a step back and holds up his hands as if taking a picture... then proceeds to stomp the living hell out of Ricks' thigh, knee and calf, firing off kick after kick until Ricks falls flat on the ground in a sitting position.]

GM: That's not a great position for Vance Ricks to be in, he needs to get out of there in a hurry!

BW: That's a great idea, but his leg ain't workin' because Carl Riddens just kicked it out from under him.

GM: Riddens in the far corner, across from Ricks... here he comes!

[Riddens hits top speed as he sprints across the ring and BURIES his knee into the side of Vance Ricks' face! The crowd unexpectedly cheers for the show of violence, and then when Riddens turns and slingshots Trampus Kennedy into the ring!]

GM: Vance Ricks is hurting terribly in the corner, and Carl Riddens has turned the match around for his team. Now with Trampus Kennedy in the ring-

BW: Calvin Porter just tagged himself back in! Right as Riddens was getting warmed up!

[Riddens turns around and becomes uncharacteristically furious, asking Porter what the hell he was thinking and needing to be escorted out of the ring. Riddens puts up a great fuss, which is all the time Trampus Kennedy needs to grab Porter in a gutwrench... then lift up and sit out in a MASSIVE powerbomb!]

GM: Oh my stars! A powerbomb that shook the ring, and Vance Ricks limps to the cover!

[Ricky Longfellow slides into position, and Carl Riddens, who was just escorted out, cannot turn around in nearly enough time...]

GM: One! Two! Three! Big win for the Surfer Dudes! Big win, right here on Saturday Night Wrestling!

[The bell rings as the Beach Boys hit the Coliseum's sound system, and Kennedy and Ricks hug in celebration. Kennedy helps his hobbling partner out of the ring as Riddens comes in to check on him, who seems to be woozy from the powerbomb.]

GM: Perhaps the Dudes can use this win to catapult them up in the tag rankings. And on the other side, tough loss but a HECK of an effort out of Carl Riddens. This is the first time we've seen him actually wrestle, Bucky. I was... intrigued to see him able to function inside a ring.

BW: The Surfer Dudes are a long way away from the tag titles, but any step is a step closer to them. And Carl Riddens, maybe he got saddled with a lame tag partner but he made the most of it and had this match under control before bonehead Porter got caught up in the moment.

GM: A rare moment of sportsmanship from Carl Riddens, as he helps Calvin Porter to his feet and claps him on the back...

[All putting him in great position to grab a headlock, kick up his right foot and DRIVE Porter's head into the mat!]

GM: OHHH!

[The crowd explodes in boos as referee Ricky Longfellow admonishes Riddens, and Riddens waves his arm flippantly away. A sharp boot to the ribs makes Porter move, and another sharp boot makes him drop out of the ring to the floor.]

GM: Get him- get him under control!

BW: Good luck with that.

[A clearly proud Riddens leans over the ropes and demands a microphone, then turns around upon receiving one and faces the crowd.]

CR: Calvin Porter, mama didn't raise no fool. Pride comes before the fall, my man, and your pride just led you to a crash landing.

Y'see this ain't my first barbecue. When you get an anchor tied around your neck and thrown in the ocean, the question isn't sink or swim, the question is, does he make it back or not? And figuring out ways to survive, well, that's a talent I had to develop... or I wouldn't be making it back.

[Riddens brushes back his greasy hair and smiles, his mustache twitching ever so slightly.]

CR: Corey Fisher, the jury's still out whether he's got that talent. It's obvious to the world that Calvin Porter ain't got it. And it's obvious to me that my efforts to hit people with the truth, literally and figuratively, are not appreciated.

And right now, I ain't in no position to fight back. I'm but one man up against a goliath, not even a slingshot in my pocket. I've got no bullets. I've got no ammunition... I got no power. And brother, if there's one thing I know about this world, it's that if you ain't got power, you ain't got nothin'.

So it's incumbent upon me to... attain power. It's incumbent upon me to find a way to force that message, when it so clearly does not want to be heard. Where is my conch shell, where is my leverage, where is my worm to hook the fish? Where is my torch to shine against the dying of the light?

Where is my... brass ring?

[Riddens smiles again, as the crowd is catching on.]

CR: The brass ring has been snatched from my grasp so many times by so many different impotent, minuscule men who wanted to feel important that I thought I'd never get another swipe at it. But this brass ring the AWA is offering is right within my grasp, it's right in front of my face. And it's not just jewelry to me.

It's my conch shell. It's my leverage. It is my torch against the dying of the light.

It is power. And don't I know how to use it...

[Riddens gives off a dark and evil chuckle as the fans boo loudly. He drops the mic as we slowly fade away from the shot of the ring to the backstage area where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing alongside that pipsqueak of a manager, Mickey Cherry.]

LB: Carl Riddens claims another victim here on Saturday Night Wrestling but on the hotline tonight, we've got some exclusive information on just where does Riddens come from and why is he here! Call 1-900-505-5500 for all the scoops we can get'cha! Kids, get your parents' permission before-

[Mickey Cherry's high-pitched chatterbox style of speaking cuts off Blackwell cold.]

MC: You want a scoop, baby? Mickey Cherry, the Chattanooga Cyclone himself, has got all the scoop you can handle, Blackwell!

LB: You better if you're gonna be interrupting me, Mickey Cherry!

MC: Everyone in the whole wild rasslin' world is talkin' 'bout SuperClash VI, baby... including yours truly. They're talkin' 'bout the World Title match... they're talkin' 'bout Texas Death... Steal The Spotlight... Winner Takes All... you name it, they're talkin' 'bout it.

And now, so am I. But I ain't talkin' about none of that, Blackwell. I'm talkin' 'bout two words...

[Blackwell looks puzzled.]

LB: Two words?

MC: Brass. Ring.

[Blackwell nods.]

LB: Are you telling me that your man, Casanova, is entering the Brass Ring Battle Royal?!

[With a swoop of a red dress covered arm, Casanova slides into view.]

C: That's exactly what he's saying, Louis! He's saying that in the long ago when a man named "Playboy" Johnny Casanova walked these parts that that man hungered for something... he thirsted for something... he...

[Casanova slips a gold-ring cover hand over Blackwell's bald head, leaning close to whisper in his ear.]

C: ...desired.

[Blackwell shudders.]

C: He wanted an opportunity! He wanted a chance! And now, so do I, Louis. Now I want the same chance he did... and when I look at the big picture, I see it plain as day...

I want...

[Casanova pauses, shaking his head, finger pressed against his lips.]

C: No, no... I NEED that Brass Ring. I NEED that opportunity to show the world that the Playboy is dead and like the Phoenix rising from the ashes, Casanova has been reborn to lead this sport into the future!

So, I will head to the City That Never Sleeps on Thanksgiving Night and I will give those huddled masses something to truly be thankful for... a Casanova victory that puts me into that Brass Ring Tournament... that puts me on the path to glory... a golden path glittering and shimmering with all that I desire.

Can you imagine this fabulous waist wrapped in gold, Louis?

[Blackwell's face contorts as he looks for an answer.]

LB: I think they might need a bigger cow to make a-

[Casanova angrily reaches out, grabbing Blackwell by the collar.]

C: You think you can make jokes at my expense? I am the finest sculpted piece of man since the David... and the David...

[Casanova suggestively looks downwards.]

C: ...has got nothing... on me.

[A seductive grin crosses his face.]

C: Toodles.

[Mickey Cherry gives a high-pitched laugh as he pops his head back into frame.]

MC: You spell rasslin', baby... C-A-S-A-N-O-V-A!

[Cherry laughs again, ducking out of view as a disgusted Lou Blackwell shakes his head.]

LB: Another... person... has signed up for the Brass Ring Battle Royal which is quickly turning into one of the featured attractions for SuperClash VI! We'll have more on that later tonight in the Control Center but right now, let's go back down to the ring for more action!

[Crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from Inglewood, California...at a total combined weight of 505 pounds... the team of Jackson Watts and Ezekiel Morris!

And their opponents...

[The sounds of of pigs squealing alongside some banjos being plucked before the PA system comes to life with "I Wanna Be A Hillbilly" by Billy Currington to cheers from the crowd.]

PW: From Pig's Feet, Arkansas... weighing in at a total combined weight of 702 pounds... being led to the ring by Mable... BUDDY AND CHESTER...

THE WIIIIIIILDE BUNNNNCH!

[The curtain parts as the pot-bellied pig known as Mable wobbles into view to the laughter of the crowd. A moment passes before Chester Otis Wilde bursts through the curtain, throwing an arm up in the air. He's a hoss of a man - standing about 6'7 and weighing just shy of three hundred pounds crammed into a pair of stained blue overalls with no shirt underneath, revealing his forest of chest hair. His face is covered in a mess of a beard, tangled and matted.

Buddy Ulysses Loney wobbles in after him wearing a stained yellow button up shirt underneath his overalls. He's wearing no shoes, revealed mud-covered bare feet that we can see up to mid-calf. Loney's about six feet tall even but is carrying over four hundred pounds on his frame. His hand grips the other end of Mable's leash as he waves to the cheering fans.]

GM: Alright! The Wilde Bunch is in the house!

BW: They're not used to that. Better put some papers down over the carpet.

GM: Would you stop?! These two lovable folks - three if you count Mable...

BW: And why wouldn't you count a pig?!

GM: ...are quickly becoming two of the most popular competitors in the entire AWA!

BW: I demand a recount.

GM: Haha! Look at 'em go!

[Gordon chuckles as the Wilde Bunch gets halfway down the ramp, pausing for a little square dancing do-si-do to a big cheer. After a few moments, they break apart, heading the rest of the way to the ring, Loney and Mable stepping in as Chester heads down the ringsteps to the floor, a big smile on his face.]

GM: Bucky, don't look now but...

BW: Not again! Get this flea-infested twit away from-

[Chester rushes around the ringpost, physically yanking "Uncle Bucky" out of his seat into a big sloppy hug. Bucky instantly tries to wiggle free but Chester is paying him no mind, shaking him back and forth and loudly exclaiming how good it is to see him.]

GM: With the holidays upon us, it's always good to see a family gathering.

[A grinning Chester sets Bucky back down, giving him a back slap hard enough to throw Bucky over the announce table, wincing in pain. Chester pauses to shake Gordon's hand - a gesture that leaves Gordon also wincing in pain.]

GM: Cousin Chester's heading into the ring, joining Cousin Buddy and Mable... and you'll seldom see a greater contrast in teams than the two young studs from the streets of Los Angeles and the two country farm boys from Arkansas.

BW: I'd love to see my no-account nephews on the streets of Los Angeles for a night.

[The referee gets Morris and Buddy out of the ring - as well as Mable thankfully - before calling for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And here we go!

[Big Jackson Watts, about six foot six and close to 270 pounds, stalks across the ring, jabbing a finger into the face of Cousin Chester who... quite honestly, looks hurt.]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Did he hurt the dumb lug's feelings? You're a pro wrestler! Get in the game, you goof! You're embarrassing me!

[Chester looks clueless at Watts, shaking his head and trying to reason with him...

...and eats a right hand to the jaw for his efforts!]

GM: Ohh! Big right hand by Jackson Watts!

[Watts tees off with a series of right hands, knocking Chester back against the ropes.]

GM: The big man from the streets of LA is going to town on Cousin Chester!

[He grabs Chester by the arm, firing him across the ring. Watts pounds his chest, giving a shout as he charges across the ring after Cousin Chester...

...and runs RIGHT into a raised foot!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: Ugh. Can you imagine the smell coming off his foot? I bet it's a mixture of Henrietta's Jello Salad and that swine's droppings... which is actually what Henrietta's Jello Salad smells like anyways.

GM: You're unbelievable.

[With Watts dazed, Chester marches out of the corner, grabbing him by the arm to rifle him the short distance towards the buckles...

...where Watts goes SAILING over the top rope, crashing down hard to the floor below! Chester promptly covers his mouth, giving a shrug.]

GM: Cousin Chester didn't mean to do that, I don't think, Bucky. He's just so darn strong.

[Chester grins at the crowd's reaction, putting a hand on his hip while giving a big thumbs up with the other hand...

...which opens him up to a sneak attack from behind by the smaller opponent, Ezekiel Morris who opens fire with a series of forearm smashes to the back!]

GM: Morris attacks him from behind and-

[Chester spins around, fuming mad as he grabs Morris under the armpits, lifting him high into the air and throwing him into the corner before BLASTING him with a surging back elbow to the jaw!]

GM: Cousin Chester with the high impact offense and- look out here!

[The crowd roars as Chester elevates Morris, sending him three-quarters of the way across the ring, bouncing off the canvas with a biel throw. Morris staggers up, facing Cousin Buddy...

...who CLAPS his arms together on the ears of Morris, sending him staggering back, grabbing at his ears!]

GM: The Wilde Bunch are havin' a good time here tonight in Dallas, Texas!

[Chester grabs Morris by the ears, leaping up to connect with a king-sized headbutt that flattens Morris, sending him rolling out to the floor where his partner is waiting for him.]

GM: It looks like Watts and Morris need to regroup out on the floor and- here comes Chester!

[The crowd cheers as Chester leans through the ropes, grabbing both men by the head...

...and SLAMS their heads together!]

GM: Ohh! A meeting of the minds out on the floor!

BW: You know what happened the last time Buddy and Chester had a meeting of the minds?

GM: I'm afraid to ask.

BW: The meeting was cancelled due to lack of attendance.

[Chester uses the grip on Watts to drag him up on the apron, ducking over the ropes to muscle the big man into the air, throwing him down with a big body slam...

...and then reaches out to slap the hand of Cousin Buddy who gets a HUGE reaction that seems to surprise him!]

GM: Listen to the big reaction for Cousin Buddy!

BW: The Cowboys may have found their new quarterback... couldn't be any worse.

[Buddy steps into the ring, smiling as Watts gets up, dashing to the ropes, throwing a big clothesline...

...to no effect on the big man!]

GM: Uh oh! Cousin Buddy absorbed that like it was nothing!

[Watts hits the ropes again, coming faster this time, leaping up for a shoulder tackle...

...but bouncing off the four hundred pounder, falling helplessly to the mat.]

GM: Still no effect!

[Watts gets up a third time, shouting at Buddy... and then turning to shout at Mable.]

GM: Did he just threaten to turn Mable into Thanksgiving dinner?

BW: If he does it, I may not make it to SuperClash.

GM: BUCKY!

[Watts sprints to the ropes again, bouncing off...

...and gets a well-placed mule kick to the gut from an angered Buddy, knocking Watts over!]

GM: Ohh! He caught him good there!

[With Watts doubled up, Cousin Buddy leans over him, hoisting him up into a backbreaker...]

GM: Backbreaker submission over the shoulder here!

[Watts cries out in pain as Buddy squeezes tight...

...and suddenly DROPS down to his knees, driving his shoulder into the lower back of Watts!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Cousin Buddy slowly climbs to his feet, looking angrily down at Watts.]

“NO ONE THREATENS MY MABLE!”

[He breaks away, hitting the ropes, rebounding back...

...and DROPS his hindquarters down in a seated splash!]

GM: OHH! OVER FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS ON THE CHEST!

[Buddy crosses his arms, glaring threatening at Morris on the outside as the referee counts one... two... and three.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: That’s all she wrote for the young team of Watts and Morris as the Wilde Bunch puts them away! And don’t go away, fans, because they’re on their way out here to talk to us!

BW: Oh, jump for joy.

GM: I sense your sarcasm, Bucky.

[After a moment, we see Chester and Buddy exiting the ring to join Gordon at ringside. A quick cut gets us Gordon standing with a house mic at ringside.]

GM: Alright, fans... joining me at ringside right now are the very popular duo known as the Wilde Bunch! Congratulations, gentlemen, on another impressive victory.

[Chester blushes... yes, he actually blushes.]

C: Thank ya, Gordon Myers. We're gosh darned proud of what we've been able to do so far here in the A-Dubba-A. Hey Cousin Bucky!

[We can hear some grumbling from our esteemed color man as the camera lands on him for a moment before cutting back.]

C: He must not've heard me.

[Gordon nods.]

GM: You must be right. Gentlemen, I've gotta ask - with the success you two have had-

[Buddy clears his throat... loudly.]

GM: Hm?

[Buddy nods at Mable.]

GM: Oh. Oh, yes. Sorry. With the success you THREE have had recently...

[Buddy smiles.]

GM: ...both on television and at our live arena events, are you disappointed that you aren't a part of SuperClash VI?

C: We ain't?

[Gordon looks puzzled.]

GM: Well, no. You're not on the lineup.

[Buddy grabs Chester by the shoulder.]

B: You said we was goin' to New York City!

C: We are! We are!

GM: No, you're not.

C: There's gotta be a way, Gordon Myers! There's just gotta be! The bright lights! The Big Apple! The Statue of Liberty! The Empire State Building!

GM: I'm sorry but-

B: BRASS RING!

[Buddy's voice interrupts the conversation.]

B: Er'body talkin' 'bout that there Brass Ring.

GM: Well, yes, but...

B: We in that.

GM: Are you sure about-

B: WE. IN. THAT!

GM: Buddy, I understand your disappointment that-

[Buddy shakes his head.]

B: It ain't my dis'pointment ya gotta worry 'bout, Mr. Myers. It's hers.

[Buddy nods to Mable.]

B: Ah told here 'bout the bright lights! The big city! She wants to go! So, she goin'... we goin'... WE! IN! THAT!

[Gordon backs off, hands raised.]

GM: Alright, well, it looks like we've got two new entries in the Brass Ring Battle Royal going down at SuperClash VI but gentlemen, only one of you can win that.

[Chester nods, stroking his tangled mess of a beard.]

C: Well, when it comes down to the two of us...

[Chester shrugs, looking at his cousin.]

C: Rock, paper, scissors?

[Buddy nods.]

B: Yup.

[Chester smiles, clapping Gordon on the back as the duo walks out of view.]

GM: Two more men in the Brass Ring Battle Royal which is quickly becoming one of the most competitive matches on the show! Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, Derrick Williams will be in action!

[Fade to black.

The shot opens to an overhead view Madison Square Garden, as a voiceover speaks over top.]

"Madison Square Garden. The World's Most Famous Arena.

The Mecca of Professional Wrestling.

In just a few weeks, the home to AWA's SuperClash VI."

[Cut to a billboard in Times Square with the SuperClash logo, Supreme Wright and Ryan Martinez on either side.]

"But years before the World's Most Famous arena hosted The Wrestling World's Biggest Event, it was the proving ground for men who became legends in the world of professional wrestling..."

[Cut to a sold out Madison Square Garden, on their feet and cheering as a bulky, bloody Italian kneels in the middle of the ring, clutching a title belt...]

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

[Now the shot switches to another hot Garden crowd, chanting and cheering as a Hispanic man does a modified Ali Shuffle, taking his ring jacket off as he hops in place...]

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

[Finally to the hard camera shot at MSG, as a thick man in fatigues waves the red, white and blue in the center of the ring, a bloodied opponent lying in the corner and a thin, bespeckled manager having a tantrum as he enters the ring...]

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

[The magnificent Hawaiian Hercules, Kai Alana, is introduced to the MSG crowd for the first time, as the ring announcer shouts his name, with the voiceover speaking over top...]

"And now their stories can be told."

[To the clips: tag teams fighting in a cage, "Handsome" Jimmy Myers posing on the top rope, the inimitable Andre Price standing with taped fists, Bucky Wilde and "Pitbull" Billy Arnold being escorted to the ring by riot police, the historic staredown at the Last Fight In Philly...]

"Featuring over three hours of never before seen interviews..."

[Cut to present day Bucky Wilde, tie loosened and looking visibly anxious as he reminisces.]

BW: I was just a kid, and I was getting in fights on my way TO the ring. Every night. Every time we went to Boston, I quit the business. Billy's hair started to fall out...

[Cut to Blackjack Lynch, letting off a rare smile.]

BJL: I hadda get in there, but I knew I couldn't use my name. If my bosses had heard that Blackjack Lynch wrestled in the Garden, they'd'a fired my ass before I left the state. But it was just too good to pass up...

[To Colt Patterson, dress shirt open at the collar.]

CP: Kai Alana was a freak of nature, man, people were in awe from the word go. When he came to town, you couldn't get a ticket. He outdrew the Rolling Stones.

[To a shorter man with a thick bush of black hair, wearing glasses, but curiously, a shirt with no sleeves. The name "Phil Darling" flashes on the screen.]

PD: Bruno refused to even get in the building. He wanted his money. My dad had to go to the bank and empty his safe deposit box, and Landon had to hawk one of his ridiculous gold bracelets. They never spoke after that night...

[Cut to a shot of two men standing in a cage, in the middle of old Veterans Stadium in Philadelphia, as the voice over returns.]

"...and some of the most famous matches ever seen on the East Coast. Available for the first time ever on DVD and Blu-Ray, and digitally remastered for quality, now with alternate commentary."

[Back to the clips, as the great "Soul Man" Andre Price addresses the Boston Gardens crowd.]

BW: There's only one thing I know that's for sure in this life, baby.

Pain is temporary. Glory fades... but legends never die.

[Cut to a sped up view of various matches taking place in the Garden, Spectrum and Boston Gardens, as the hook of "Cold Hard Bitch" by Jet plays... and then abruptly the screen goes to black, except for these words...]

LEGENDS OF THE NORTHEAST.

Available now.

[Fade to black.

As we fade back up from black, we find Phil Watson inside the squared circle.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Currently in the ring at this time... he hails from Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada... weighing in at 249 pounds... "Concrete" John Yeates!

[The journeyman wrestler holds up his right arm at the announcement, before adjusting his "medically necessary" forearm supporter, then jaws at the fans, who begin to cheer a small amount as Tom Petty's "I Won't Back Down" starts up]

PW: And his opponent... from Brooklyn, New York, weighing in at 257 pounds...

DERRRRRRRICK WILLLLLLLLIAMSSSS!

[Williams steps through the curtain wearing his standard maroon gear trimmed in white, along with a white satin warmup jacket.]

GM: Derrick Williams, looking to gain a little extra momentum before heading into SuperClash VI as part of Team Supernova in the annual Steal The Spotlight showcase match... in front of his hometown, no less!

[He jogs to the ring this week, raising his fist to appeal to the fans before stepping into the ring, removing his jacket and doing a quick ropes test.]

BW: He may be LOOKING for a warmup, Gordo, but Yeates is gonna give him a fight if that's what he's looking for.

GM: The veteran John Yeates has been up and down the roads of the wrestling world and will certainly be a test for young Derrick Williams who

has certainly been on a good run of late. We'll see if it continues, as another new face, tryout referee Donnie Martin rings the bell and we're underway.

[The two men quickly come together in a collar and elbow tie-up that Yeates promptly switches into a side headlock, nodding his head as he wrenches down on Williams.]

"Yeah, come on boy, let's see what you got!"

[The crowd jeers the trash talk.]

GM: John Yeates is well-known for liking to talk a big game during his matches... and he uses that side headlock to take Williams down, pushing his shoulders down... but only gets a two count out of it.

BW: Gotta hand it to Williams there... a couple of months ago and that might've pinned him.

GM: Well, I don't know about that but the young rookie certainly has gained some ring presence over his time here in the AWA and has bit-by-bit gained supporters from these fans for his growing abilities inside the ring.

[The rookie battles his way up off the mat, climbing up to his feet where he pushes the veteran back against the ropes.]

GM: Referee Donnie Martin steps in, calling for a break...

[But Williams has other ideas, shoving Yeates off to the far side off the ropes...

...and they collide in a big shoulder tackle exchange that neither man budges for!]

GM: A whole lot of beef slamming into one another in the dead center of the ring but no one moved an inch, Bucky.

[A grinning Yeates slaps himself across the chest, waving Williams towards the ropes with a "Take me down, kid!"]

GM: Yeates is challenging Williams to try the same thing and the rookie dashes to the ropes, rebounding back out...

[Again, the two men collide. And again, neither man moves an inch.]

GM: Still neither man able to get an edge in this exchange so far.

BW: You see Williams charging in on Yeates with his head up like that?

GM: Yes, I did.

BW: If he tries that at SuperClash against Joshua Barnes, that big ol' clothesline will turn his lights out, daddy!

GM: Derrick Williams certainly will have his work cut out for him at SuperClash as part of that ten man Steal The Spotlight with all of the involved participants but yes, Joshua Barnes will be gunning for him for sure.

[Yeates shoves Williams with both hands, insisting the young man try the tackle again. Williams nods, rushing to the ropes...]

BW: Yeates is trying to lure him in here. I've seen him do this with rookies before, Gordo.

[On cue, Yeates swings a wild right arm up for a clothesline as Williams deftly ducks under, hitting the far ropes behind Yeates as the journeyman wobbles to catch his balance.]

GM: Williams off the far side and-

[The crowd cheers as Williams leaves his feet, taking Yeates down to the mat with a crossbody block!]

GM: High cross body off the ropes takes the veteran down!

[Williams doesn't attempt a cover, rolling off the veteran back to his feet, ready and waiting as Yeates staggers up...

...and gets scooped right up, turned around, and slammed down hard in the center of the ring!]

GM: Oh my! Big slam by the rookie shakes the ring! A good series of offense out of the young man from New York who has gotta be nervous heading back into his home area for SuperClash.

BW: I always hated workin' my hometown, Gordo. The requests I get in every town for tickets is off the grid but when I'm back home, it's like the President has rolled into town.

GM: I'm sure.

[With Yeates down, Williams takes flight, planting an elbow down into the chest.]

GM: High leaping elbow connects! But still no pin attempt by the youngster.

BW: He's showing off a bit now and it may cost him.

[As Williams pulls the veteran up off the mat, Yeates rakes his fingers across the eyes!]

GM: Ohh! Yeates goes right to the eyes!

BW: Brilliant move by the veteran and Williams never saw it comin'!

[With Williams temporarily blinded, Yeates grabs an arm to shoot him into the ropes.]

GM: Off the ropes...

[But as he bounces off, Williams finds that Yeates has doubled up too soon, allowing him to stop short and bury an big overhead elbow into the back of Yeates' head, snapping him down, then up where he staggers back into the ropes...

...where a surging Williams takes Yeates up and over the ropes with a running clothesline!]

GM: WILLIAMS TAKES HIM DOWN TO THE FLOOR! OH MY!

BW: There ain't a lot of padding down here on the floor of Crockett Coliseum, Gordo... just solid concrete.

GM: Absolutely and it looks like Derrick Williams is going to continue the attack out on the floor.

BW: This is where he needs to be careful, Gordo. He needs to suck up that rookie instinct to press into a situation that he ain't prepared for. He's a good, clean, hard-working kid trained by Slater and Hansen... he ain't a lowdown, dirty streetfighter like you need to be outside the ring.

[Out on the floor, Williams waves an arm to the fans, getting a bigger cheer than one might expect...

...which distracts him long enough for Yeates to grab a handful of the front of Williams' tights, yanking him chestfirst into the ringside barricade!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Williams made a mistake right there! He took his eyes off the prize and he paid for it as the veteran, John Yeates, took advantage of that youthful enthusiasm.

BW: Like I said, Gordo... he lost focus and he got caught right there.

[Yeates takes the time to climb to his feet, barking at Williams with a "I GOTCHU NOW, BOY! I GOTCHU NOW!" as he swings him around, throwing him under the ropes.]

GM: The veteran crawls back in, taking his time in there. He's not going to break any land speed records in his assault on the young man from Brooklyn.

BW: But he doesn't need to because what he lacks in speed, he makes up in impact... look at this!

[The crowd jeers as Yeates drops his leather-wrapped forearm down into the chest as he falls to his knees.]

GM: Ohh! And rumors have persisted for years that Yeates keeps that leather “guard” loaded up at times.

BW: Slander! You’ve got no proof of that.

[Using the same arm, he pushes the forearm down across the throat, choking Williams as he rubs the arm back and forth.]

GM: Get in there, ref!

[The ref’s count reaches four before Yeates back off, raising his arms as the referee reprimands him.]

GM: If this referee wants to earn a job here in the AWA, he’s going to need to keep control of a guy like “Concrete” John Yeates.

[He leans down, pulling Williams off the mat into a front facelock. He gives a shout, lifting him up in a vertical suplex that shakes Williams’ spine from head to toe.]

GM: Nice execution on the suplex.

BW: What a blow it’d be to this rookie to get knocked off in what many would call a decent-sized upset just nineteen days before the biggest match of his life! What would his trainers think of him then, Gordo? What would those Boy Scouts Hansen and Slater think of him then?

GM: I’m sure they’d still be very proud of this young as John Yeates mocks this youngster, standing over him as he- wait a second! What’s he doing?!

[The crowd boos and the referee protests as Yeates turns his back on Williams, tugging at his arm guard and turning it around.]

GM: He’s loading it! He’s loading up the arm guard!

BW: No, no, no! It slipped, Gordo! It moved when he dropped that forearm shot!

[As Williams slowly climbs back to a knee, Yeates gives a whoop, rushing to the ropes, lumbering back off of them...

...and as he prepares to club Derrick Williams with what we’d expect is a loaded forearm, Williams surges to his feet, lifting a surprised Yeates up, twisting around...]

GM: SPINEBUSTER!

[...and PLANTS the veteran down to the canvas!]

GM: HE CAUGHT HIM! WILLIAMS HAD THE PRESENCE OF MIND TO BE LOOKING FOR HIS SIGNATURE MOVE AT ALL TIMES!

[The referee dives to the mat as Williams lunges across Yeates' chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!! IT'S OVER!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Here is your winner... DERRRRRIIIICK WILLLLLLLLIAMMMSSSS!

[Williams climbs to his feet, smiling as he accepts the raise of his hand by the official. He nods to the cheering fans, pointing to them as he quickly makes his exit.]

GM: Derrick Williams is heading up the ramp to speak to Mark Stegglet and while he does, let's take a quick look back at some of the highlights of this one brought to you by... Kingsley Online Entertainment?! Oh, brother.

[The logo for Kingsley Online Entertainment splashes across the screen as we cut to slow motion footage of Derrick Williams ducking under a clothesline, rebounding off...]

BW: Alright, Gordo... the kid can move, I'll give him that. Yeates was a hair too slow on the clothesline and Williams takes him off his feet with the cross body!

[...and delivers the crossbody that Bucky is talking about. The footage dissolves to a second section of the match where Williams counters the backdrop, rushing towards a rope-clinging Yeates.]

BW: Here comes the big clothesline, taking his opponent over the ropes... and he should've left him out there, Gordo. This kid needs to stay inside that ring if he wants to stand a chance at SuperClash. He ain't cut out for floor fighting with the likes of Terry Shane or Calisto Dufresne.

[And then finally, the closing section of the match as Yeates loads up the forearm, bouncing off the ropes towards a rising Williams.

BW: Unbelievable, Gordo... the kid saw the forearm coming and then just countered it into his own trademark move to wrap the match up. Kid's learning but he's still making mistakes.

GM: Mistakes are going to be made throughout someone's career... it's how you learn from them that counts. A couple of months ago, that mistake might have cost him the match but on this night, he counters the forearm into the Spinebuster for the one...two... and three. Derrick Williams is your winner - now let's go up to Mark Stegglet standing by with the youngster.

[Cut back to the interview platform where Mark Stegglet is standing with Derrick Williams.]

MS: Thanks Gordon. Now, Derrick, you had a solid match here, and now we stand here just over two weeks away from SuperClash.

[Williams nods, taking a few deep breaths before finally speaking.]

DW: That's right, Mark. Just over two weeks, in my hometown, I get a chance to Steal The Spotlight.

[He grins.]

DW: It's great for two reasons. First, is that yes, in Madison Square Garden, I stand with Bobby O'Connor, Supernova, Sultan Azam Sharif, and our final partner who you'll all find out about later tonight, in the Steal The Spotlight match. It's a big opportunity for me, Mark, I get in there, and I get to show my stuff, and get the opportunity of a lifetime.

[He pauses, palming a fist to crack his knuckles.]

DW: And second, well, it's been some time coming, but I get to get my hands on Joshua Barnes. This has been brewing for a while and now we get in the ring together. And when we do, I promise you, Barnes, this isn't going to be the kind of fights that you've had since getting here.

[The camera zooms in on a determined Williams.]

DW: This is going to be something else altogether. This is gonna be something you're not ready for. But me? This is what I was born for. Bank on it.

[Williams nods to Stegglet, turning to walk off camera to cheers as Stegglet wraps it up.

MS: Derrick Williams is ready for SuperClash! Let's go back up to Gordon and Bucky!

[We crossfade back to the announce duo at ringside.]

GM: Thanks, Mark. Derrick Williams, the hot young rookie out of New York, certainly is going to be looking to have a big night in front of his hometown fans at SuperClash but he's not alone in that. There are a lot of guys hoping to use SuperClash as their springboard to the next level here in the AWA and one of those men would be Shadoe Rage.

BW: Absolutely, Gordo. Shadoe Rage was a part of the AWA very early on in its history but never really got on track. Since returning though, he's been on the cusp of getting his hands on that World Television Title seemingly from Day One. At SuperClash, he gets his chance.

GM: And his ONLY chance I might add... but there'll be more on that later. Two weeks ago, Shadoe Rage was NOT in the building when Tony Sunn made his challenge for SuperClash because he had been sent on a short-lived tour of Mexico by the AWA front office.

BW: Short-lived as in they kicked him out of their country?

GM: I don't know if that is the case, Bucky, but after his little striptease debacle here recently, I would not be surprised in the least. However, I do know that our sources for SouthWest Lucha Libre down in Mexico said that Shadoe Rage was definitely an impactful force and that he showed some things in the lucha libre environment that might be very interesting for the World Television Champion Tony Sunn to watch.

BW: Rage's wild antics aside, Gordo, he's always shown incredible speed and athleticism for a man his age. As of late, we haven't seen as much of it but I'm sure down there in Mexico, he was able to turn it on one more time... if he didn't destroy all our trade agreements with his nuttiness.

GM: Well, it sounds like it was a mixture of both. In fact, our friends at SWLL have sent over some footage of Shadoe Rage from his time in Mexico - a match against a luchador named Guerrero del Soi... translating to the Sun Warrior, I believe.

BW: The Sun Warrior? You think that's a coincidence, Gordo, or did that nutball go down there and find him an opponent whose name was pretty similar to Tony Sunn.

GM: I... well, that's an astute observation, Bucky. I hadn't even considered that option but knowing Shadoe Rage, that may be exactly what he did. Let's roll the footage and take a look at some highlights from that encounter down in Mexico City!

[We crossfade to footage marked "MEXICO CITY - OCTOBER 29th." Shadoe Rage stands in the ring inside a darkened arena. A flamboyantly masked luchador - presumably the aforementioned Guerrero del Sol - is also in the ring and is, in fact, pounding Rage back into the corner with a rapid fire flurry of kicks, chops, and punches, the crowd rallying behind the luchador.]

GM: You can see right there that from the outset, Shadoe Rage found himself trying to adjust to the faster pace you often see down in Mexico. He usually has the speed advantage himself in most matches but on this night, the luchador was lighting him up early.

[A whip from the luchador sends Rage across the ring where he flips upside down, getting his leg trapped and ending up dangling in the Tree of Woe. He frantically tries to free himself as Guerrero del Sol charges across the ring, connecting with a dropkick to the hanging Rage.]

BW: Big, mean dropkick right there by the Mexican fireball and that sort of move will really hurt. Even that Irish whip will hurt - especially when it's a bull moose like Tony Sunn delivering it.

GM: Rage may have chosen the wrong opponent down there in Mexico City if he was hoping to prepare for Tony Sunn's unique style. We often talk about Sunn's power but he's more than just that... he's also got some unique - and

effective - submission holds in his arsenal. Perhaps Rage was hoping to test himself against many different styles so that he is, in fact, ready for anything in New York City.

[The action continues as the announcers keep discussing.]

BW: If you've ever studied the Rage family, you'd know there's a big seven foot two, three hundred plus pound beast who just happens to be Shadoe's brother and his sister's pretty good when it comes to the holds. He may be a crazy Canuck but he's also a guy who saw a lot of different wrestling styles just tangling up with his nineteen brothers and sisters.

GM: I think there are only nine of them, Bucky.

BW: Only? Imagine if there were ONLY nine Lynches here in the Coliseum! Imagine the smell! Demetrius Lake would need an exorcist to deal with that kinda infestation!

GM: Will you stop?!

BW: Ol' Blackjack would have to be a strong man to create that kinda litter with Henrietta. Unless she bred like a sow. What am I saying? Of course she does!

[You can hear the sigh from Gordon before...]

GM: I apologize... again... for Bucky's comments. Let's get back to the action here where although Shadoe Rage did initially have some problems with the speed of his luchador opponent, he did manage to get back on track with his own impressive athleticism.

[The footage cuts to Rage delivering a spinning back elbow to Guerrero del Sol and then peppering him with a dropkick before bouncing to his feet and landing ten consecutive elbow drops. Rage steps on del Sol's chest with one foot for the arrogant cover and gets a whole heap of jeers from the crowd before del Sol kicks out at two.]

BW: He wasn't really trying to get the pin there. He was just showing the world that he's the superior man and letting them mamacitas get a good look at a real man.

GM: And he didn't stop there.

[On the screen, Rage dumps del Sol over the top rope to the floor before going up and coming off with the Angel of Death Drop. A back suplex onto the floor follows that up and then Rage backs up, charges along the floor and delivers a somersaulting legdrop across del Sol's throat before he comes to his feet posing to the jeering crowd.]

BW: Rage is showing Tony Sunn something here. Somebody get that lunkhead a TV so he can see what we're seeing. Tony Sunn needs to realize that Shadoe Rage is fast... flexible... creative. He's unpredictable to boot!

What is Tony Sunn going to do when Shadoe Rage starts flying around that ring? That big goof better hit the treadmill over the next nineteen days, do some of that Cross Fit garbage because Rage ain't gonna tire out and he's as jumpy as a bed bug. You gotta chase him to get him.

GM: That's all well and good in a typical match but in a World Television Title match like this, there is a ten minute time limit. That severely limits any kind of stamina advantage. And Sunn doesn't HAVE to chase Rage. This is a one and done title shot for Shadoe Rage. If he doesn't win the title at SuperClash, he'll never get another shot at it as long as Sunn holds the gold. So, to me, Tony Sunn has a definite champion's advantage going into this one because Rage is really going to have to press the action nonstop.

BW: Oh, he will... no doubt about that. And that sense of urgency is what will make him even more dangerous than he usually is.

[On the screen, Rage is upset, backing Guerrero del Sol into the corner with a series of paintbrush slaps before he unloads with a hard right hand. He sends Guerrero across the ring with an Irish whip and catches him for a tilt-a-whirl that is reversed into a satellite headscissors.]

BW: You know what happens when that lunatic gets his mind set on something?

GM: No, Bucky.

BW: That's my point. Nobody does! But it'll be bad. I promise you that.

[On screen, Rage kicks out of a cradle pinfall and immediately comes up with a dropkick to the seated Guerrero del Sol. Rage follows up with a standing seated senton and mounts Guerrero del Sol with a flurry of punches.]

GM: My goodness, Shadoe Rage showing off combinations of moves here. The AWA sent Shadoe Rage to Mexico in an effort to keep him out of their hair according to sources but it seems that the tour has enabled him to adopt some new styles. New styles that Tony Sunn may have to watch closely and decide how to counter.

BW: Rage is still a pretty decent size at 240 something pounds. Give him some momentum and space and he can create some deadly combinations that will knock the wind out of you.

[Guerrero del Sol uses his legs to grip Rage and leverage him back into a modified sunset flip. Rage escapes with a roll through at two and comes right back with a diving double axehandle to the head before following up with a high leaping knee drop.]

GM: He is as quick as a cat still. Rage is leaner than he used to be. I would assume that is to preserve his ridiculous natural speed and agility.

BW: He's at that point where you gotta sacrifice something. It ain't as easy to maintain speed as you get older, Gordo. So he's got to drop a certain

amount of body fat to do it and up the reps on his weight work but sacrifice muscle mass. I know for a fact that Rage spends hours a day every day working his body to that breaking point to keep up his talent. He ain't a natural athlete no more. He's gotta work at it.

GM: Rage is an unusually high-level run/jump athlete with a long career. A former member of the Prophets of Rage, he seems to eschew that now. You notice he rarely, if ever, mentions being part of that legendary tag team.

[The screen cuts to images of Rage and Guerrero del Sol brawling on the floor. Rage ducks a wild swing and suplexes Guerrero onto the floor before popping up to jaw with the fans and then climbing all the way to the top rope to drop a Death from Above to the floor.]

BW: That guy's pretty much always been the number two even when he was on his own, Gordo. Did Shadoe Rage get to stand out in the Prophets of Rage? No way, daddy. As flamboyant and weird as he's always looked, he really never stood out as a lead guy. I think that's why he's so obsessed with winning the TV Title. It's his chance to show everybody who he is on his own terms with nobody next to him and around him.

[On screen, the match is moving to its closing moments. Guerrero del Sol has been snaring Shadoe Rage in a series of crazy pins and submissions, sending Rage into a tizzy trying to find his way out. Each time he narrowly escapes. He reverses a small package which gets reversed again and Rage is forced to kick out. A hurricanrana plants him on the mat to escape a pin. A quick double leg takedown has Rage escaping a prawn hold pin and eating a spinning heel kick to the mouth. He escapes the pin with a foot on the ropes.]

GM: Rage showing his resiliency here, folks, and watch how suddenly this match ends. Rage really surprised me here.

[Rage is flat on his back on the mat when Guerrero del Sol goes to the top rope. Rage suddenly pops up as Guerrero leaps over him. Rage hits him with a boot to the gut as he turns around and locks on a standing headscissors. Guerrero del Sol reverses it into a series of shoulder mounted punches. Rage suddenly drops back, tossing him into a clothesline across the top rope and as Guerrero staggers off, Rage blasts him with a running knee and hooks the tights for a three count.]

BW: That was an incredible counter from Rage.

GM: I've been told that falling clothesline is a move borrowed from one of Rage's sisters - a move she called the British Bombshell. And of late, Rage has been demonstrating that running knee to the temple will knock out anybody anytime anywhere.

BW: If he hits Sunn with that, it's lights out and the party is over for Tony Sunn's title reign.

GM: And Shadoe Rage has to add the disrespect. Look at him spitting on the downed Warrior of the Sun and then unceremoniously pitching him over the top rope. Oh my goodness, this man is despicable.

[On screen, Rage is shown standing on the top rope and screaming at the Mexican fans as they respond with a flurry of cups and garbage.]

BW: Ryan Martinez isn't the only one who can start a riot, Gordo.

GM: Apparently not. Folks, Colt Patterson is standing by backstage with the man we just saw in action - the challenger in the World Television Title match at SuperClash... let's hear now from Shadoe Rage.

[We cut from the pre-taped footage to the backstage area where Colt Patterson is indeed with Shadoe Rage. The flamboyant pair are comparing forearms it seems with Rage flexing and kissing his biceps and Colt Patterson flexing and turning his wrist to show how much that steel-plated forearm will pop with muscle. Colt is dressed in a skin tight black T-shirt emblazoned with a silver glittering skull and an orange and black scarf. Rage wears his hair wrapped in a turban of pink and gold cloth and a sleeveless fuchsia T-shirt festooned with stars and the logo "NEXT TV CHAMP." He turns his back to camera so we can see the back reads "SUNN WHO?"]

CP: Sensational Shadoe Rage, welcome back from a fun holiday in Mexico where I understood you were beating those masked jumping beans like they were piñatas!

[Shadoe Rage dips his head in acknowledgement. He hooks his thumbs in the waistband of his jeans and turns back towards the camera, his charcoal stare burning.]

SR: Thank you, Colt! Yes, Mejico is beautiful this time of year. The office tried to turn the heat on the TV Title down by sending me off to Mexico on a little paid vacation. They thought that if I was out of sight, I'd be out of mind. Well, maybe I was out of their minds, but let me tell you something, Colt, I never stopped thinking about Tony Sunn. That swarthy opportunist has finally agreed to meet me in the ring. He's bitten off more than he can chew. I know it. You know it.

[He stabs his left index towards the camera and then moves it from one side of the screen to the other.]

SR: And everybody from here to Acapulco knows it. Rage Country is everywhere. And the Rage is too strong for everyone. You are all Rageoholics! And the Rage is going to destroy Tony Sunn!

[A grinning Patterson nods his head as Rage turns his back to the camera, flexing his back to stretch out the words "SUNN WHO?"]

CP: Shadoe, I gotta ask the question, brother... for months now, you've been chasing the World Television Title... and now, it's within your reach.

But you and I both know the truth, jack! We both know that if you wanted to put that World Title around your waist, you could do it! So why? Why not go for the big gold?

[Rage claps at Colt's question. He spins towards the camera, circling his right index finger in the air.]

SR: Everybody is wrong when they say that the Television Championship isn't as prestigious as the World Championship. All it is is small thinking, man. And I don't think small. World Champ? What does that even mean to me? The King of Rage Country? It doesn't mean a thing. But the most important creation in our history has been the television, Colt.

Instantly we were all connected orally, aurally and visually. We all experience the same thing at the same time via television. And what better medium to bring my brand to the world? Imagine it, Colt. Every week I will be guaranteed to be on television and the people will be watching me, the Sensational Shadoe Rage, do what I do and be astonished.

I will be must see TV. As important as the lunar landing. Bigger than the Super Bowl. More watched than the last episode of MASH. From that position, I will eclipse the importance of the World Title and make the World TV Title the most prestigious in the land, Colt. The man makes the championship not the other way around. And that is why Tony Sunn must fall.

[Patterson nods.]

CP: Brilliant! Absolutely brilliant! I'm a former World Champion as you know but I made that title the chunk of gold that men like Tiger Claw, Eddie Van Gibson, and Joe Reed killed themselves to get! You're right, Shadoe. If you take that title...excuse me, WHEN you take that title... you're gonna raise it to the heavens so high that even the best in the world will have to think twice about which piece of gold to take aim at. Brilliant!

SR: I am brilliant, Colt. And you were a great World champion. I've got different aspirations. See, everybody wants to laugh at me. Everybody wants to fine me. Everybody wants to lay me low. But in the end, they just can't do it. Do you know why, Colt?

CP: From where I sit, they're jealous of you, champ.

[Shadoe swings back towards Colt Patterson, shooting him the trigger finger.]

SR: Right! JEALOUS! Too busy stroking their own egos and too busy protecting their precious positions. They can't understand what I'm doing. They're too far beneath me. They can't see me like they're Stevie Wonder. So they try to hold me down. But pretty soon, Colt, they won't be able to do it. Shadoe Rage will be plastered over every set. I control the horizontal. I control the vertical. I control the medium and the message.

And the message is that you will all be Rageoholics!

[His voice is straining, causing the veins in his neck and face to stick out.]

SR: SuperClash, New York City, I go back to the east coast. I get away from these hicks and in the grandest building of all time on the grandest stage I change the world, Colt. I will change the world. Tony Sunn, you've had your fun, but when we meet, your run is done. Believe that, you're finished. You're through. You're out of here. You can't duck and hide any more. You can't hold that belt FROM me any more. You're just holding it FOR me.

[Rage is quickly spiraling out of control when Colt interrupts.]

CP: Hey Shadoo, from that footage in Mexico, we saw a bunch of new moves... and we even saw that running knee to the head again.

SR: (talking to camera) In this business, you adapt or die. I adapt. Tony Sunn is going to die. Mexico allowed me to hone moves that I don't normally use. It freed my mind, man. It freed my soul. Mexico is Rage Country. Canada is Rage Country. The AWA is Rage Country.

[Colt nods.]

CP: Alright, but what about the stipulation? You only get one shot at this. Sunn made sure of-

[Rage interrupts.]

SR: I only need one shot.

[His index shoots straight up into the air while he rubs his mouth with his left hand.]

SR: It doesn't matter to me. Tony Sunn needed to hit a woman and a crooked referee to keep the belt from me. Once I get in the ring with Tony Sunn, I'm going to cave his skull in with my knee and take that title. All I need is one shot. POW, right in the mush!

[Rage claps his hands together, backing out of the camera's view as a smiling Colt Patterson is left behind.]

CP: Shadoo Rage's mood is on top of the world, jack, and in nineteen days, Shadoo Rage himself will be on top of the world when he puts down that overblown punk Tony Sunn and straps that World Television Title around his waist once and for all! I'm a believer and in New York City, he's gonna turn a lot of you into believers too! We've gotta take a break but when we come back, Travis Lynch is in the house... and he only wishes he had a body like mine...

[Patterson strikes a single bicep pose that the camera slowly zooms in on as we fade to black.]

The shot opens to an overhead view Madison Square Garden, as a voiceover speaks over top.]

"Madison Square Garden. The World's Most Famous Arena.

The Mecca of Professional Wrestling.

In just a few weeks, the home to AWA's SuperClash VI."

[Cut to a billboard in Times Square with the SuperClash logo, Supreme Wright and Ryan Martinez on either side.]

"But years before the World's Most Famous arena hosted The Wrestling World's Biggest Event, it was the proving ground for men who became legends in the world of professional wrestling..."

[Cut to a sold out Madison Square Garden, on their feet and cheering as a bulky, bloody Italian kneels in the middle of the ring, clutching a title belt...]

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

[Now the shot switches to another hot Garden crowd, chanting and cheering as a Hispanic man does a modified Ali Shuffle, taking his ring jacket off as he hops in place...]

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

[Finally to the hard camera shot at MSG, as a thick man in fatigues waves the red, white and blue in the center of the ring, a bloodied opponent lying in the corner and a thin, bespeckled manager having a tantrum as he enters the ring...]

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

[The magnificent Hawaiian Hercules, Kai Alana, is introduced to the MSG crowd for the first time, as the ring announcer shouts his name, with the voiceover speaking over top...]

"And now their stories can be told."

[To the clips: tag teams fighting in a cage, "Handsome" Jimmy Myers posing on the top rope, the inimitable Andre Price standing with taped fists, Bucky Wilde and "Pitbull" Billy Arnold being escorted to the ring by riot police, the historic staredown at the Last Fight In Philly...]

"Featuring over three hours of never before seen interviews..."

[Cut to present day Bucky Wilde, tie loosened and looking visibly anxious as he reminisces.]

BW: I was just a kid, and I was getting in fights on my way TO the ring. Every night. Every time we went to Boston, I quit the business. Billy's hair started to fall out...

[Cut to Blackjack Lynch, letting off a rare smile.]

BJL: I hadda get in there, but I knew I couldn't use my name. If my bosses had heard that Blackjack Lynch wrestled in the Garden, they'd'a fired my ass before I left the state. But it was just too good to pass up...

[To Colt Patterson, dress shirt open at the collar.]

CP: Kai Alana was a freak of nature, man, people were in awe from the word go. When he came to town, you couldn't get a ticket. He outdrew the Rolling Stones.

[To a shorter man with a thick bush of black hair, wearing glasses, but curiously, a shirt with no sleeves. The name "Phil Darling" flashes on the screen.]

PD: Bruno refused to even get in the building. He wanted his money. My dad had to go to the bank and empty his safe deposit box, and Landon had to hawk one of his ridiculous gold bracelets. They never spoke after that night...

[Cut to a shot of two men standing in a cage, in the middle of old Veterans Stadium in Philadelphia, as the voice over returns.]

"...and some of the most famous matches ever seen on the East Coast. Available for the first time ever on DVD and Blu-Ray, and digitally remastered for quality, now with alternate commentary."

[Back to the clips, as the great "Soul Man" Andre Price addresses the Boston Gardens crowd.]

BW: There's only one thing I know that's for sure in this life, baby.

Pain is temporary. Glory fades... but legends never die.

[Cut to a sped up view of various matches taking place in the Garden, Spectrum and Boston Gardens, as the hook of "Cold Hard Bitch" by Jet plays... and then abruptly the screen goes to black, except for these words...]

LEGENDS OF THE NORTHEAST.

Available now.

[Fade to black.

Fade back up to a close-up of Jack Lynch. Very close up. About all we can see is his face under the shadow of his black cowboy hat and just the very tip of the microphone in his hand.]

JL: A boxer, who maybe has two fights in a year, spends two months trainin', gettin' himself into peak shape for twelve rounds at three minutes apiece. You do the math. That's two months of trainin' for thirty six minutes. And in trainin' if he gets a little cut over his eye, ya know what they do? They cancel the match.

A baseball pitcher throws a ball for a couple of innings from April to September. By my math, that's six months outta the year. Half the year, a couple of days a week, and not even a full game. And if ya tweak your shoulder a little, what do ya do? Ya go home and ya collect your couplea million dollars.

An MMA fighter like good old Rufus Harris might have three matches in a year. He'll go for five rounds of five minutes apiece. That means twenty five minutes is a full night's work for the Rottweiler. And if he tweaks his knee? Well, they cancel the match and Nike keeps him in shoes and endorsement checks while he recovers.

We won't even talk about what kinda sweet deal Frankie Farelli had when he was bein' coddled in the NFL.

But if you're a pro-wrestler, you go in that ring and ya sweat, and ya bleed, and ya go full force for as long as it takes, and ya do it five nights a week, in a different town each night. Ain't no off season. Ain't no guaranteed money. Ain't no day when ya just decide to go light in trainin' and don't worry about nothin' else. If you're a pro-wrestler, that's all ya are, all day, every day.

And if some no good, yellow bellied dog takes a chair and slides your patella outta joint and puts ya in a knee brace, what do ya think happens? Hell, let's find out.

You plannin' on takin' any time off, Bobby?

[As Lynch turns, the camera pulls back, and we see that Jack's partner in the TexMo Connection, Bobby O'Connor has been standing at his side all along. Bobby is supporting himself with a crutch, as we see the knee attacked by Demetrius Lake on the last Saturday Night Wrestling is heavily taped. He wears a red and white flannel shirt with the sleeves rolled up, a pair of dark blue jeans as well as his usual black and white cowboy-style wrestling boots.]

BOC: I think you know better than to really want an answer to that, Jack. Because you already know the answer.

[O'Connor shakes his head.]

BOC: Not now, not ever. Not due to something like this. And everyone out there watching me on the TV set in their family room, every fan in those seats out there knows the same. Because just like Jack, the AWA fans aren't dumb.

[O'Connor nods.]

BOC: The same, I'm sad to say, can't be said for Demetrius Lake. He of all people should know better. Time and again, he's taken his cheapshots. All his cowardly cohorts have done the same. But on the other hand?

[O'Connor parts his hair to the side, showing off a mass of scar tissue on his forehead.]

BOC: Every single solitary time, I've done the same thing. I've gotten back up. They have attacked me with canes and chairs. They have ganged up on me. They have attacked me when I wasn't looking and tried to get my childhood friend to finish me off. And every time, I've dusted myself off and picked myself up off the ground.

And they've proven something to me, every time they've pulled this garbage.

They don't have what it takes to beat me fair and square. They can only put me down by breaking the rules and taking the coward's way out.

[O'Connor nods.]

BOC: Now I don't know if the biggest disgrace my home state's ever seen did this to help out his old running buddy Detson or to send another message to Jack here, and it doesn't matter much either way. Because once again, they failed. I will not give Detson an easy night by resting this banged up knee... and I won't let this be a message that Jack should back off. I don't care if I have to crawl on my hands and knees down that ramp, I am getting into that ring at Super Clash. I have everything in the world to prove to myself and my fans.

[A very intense suddenly comes over O'Connor's face.]

BOC: And to YOU, Terry Shane. Despite what everyone, even Jack, has said. I know you. The real you, not this mask of insanity you try to put on for the world to see. You will see it for the useless trash that it really is, and as the oldest friend you have... I will be the one to tear it right off your face.

[As O'Connor hands the microphone back, Lynch lifts his head, eyes revealed for the first time]

JL: This man right here ain't takin' Superclash off because he's injured. This man right here is an O'Connor, and they make 'em double tough in Missouri. Bobby O'Connor is goin' to New York. And no disrespect to 'Nova or anyone else. But Bobby O'Connor is gonna steal that damn Spotlight.

And me?

[Lynch removes his black cowboy hat, sliding fingers through his hair.]

JL: I'm gonna tear strips outta your hide, Demetrius.

I'm gonna give to you what you've spent the last year earnin'. You took a cheap shot at Blackjack. You came after my family and my friends.

You buried me under the flag of Texas.

Ain't none of it ever been forgotten. Ain't none of it gonna be allowed to slide. What you're gettin' in New York is what you've been askin' for every time you open that mouth of yours.

At Superclash, TexMo fights separately, but we stand together.

[O'Connor is handed the microphone.]

BOC: No matter what these cowards try and do, we are standing tall in New York. Me and Jack will take care of business that has already waited too long to be settled. And then we will watch our good friend Ryan Martinez take his rightful spot at the top of this company. Because come Super Clash?

[O'Connor nods as he and Lynch slap hands.]

BOC: We are all going to STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT.

[We fade away from the TexMo Connection and down to ringside where Gordon Myers is standing alone.]

GM: The TexMo Connection is ready for SuperClash! And as everyone knows, SuperClash VI is just around the corner and if you missed the news earlier, it is SOLD OUT! The only way you can see all the action is to join us on Pay Per View It will be a night that will see Jack Lynch stepping into Madison Square Garden for the first time in his stellar career to face off with Demetrius Lake in a Texas Death Match!

[The fans within the Crockett Coliseum cheer wildly.]

GM: And based upon the fire we saw from Jack on the last addition of Saturday Night Wrestling and moments ago, there is no question this will be a fight and we will finally have the answer to who the better man is... the self proclaimed king, Demetrius Lake or Dallas' own Jack Lynch!

[The Dallas fans erupt, cheering for the family synonymous with Texas wrestling. The cheers suddenly become filled with high pierced screams from the females in attendance.]

GM: And as you can tell by the deafening cheers, I am being joined at this time by Jack Lynch's younger brother, Travis!

[The camera pans to the left of Gordon Myers where Travis Lynch has made his way to the interview area. As per usual the muscular Texas Heartthrob is wearing his super smedium white Texas Born ... Raised A Lynch T-Shirt, blue jeans and his black cherry ostrich cowboy boots. His face though is covered by heavy amount of white bandages underneath a clear acrylic protective mask, to the disappointment of the females in attendance.]

GM: Travis, of course, made his return to the Crockett Coliseum two weeks ago after suffering a horrific injury at the hands of Alexander Kingsley and Sunshine back at Homecoming. Of course, the question on everyone's mind is... how is the eye, Travis?

[The camera zooms in and focuses upon the heavily taped orbital bone under the mask. As Travis begins to speak, the camera pans back.]

TL: For weeks now, Gordon, it's all Dr. Ponavitch and the AWA medical staff have been able to talk about. They've been telling me in time I will heal but I need to wear these bandages and this mask...

[Travis taps the mask with his forefinger and middle finger.]

TL: That it's wiser for me to stay at Silver Star Ranch, you know keep my distance from the Crockett Coliseum... to avoid "setbacks," yeah that's what he called it, "setbacks." And for once I listened... for once I took the advice of the doctors, of Ma...

[Travis pauses. A look of complete disdain can be seen under the mask.]

TL: And what happened, Gordon?

[Before Gordon can answer, Travis continues to speak, anger rising in his voice.]

TL: I had to listen to the gold digger and Mr. Silver Spoon continue to spew lies about my family ... about Blackjack. Tales about how his so called father, Oliver Strickland and Terry Shane Jr. were run out of Texas by Blackjack. How Blackjack spent each and every wakin' moment screwin' 'em over.

[Travis shakes his head.]

TL: You can call Blackjack a lot of things, and hell, most of the boys in the back have, but the one thing that they will all agree upon is Blackjack was... hell, he is a competitor! The last thing he would do is sabotage a rival company. Don't believe me? Ask the Pattersons.

Blackjack and the PCW outlasted Lone Star Wrestling and trust me, he took great pride in that. Just like he took great pride in Strickland and Shane's company collapsing... but it wasn't 'cause he stooped to every dirty trick in the book... no!

You see, Kingsley, the truth... the truth is just like Terry Shane the third and you... they sucked!

[Big cheer!]

TL: They ran themselves out of the great state of Texas!

[The Crockett Coliseum faithful cheer in agreement.]

TL: And then Gordon, the following Saturday Night Wrestling I tried to get here. I really tried to get to the Coliseum for Kingsley's return to the ring... to stand across that ring and pound him pillar to post for what he said about the ol' man... for what he did to me... but after that piece of filth Lake attacked Jimmy, Jack talked me into staying home, to take care of the family...

GM: There was also the medical ban imposed by the Championship Committee that was preventing you from entering the Crockett Coliseum.

[The disdain continues to grow upon the face of Travis.]

TL: Well yes, there was that as well, Gordon. So I was sitting at the ranch again watching WKIK and I have to listen to him call me out! To puff out his chest, claiming he wants me to accept his challenge when he damn well knew I wasn't there... that there was no way I could accept his challenge.

These fans and you know if I was there, if I was in that locker room, I wouldn't have hid in the back like Bucky was screaming... I didn't run from Bruno Verhoeven, The Lost Boy, or the hired assassin Ebola Zaire!

[The fans cheer wildly.]

TL: So Kingsley, why the hell would I run from you?

[A few "I LOVE YOU TRAVIS" screams are heard.]

GM: Every one saw that on the last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling you weren't backing down! I have to ask though how did you get into the Coliseum?

[Travis smirks under the protective mask.]

TL: Alexander Kingsley will tell you money makes the world turn but being the son of legend in this business has its perks, Gordon.

GM: It may have its perks but did those perks result in you being out of action for a longer period of time? That was a hellacious shot you took to the face.

TL: Dr. Ponavitch is telling me I'm not medically cleared to enter that ring until this...

[Travis points at his eye.]

TL: ...is completely healed. But with SuperClash just around the corner, there's no way I'm just going to sit at the ranch and let him continue to run his mouth. To degrade my family, to degrade me...

GM: What are you saying, Travis?

TL: I'm telling the Championship Committee to give me whatever piece of paper I need to sign that will clear them from any responsibility. Let me sign whatever paper will put Alexander Kingsley in the ring with me at SuperClash!

[The Crockett Coliseum erupts once again in cheers.]

GM: MY STARS! Are you sure you want this?

TL: Of course I am, Gordon!

GM: What about the risks...?

TL: Risks? You want to talk about risks, Gordon? A year ago, I was locked in a jail cell because of the risks of being around the Beale Street Bullies, at Battle of Los Angeles, I was ripped open by a fork 'cause of the risks, at Homecoming, my orbital bone was broken 'cause of the risks... damn whatever risks there may be!

Sunshine started a war and Alexander Kingsley wanted to fund it...

It's time I cut off the damn head off the snake!

[A big cheer echoes through the building as Travis stalks off, waving to the cheering fans.]

GM: You heard the man, fans! Travis Lynch wants Alexander Kingsley in that ring at SuperClash and he's willing to do whatever it takes - sign whatever waiver he has to sign - to get that match! We'll try to have more details on this one later tonight in the Control Center but right now, let's go up to the ring for more action!

[Crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring ... from Myrtle Beach, South Carolina weighing 250 pounds... Alex Worthey!

[There's a small bit of applause for Worthey as the slightly bulky wrestler walks around the ring with his arms raised and a determined look on his face.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The lights go out.]

GM: And we know what happens when the lights go out around here.

BW: I'd love to say that we just didn't pay the bill, Gordo, but by the chills runnin' down my back, I gotta say something wicked this way comes.

[A voice begins singing over the PA system, a haunting sound in a darkened arena.]

#This little light of mine! I'm gonna let it shine!
This little light of mine! I'm gonna let it shine!
This little light of mine! I'm gonna let it shine!
Let it shine! Let it shine! Let it shine! Ohhh yeah!!!!#

[The lights come back up and Jericho Kai is in the ring. He is dressed in a Pharaoh's robes. Flanking his right is Poet Wright, shrouded in a burka, her grisly scarred face painted like a skull. She raises the chalice and shrieks at the top of her lungs.

"WE'VE COME 'OME!"

BW: These people give me the willies, Gordo.

GM: You're not alone in that assessment.

[Smiling, Kai removes his robes to reveal his shredded 6'5 physique. There is nothing spare on his body. His thin dreadlocks are braided back into a coil down his back. Around his heart and left shoulder are tattooed in a circle the images of Ra, Thoth, Ma'at, Seth, Sekhmet and Anubis with an ankh at their centre. He wears royal blue trunks with kilted panels decorated with an ankh in front, thong-wrapped gladiator sandals that go up to his knees and wrap around shinguards. Kai also has a microphone in his hand.]

GM: Wow, look at the physique on Jericho Kai. This is a guy who obviously spends some time in the gym.

BW: Which makes it even weirder. This guy dresses in suits, wears Egyptian robes and spouts all this weird stuff about the Gods or whatever it is but he commands the undead and has a woman like that crazy Poet at his side. I just don't know what to make of him.

GM: I think we're about to find out. Alex Worthey has all the motivation in the world in this match. Jericho Kai took and released his tag partner JP Driver to deliver a message to the AWA that Kai was coming. JP Driver hasn't been mentally well enough to compete since the incident. I'm sure that's all the motivation that Worthey needs to get revenge for his friend.

BW: I don't know, Gordo. He might want to let this one here slide.

[Kai lifts the mic, his gaze resting on Worthey.]

JK: Alex, man, are you sure you're ready for this? I stand before you a man gifted by the Gods. A messenger. An advocate. Are you sure you want to tangle with me, boy? I can see in your eyes and in your heart that you are angry with me. But don't be, Alex.

Your friend was chosen. He was made better. I ask you to be better too. Choose me, Alex. Choose to join me. These people don't care about you. They've left you for dead, Alex. Rise up and be better, Alex. Come back to the embrace of the Gods. Don't choose the fate of that know-it-all heretic, Manny Imbrogno. What say you, brother?

[Kai holds out the microphone to Alex Worthey. Worthey looks out to the fans on either side of him, milking their reaction before he grabs the mic.]

AW: YOU... GO STRAIGHT... TO HELL!

[The crowd ROARS for the defiant statement as Jericho Kai glares daggers in response.]

GM: The crowd goes crazy for Alex Worthey after that bold statement!

BW: Gordo, did you ever think you would ever say something like "the crowd goes crazy for Alex Worthey?"

GM: Not really, Bucky. But Jericho Kai still seems under control.

[Indeed, the tall wrestler simply smiles briefly and inclines his head. He nods to Poet to leave ringside.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Well, we learned something about Kai right away, Gordo.

GM: We did?

BW: He doesn't fluster at all. That makes him dangerous, Gordo.

[Kai steps back a pace from Worthey and extends his hand. Worthey refuses to shake it so Kai forcefully takes the hand and shakes it. Worthey rips his hand away, backing off with a glare while Kai simply smiles and gives a look that says "I'm not so bad."]

BW: Clean handshake. I thought we were going to get a cheapshot there, Gordo.

GM: So did Alex Worthey. He might be a little confused here in this first appearance by the leader of the Walking Dead. Jericho Kai is out here without his... entourage. Maybe he will play this straight.

[The two men come together in a lockup but Kai doesn't fight with Worthey, using his opponent's strength against him to send him tumbling to the mat with a quick pivoting leverage move.]

BW: Good balance and timing. There's definitely more to this guy than we've seen.

[Worthey springs up off the mat, catching an incoming Kai with an arm drag, snapping Kai down to the mat, spinning on his hip right back to his feet...

...where he steps back, politely clapping for the maneuver.]

GM: And this show of respect seems disingenuous to me.

BW: Why? He says he's a representative of the Egyptian Gods. I mean... "The Mummy" starring Brendan Fraser aside... what has Ra ever done to you?

GM: What?

BW: Imbrogno ain't the only one can read, daddy. Or watch movies. What was your favorite Mummy movie, Gordo? Mine was the Scorpion Ki-

GM: Back to the collar and elbow as Kai tosses Worthey bodily back into the corner.

[Kai steps in, battering the smaller man with elbows and knees, forcing him to slump down to a seat on the second buckle before Kai backs off under the referee's orders, backing all the way across the ring...]

GM: Jericho Kai giving Worthey room to recover...

[But Kai charges back in, connecting with a hard clothesline that leaves him wrapped around Worthey.]

GM: Is he hugging him?

BW: Looks like it. I'm not sure anything this guy does will surprise me, Gordo.

[Indeed, Kai is hugging Worthey and patting him on the back and whispering some encouraging words into his ear. Worthey hesitates, confused by what he's hearing. It is then that Kai belly-to-belly suplexes Worthey out of the corner.]

GM: Ohh! Come on!

BW: Hah. That was kinda clever, Gordo.

GM: I suppose but what kind of sportsmanship is that?!

[Kai pulls Worthey off the mat, tugging him to his chest.]

GM: And now picking him up... and dancing with him?

[The crowd jeers in puzzlement over what they're seeing...

...until Kai lifts Worthey into the air with a wristlock, putting insane amounts of pressure on the wrist and arm before slamming Worthey down to the canvas!]

GM: Good grief! That'll tear a man's arm completely apart!

[Kai kneels over Worthey, touching his temple. He checks on the downed man, asking the referee for assistance.]

BW: Well, there's some sportsmanship. See, he ain't so bad.

GM: Is this sportsmanship or gamesmanship? I don't get this guy's angle, Bucky.

BW: Maybe there isn't one, Gordo.

[Davis Warren indicates that Worthey is okay. Kai nods and walks forward, grabbing Worthey by the head and yanking him to his feet violently. He grabs an arm, winds up and gives the short arm whip into a vicious elbow to the heart.]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[Worthey collapses in a heap as Kai stands over him, massaging his own heart. He looks to Poet, grimacing. In response, Poet raises her chalice in salute.]

GM: What is going on?

BW: I think the mood is about to change.

[Kai backs into the corner, throwing his head back over the top turnbuckle, breathing heavily as he waits for Worthey to get off the canvas. He whips his head forward, staring straight ahead...]

"YOU WILL BE TAKEN BY THE JACKALS!"

[As Worthey staggers up, Kai grabs him by the wrist, throwing him out and yanking him into a short-arm clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! Big clothesline!

BW: He ain't done, Gordo!

[Kai pulls him up again, dragging him into a second short-arm clothesline!]

GM: Good grief! Worthey's practically out of it already!

[The leader of the Walking Dead pulls his opponent up a third time, Worthey limp as Kai muscles him up...

...and into a third clothesline before finally releasing him. Kai drops to his knees, staring up plaintively into the lights.]

GM: This is strange. He's dominating Alex Worthey but what in the world is going on inside this man's head?

BW: You really want to know that, Gordo?

GM: Probably not.

[Kai crawls on his knees to kneel next to his opponent, leaning down to touch his head to Worthey's. The camera catches him whispering to the downed competitor although is not close enough to hear what's being said...

...but the whispering ends as Kai jerks his head back, slamming a headbutt into the nose of Worthey!]

GM: OHH! SO VICIOUS!

[The crowd is jeering Kai's brutality as he rips Worthey off the mat to his feet, catching him in a head and arm hold as he bends him backwards towards the mat...

...and spits right in his face!]

GM: What the-?! There's no call for that!

[With a violent yell, Kai jerks Worthey up into the air, driving the back of his head down to the mat with a legsweep uranage!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Kai stays down, planting his open palm on the heart of Worthey as the official dives into position for the count.]

GM: The pin is academic after that.

BW: That's all she wrote. There will be no vengeance for JP Driver tonight... or any other night I'm guessing.

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Here is your winner... JERICHOOOOOO KAAAAAAAAAAAI!

[There are boos as Kai sits up next to Worthey and then gently lifts him up into a hug. Poet alights to his side, standing over him with her raised chalice. She lifts her head skyward and shrieks just before the lights go out.]

GM: The lights are out here in the Crockett Coliseum again... and I just hope we don't see anything like this in New York City.

BW: You just never know where or when the Walking Dead and Jericho Kai are going to turn up, Bucky.

[Suddenly, the music plays again with the lights still out.]

#This little light of mine! I'm gonna let it shine!
This little light of mine! I'm gonna let it shine!
Let it shine! Let it shine! Let it shine!
Ohhhh yeahhhh!#

[As the music fades, the lights come back on, revealing that Alex Worthey is still down and out on the canvas but Jericho Kai and Poet have vacated the premises.]

GM: Creepy. So very creepy. I don't know what I just saw here, Bucky.

BW: I may not get Jericho Kai completely but I know a threat when I see one. And I just saw one. There's a lot going on with that man. He's confusing. He's got you seeing everything at once. But he's making you miss the point, Gordo.

GM: And what's that, Bucky?

BW: I don't even know yet. But I just saw a very dangerous man in that ring. And that's all the point we need... for now.

GM: Perhaps you're right. Fans, let's go back to the interview platform where Colt Patterson is standing by!

[The camera cuts back to the interview position, where Colt Patterson awaits.]

CP: In a short moment here, I'm gonna bring out a guy with high class and good taste, 'cause he'll only talk to me here in the AWA! HA! Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome "Diamond" Rob Driscoll!

[The crowd immediately boos as the epic opening to "You Know My Name" by Chris Cornell hits the loudspeakers, and after a moment "Diamond" Rob Driscoll appears in front of the crowd.]

Driscoll is in premiere physical condition, with a toned and tanned body and wavy auburn brown hair that does not quite reach his shoulders. He sports a day's worth of stubble and is dressed to wrestle, in glossy purple and gold trunks, with the picture of a diamond on the backside in white. His boots are white, his kneepads are black and he wears a sleeveless, sequined black vest trimmed in gold and silver over his attire, with the interlocked initials "RD" on the back in white.

Patterson claps as Driscoll walks toward him and the two men shake hands as the interview gets underway.]

CP: Rob, congratulations on your big victories so far here in the AWA, but as you can tell, maybe other people aren't as appreciative of your talents as I am.

RD: Who would that be, Colt?

CP: Why, our own Gordon Myers for instance. Seems as old Gordo here thinks you're a little too cocky after only notching two victories on TV.

RD: Is that so?

[Patterson nods as the camera flashes to Myers at ringside, his face creased in consternation.]

RD: C'mon Myers, you're better than that. Maybe it's just been too long, and some of the lights are starting to burn out in the attic.

But this thing is a marathon, not a sprint. These people here are used to seeing jacked up, short sighted idiots who walk in and think they own the place, when really all along they don't know where they are or how they got there. The kinda guys who wouldn't dream about beating me in a wrestling ring, and if they did they'd have to apologize when they woke up.

Those people can corrode your mind, Gordo, so I can see why you're mixing up your P's and Q's. But I'm the cure for the common cold, my friend, I can see the forest through the trees.

I walk into Crockett Coliseum every night, and you know what I think to myself, Colt?

[Patterson shrugs.]

CP: What's that, champ?

RD: I'm the best wrestler the AWA has ever seen.

[Boooooo. The crowd does not like that one bit.]

RD: I'm the kinda guy you'll be telling your children about for years to come. But if I had a dollar for every wrestler I've seen come out in front of a live

audience, shout they're the greatest, and then burn out in a month, I'd have enough money to buy clothes that fit for the entire front row here tonight.

So it's up to me, as the Crown Jewel of Wrestling, as the Diamond In The Rough, it's up to me to show you ALLLLLLL how it's done. It's up to me to re-educate you people about how a real athlete walks, talks and acts.

This is what a REAL wrestler looks like, ladies, this is how a REAL wrestler conducts himself in the ring, fellas. Accept no substitutes, no imitations accepted. If you wanna know how it's done, if you wanna know how to build a Hall of Fame career, one match at a time, one night at a time, you're seein' it in front of your eyes, night in and night out by yours truly.

So yeah, I'm a little confident, I'm a little cocky, and brother, if you were lacing up these boots every night, you would be too.

[Patterson cackles along with Driscoll, who bounces on his toes with energy as he does so.]

RD: Now, tonight, I got a big announcement.

CP: Oh yeah, what've ya got? Am I getting the big scoop?

RD: You get to be the lead source here, Colt, because you're the best in the business.

I'm here to announce that I am NOT going to be participating in the Steal The Spotlight match at SuperClash. Everyone else, all you guys working real hard to get your big break, all you guys signing autographs at the Waffle Houses on three hours sleep... that's for you guys. Have fun with that.

[Driscoll waves his hand to the camera, sneering as he does so.]

RD: I'm not the guy who steals the spotlight.

I'm the guy the spotlight HAS to find. I'm the guy who turns 'em away at the door. I'm the guy who shuts down malls for autograph signings, who rearranges traffic patterns for public appearances. The spotlight needs ME, not the other way around.

When you're the Crown Jewel of Wrestling, when you shine like none other, the spotlight finds you. And rest assured, I don't steal the spotlight.

[Quick hook of the thumb.]

RD: I own it. And now, if you will Colt, I believe I got a match. And hey, do me a favor, stick around so we can crow about it afterwards. It ain't gonna take too long.

[Patterson chuckles as Driscoll walks forward and ducks into the ring, and the camera swings back to Patterson who is pressing his earpiece.]

CP: You got it, champ. We've got to take a quick commercial break, but when we come back, the Crown Jewel himself is in action. Don't go anywhere!

[Fade to black.

In the background, we hear the slowly building sounds of the Alan Parsons Project's "Sirius."

One word slowly fades in, filling the entire screen.]

"SUPERCLASH"

[We cut to a montage of still photos from SuperClash events gone by - Stevie Scott standing nose to nose with Juan Vasquez, Alex Martinez putting William Craven into barbed wire, Dave Bryant locking the Iron Crab on Calisto Dufresne, City Jack standing over his best friend to protect him with a baseball bat, Bobby Taylor trading blows with Kevin Slater, and so on and so on. The graphic changes.]

"VI!"

[As the roman numeral fades, we catch a glimpse of AWA owner Bobby Taylor in what appears to be a major city, walking the busy streets in his cowboy boots. We see glimpses of illuminated marquees with the latest big musical productions. We see towering buildings. Jam-packed streets. A small hot dog cart with a vendor hawking his offerings.

And then shots that become slightly more obvious.

A street of major theaters.

The 9/11 Memorial.

The Empire State Building.

The Statue Of Liberty.

The shot fades to the black screen again with three letters that say it all, coming up one by one.]

"M...S...G."

[Cut immediately to a panning shot of the world's most famous arena, the camera circling around it before cutting to an overhead shot of it before cutting to the sign that reads "MADISON SQUARE GARDEN." And then one more cut to a black screen with all the details.]

"SUPERCLASH VI
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
NEW YORK CITY
NOVEMBER 27, 2014"

[The graphic holds for a moment and then cuts to one more graphic.]

"LIVE ON PAY PER VIEW."

[Fade to black.

And back up to live action where we've got a nice panning shot of the arena as Gordon speaks.]

GM: Fans, welcome back to AWA Saturday Night Wrestling, and we've got a great match for you on tap right now. Let's go up to Phil Watson in the ring.

[Cut to Phil, standing tall in the middle.]

PW: Fans, the following contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first to my left, from Montreal, Quebec, Canada... weighing in 227 pounds... he is one half of the Northern Lights...

RENE ROUSSEAAUUUUUUU!

[The focused Rousseau raises one hand to the cheering crowd but concentrates on the task at hand, shifting his weight from foot to foot. The Canadian has feathery brown hair and is dressed in white trunks, boots and kneepads, and looks to be in great condition.]

GM: Rene Rousseau is a veteran of the squared circle, a champion all throughout Canada and Europe, and is doing a fine job mentoring Chris Choynet right here in AWA.

BW: No doubt about that Gordo, Rousseau has touched gold before. Much as I'm not a fan, you can't take away his credentials.

PW: And his opponent, to my right, from Cincinnati, Ohio... weighing 242 pounds...

"DIAMOND" ROB DRISCOLLLLLLLLLLLLL!

[Driscoll doesn't move from his corner as the crowd boos, eyes locked on his opponent.]

GM: Rob Driscoll's had some success so far in AWA, and has had no trouble telling us about it, but Rene Rousseau is far from a walk in the park.

BW: Rousseau's been around for a long time, Gordo, he knows the ins and outs of the ring as well as anyone. I think Driscoll is money, no doubt about that, but this ain't gonna be easy.

[Both men come to the center of the ring as the bell rings, and after circling for a moment, they lock up in the center of the ring and battle for position...]

GM: Collar and elbow in the center of the ring, both men digging their heels in, the smaller Rousseau using that lower center of gravity...

[Driscoll deftly takes a step forward and scissors the left leg of the Northern Lights member, taking him down with the drop toe hold. Driscoll turns over and looks to grab a rear waistlock, but the veteran Rousseau quickly sits out and gets to his feet, then assumes a fighting position.]

GM: Rene Rousseau is a hard man to pin down, Bucky, with a wealth of amateur experience behind his name.

BW: He certainly is, Gordo, and he might could really be something if he'd calm down his schedule. He works every night of the week, a different state every night.

[Driscoll snidely golf claps toward Rousseau, and then invites him back to the center of the ring to re-engage.]

GM: What a condescending young man this Driscoll is, Bucky. He's someone who could use a few lessons in respect.

BW: Ya gotta beat him to beat into him, and that's no easy task, daddy.

[Rousseau looks up the aisle, where Colt Patterson is sitting and then converges back into a collar and elbow tieup with Driscoll. The Cincinnati native goes behind with a hammerlock again, smugly flashing a toothy smile as he does so, and this time it is Rene Rousseau who drop toe holds out of it, landing Driscoll flat on his face as the Canadian lunges for a rear waistlock...]

GM: Rousseau grabs for the waistlock, now it's Driscoll who sits out! Back up to his feet-

"WHAAAAACK!"

GM: And rushes right in to the point of Rousseau's elbow, who was a step ahead of him! Driscoll backs up to the ropes, Rousseau sends him for the ride- no! Reversed! Rousseau comes off the ropes, high hiplock takeover by Driscoll!

[Driscoll instantly leans over to press his advantage, and gets two feet to the face by the veteran Rousseau!]

BW: Rousseau kicked up as soon as he hit the mat, that's just a veteran's instinct!

GM: He caught Driscoll right in the mush! Rousseau back up, Driscoll's there to meet him- scoop and a slam by Rousseau!

[And when the veteran bends down to pick up his opponent, he gets a kick up right to the face in kind.]

GM: A kick up from Rob Driscoll, nicely done. Both men back to a vertical base- armdrag takeover by Rene Rousseau! And he grabs right onto an armbar from there, Bucky Wilde, that's how it's done!

BW: Expertly done, Gordo, I'm not saying otherwise. He's somebody who could be a big deal if he maybe listened to some good advice once in a while!

GM: Like from you?

BW: I'm a talent scout first and foremost, daddy, I could use him to make m- I mean make him a lot of money. I could make him a ton of cash!

[Rousseau applies pressure to the armbar as the crowd cheers him on, and a pained Driscoll kicks his legs on the mat. The Cincinnati native turns over onto his stomach and then pushes up to his knees, forcing the Canadian to go with him, and then reverses up and under into a hammerlock of his own.]

GM: Nice reversal by Rob Driscoll- and Rene Rousseau goes behind again, grabbing a hammerlock of his own!

"WHAAAAAACK!"

BW: That oughta put a kink in the plans!

GM: Sharp back elbow from Driscoll, and that loosens the hold! Driscoll now, off the ropes... high hiptoss by Rene Rousseau! Aaaaand another high hiplock takeover! Rob Driscoll slides out of the ring, and these fans love it, Bucky Wilde! Rene Rousseau brought his A game tonight, and these fans appreciate it!

[The member of the Northern Lights pumps both fists to the crowd, who cheer and clap in response. Driscoll slaps the apron on the outside and yells something up to Rousseau, who shrugs it off and then starts a slow clap, getting the fans to clap along with him. The entire Coliseum picks up on it and is soon enveloped in rhythmic claps, and they only get louder as Rene Rousseau sits on the middle rope nearest Rob Driscoll and invites his opponent back in the ring.]

GM: There's a lot of athletes who have spent a lot of time plying their trade and making their way in the wrestling world, Bucky, don't think Driscoll's brash words have gone unheard.

BW: I think that's the point, Gordo. Driscoll has said he's not gonna hide. He's gonna face every challenge and build that foundation, daddy, he's gonna leave no doubt.

GM: Or so he says...

[Driscoll brushes Rousseau off and circles the ring, then climbs up the steps and ducks back in on the other side. The Canadian waves for Driscoll to

bring it on and he obliges, tying up once again and quickly grabbing a side headlock...]

GM: Driscoll cranks down on the side headlock, and now backs into the ropes... Rousseau pushes him off! Driscoll off the ropes... and collides with Rousseau, knocking him over.

BW: Driscoll's got about 20 pounds on Rousseau, he might be smart to remember that.

GM: Both men back up... Driscoll races to the far ropes, Rousseau hits the deck, Driscoll jumps over top on his way across. Rousseau back up, goes for the hiptoss- no, Driscoll straightens the left arm to block and gouges Rousseau in the eye!

[The Canadian veteran instinctively puts a hand up to his eye, which gives Driscoll the time to cradle Rousseau's head with his left arm and blast him with a short quarters right hand to the face. Referee Davis Warren tries to get in between the two men, but Driscoll nonchalantly pushes him away and lays in another right hand.]

GM: Driscoll's walking a fine line there, Bucky, you can't put your hands on an AWA official. That's a fineable offense.

[The Cincinnati native releases Rousseau routinely and momentarily musters momentum by grabbing the veteran by his trunks and throwing him between the top and middle ropes to the outside! Davis Warren is all over Driscoll who nods his head at whatever Warren is telling him, then goes outside and in one motion HURLS Rousseau into the barricade!]

BW: Driscoll taking it outside, pushing the issue!

GM: Rene Rousseau landed badly against that barricade. He went facefirst into that steel, and one wonders if this was Driscoll's plan, to get counted out.

BW: I highly doubt that, Gordo, sometimes count out wins are like getting the dollar jackpot on a lottery ticket. And Driscoll's no dummy, he's got til the count of ten to get back in the ring.

[Sure enough, Driscoll rolls inside the ring and reminds the ref to stop the count... then rolls right back outside and sizes up Rousseau. As the veteran turns around to face the ring, Rob Driscoll laces both of his arms over the barricade so his entire chest is exposed and lays in a hard chop to the chest, leaving a noticeable handprint across his flesh!]

GM: That chop echoed all throughout the Crockett Coliseum, Bucky, I'm sure the parking attendants could hear it!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: And another one, right across the chest! Rob Driscoll is a lot more physically aggressive than I thought he would be. Those are big time chops right there.

BW: Let's remember, Driscoll has done his fair share of time in the ring all across the country. He knows what it takes to win, he knows what it means to press an advantage. And look at that, rolling in the ring to break the referee's count again. That's a smart move by the Diamond man. That's the move of a polished athlete, Gordo

[Driscoll rolls to the outside once more just as Rousseau is getting up from the barrier, and Driscoll pastes his rising opponent with a right hand. Rousseau staggers away, toward the ring, and Driscoll takes the opportunity to throw him underneath the bottom rope...]

GM: Driscoll follows him in, here's the cover- one! Kickout by Rene Rousseau.

BW: And Driscoll's right on him, pressing the advantage.

GM: Rousseau gets brought to his feet and thrown right into the corner. Here comes Driscoll to follow...

[The newcomer brings the thunder, blistering Rousseau with knife edge chops and alternating with right hands, leaving handprints all over his opponent's chest and face. Driscoll then uses both hands and shoves the Canadian back into the corner, before grabbing Rousseau by his beautiful, feathery Farrah hair and using it to snapmare him into the center of the ring...]

GM: Rousseau gets tossed, right into the upright position...

[And Driscoll takes off, somersaulting over top of Rousseau, grabbing his head and snapping it with a nasty neckbreaker.]

GM: There it is, I think Driscoll calls that a rolling necksnap, and he uses it to great affect! Off the far ropes, he's Driscoll... sky high knee drop, and that caught Rene Rousseau right between the eyes! Driscoll now hooks the leg, here's the count... one, two, kickout again by Rene Rousseau.

[Driscoll looks up and slams his hand against the mat, then cradles the head and far leg and shouts for Davis Warren to count again...]

GM: One, two, kickout again. Rob Driscoll making Rousseau work here.

BW: Make no mistake about it, when you got someone leaning on ya and makin' ya kick out, that takes up a lot of energy. Driscoll's got a plan here, Gordo, he's making Rene Rousseau tap into his reservoir of energy.

[The Cincinnati native gets to his feet and has words with Davis Warren, causing the fans to boo him heavily. Warren assures him it was only a two

count, and as Rousseau is getting to both knees, Driscoll turns around and sends him for the ride...]

GM: Back elbow to the butt of the jaw, Driscoll is on point. Rousseau staggered, Driscoll with a head of steam... up and over to the outside, snapping Rousseau's neck in mid-flight!

BW: That's first class athleticism, daddy, that's why Rob Driscoll sticks his chest out in interviews!

GM: That's a heck of a move by Rob Driscoll, and Rene Rousseau is having trouble breathing. Driscoll dashes back in the ring, here's a cover again! One! Two! T-Rene Rousseau gets the shoulder up, but you can see the toll this match is taking. You can see Rob Driscoll starting to wear down the smaller Rousseau.

BW: It's the little things, daddy. It's the forearms to the throat when you cover, it's hooking the leg. Greatness is in the details, brother, and Rob Driscoll knows it.

[Driscoll takes a moment to take a deep breath and then brings Rousseau to his feet. He laces his left leg over Rousseau's and bends the Canadian in half, using his left arm to pin back Rousseau's right. Rousseau immediately screams in pain as referee Davis Warren gets right in front of him.]

GM: Abdominal stretch locked on in the center of the ring by Rob Driscoll, and a smart move it is.

BW: Absolutely. You've got your opponent winded, you've got him on the ropes, and now you lock in a submission that's going to make it harder for him to breath.

GM: I've got to give credit where credit is due, Driscoll is certainly in control when he's in the ring. This abdominal stretch gives him a chance to catch his breath, but undoubtedly takes a toll on the core and midsection of Rene Rousseau.

[With Davis Warren asking Rousseau if he submits, Driscoll takes the opportunity to inch towards the ropes... and then grabs the top strand with his right hand, making the pain instantly worse for Rousseau! The crowd immediately begins to jeer and boo, trying to make enough noise to alert the referee... but as soon as the referee makes a move, Driscoll lets go of the top rope.]

GM: Driscoll's using that top rope for leverage!

BW: But ya can't call what ya can't see! Davis Warren didn't see nothin', so he can't call nothin'!

GM: And listen to Driscoll, yelling at the referee to ask Rousseau if he gives up. He doesn't care what the answer is, he just wants Davis Warren out of the way!

BW: Like you said Gordo, Driscoll's in control! Give the man his credit!

[The crowd again gets agitated as Driscoll tugs on the top rope, leaning back for all he's worth and getting as much leverage as possible... and not noticing that Davis Warren has caught him this time! The crowd gets loud with cheers as Driscoll leans back, eyes closed with intensity... and then explodes when Davis Warren forcibly pushes his hand off the top rope!]

GM: Driscoll got caught! Rob Driscoll got caught, and look at his eyes! He can't believe it!

[Cut to Driscoll with eyes wide open, pleading his case that he wasn't holding the rope.]

GM: Driscoll's arguing with the ref, but all the leverage on the hold is gone!

[Crowd cheers!]

GM: And Rousseau hip tosses out!

[The Canadian drops to his knees to recuperate for a moment, but Driscoll is all over him...]

BW: But Driscoll won't let up! A kick to the gut bends him over, and now he grabs the arm!

GM: Driscoll winds in the arm wringer and BASHES the upper arm with a clubbing blow across the shoulder blade! And another right at the joint! You know what he's warming up for now.

BW: The Queen City Cinch is a baaaad move, brother, and Driscoll knows just how to set it up.

[One more clubbing blow across the shoulder and upper arm makes Rousseau scream out in pain, so Driscoll winds the arm wringer once more... and then walks in, putting all his weight on the shoulder joint and then dropping with a single arm DDT.]

GM: Oh my! Oh my! That's how you separate a shoulder! That's how you put someone on the shelf, and Rob Driscoll knows it! He's proud of it!

BW: Wouldn't you be? This ain't professional badminton, there's a real chance of gettin' hurt here! That's kinda the point of this whole thing, Gordo! Is this the friends business or the wrestling business?

[Driscoll gets to his feet and plays to the crowd, dusting his hands off and then making the "lock" signal with his thumb and forefinger, shouting "Here it comes! Here it comes, baby, get ready!"]

BW: Go ahead, Rob, call your shot! Put the Cinch on, get back to Colt for the post match interview! He's got the questions already typed out!

GM: Typed out?

BW: We knew this was a dubya, daddy, it was in the bag the moment it was signed.

[With Rousseau on all fours, Driscoll walks into a rear mount and grabs Rousseau's hair, and then rockets his right arm across the Canadian's face in a crossface. But the chickenwing part of the hold proves less accessible, and as Rousseau fights with Driscoll to stay free, he elbows the self named Crown Jewel of Wrestling in the side!]

GM: Driscoll let him go! Rousseau- he snapmares out! He had the Queen City Cinch well scouted, he made sure it wasn't locked in!

[The crowd cheers as Rousseau goes into the corner for a breather, but groans as Driscoll rushes in with a clothesline...

...and then explodes in cheers as Rousseau dodges him, and runs to the far side!]

GM: Rousseau off the ropes- Driscoll lifts for a slam! NO! ROUSSEAU USES THE MOMENT AND FLOATS OVER TOP!

[The Canadian veteran lands on his feet, spins Driscoll around, places his head under the Cincinnati native's head and DROPS in a jawbreaker! The crowd comes alive as Driscoll screeches in pain and holds his mouth... and continues to cheer as Rousseau rushes forward with a necktie clothesline, knocking both men to the mat!]

GM: Rene Rousseau with a huge burst of energy! And maybe this will be the point where Rousseau can turn this match around in his favor!

BW: Come on Robbie, finish this thing off!

GM: That was the break Rene Rousseau needs, that's the break he was looking for!

[The fans are clapping and stomping as both men lay on the mat, and do much the same as both men roll to their feet. Driscoll beats Rousseau to the punch and lashes him across the face with a right hand, and a second knocks Rousseau back down. The newcomer quickly backs into the corner and climbs to the second rope, sitting on the top turnbuckle for a moment before leaping off with a fistdrop...

...that hits nothing but mat as Rene Rousseau has rolled to his feet! The crowd cheers loudly again as Driscoll waves his hand in pain...]

GM: Rene Rousseau, now he's got the advantage... right hand! Right hand! Here's another, and Driscoll hits the deck!

BW: Get out of there Robbie, regroup!

GM: That's just what he's trying to do, but Rousseau won't let him! Rene Rousseau drags Driscoll back into the center of the ring, and now he goes to work!

[Rousseau backs up two steps and PASTES Driscoll with a knee lift that snaps his head back, then sends him to the ropes and takes him over with a high speed spinning powerslam that shakes the ring! The crowd gets loud as Rousseau makes a cover...]

GM: One! Two! Driscoll gets the shoulder up, but Rene Rousseau has new life in the match! Rene Rousseau is on the attack!

BW: Told ya, Gordo, Driscoll had his work cut out for him! Rousseau is a champion the world over, he didn't just fall into them title belts!

GM: Driscoll goes for the ride, and off the far side... fist right to the midsection doubles him over!

[Rousseau steps into a side waistlock, then picks Rob Driscoll up and plants him with a gutwrench suplex.]

GM: Suplex nicely done, and Rene Rousseau is wasting little time! To the outside now, and Rousseau's on that top rope in one step. How nimble and athletic is Rene Rousseau?

BW: Nimble enough to jump over piles of money by stickin' with his partner and not getting a financial advisor!

GM: Rob Driscoll, he's on dream street, he may not know where he is. Back on his feet, he turns around... biiiig double axehandle off the top rope! From the high rent district! Here's a cover! One! Two! Thr- no sir, no sir, Rob Driscoll slides the shoulder off the mat!

[Rousseau slams his hands on the mat and holds up three fingers to Davis Warren, he shows him two fingers in return. The Canadian angrily gets to his feet, dragging Driscoll along with him and slings him into the corner.]

GM: Rousseau showing a little frustration with the count, but it's been fair throughout the match. Driscoll, looking for a moment's respite in the corner, but Rousseau will have none of it! Here's a chop across the chest by Rousseau, who has felt a few of those during the course of the match... and now, Rousseau, climbs to the second turnbuckle!

BW: Come on referee, where's your count?! You've got two men in contact with the ropes, where's the count?

[Rene Rousseau holds a fist up to the crowd and gets a bunch of cheers in response, then goes to work on Driscoll's forehead as the crowd counts along!

"ONE!"

"TWO!"
"THREE!"
"FOUR!"
"FIVE!"
"SIX!"
"SEVEN!"
"EIGHT!"
"NINE!"
"TEN!"

Rousseau hops off the turnbuckles and takes two steps back, just enough room for Driscoll to stagger out and then fall flat on his face!]

GM: Rob Driscoll's on dream street! These fans can sense the victory! They're all behind Rene Rousseau! Driscoll tries to roll out, he's trying to get away, but his opponent won't let him!

[Driscoll rolls out to the floor for a brief second, but Rousseau is right on him, reaching over the ropes to the floor and grabbing Driscoll by his hair, and bringing him back onto the apron.]

BW: Watch the hair, ref, watch the hair! Where are ya, Warren Davison?!

GM: That's Davis Warren, and he's doing a fine job! Rousseau has Driscoll back onto the apron, and he's still got him by the head!

[With Driscoll still outside of the ropes on the apron, Rousseau grabs the newcomer by the hair and runs to the corner, winding up and attempting to slam his head against the top turnbuckle... but at the last moment, Driscoll puts his foot against the turnbuckle to block the momentum, then reaches over and puts his thumb right into Rene Rousseau's eye! The crowd jeers heavily as the Canadian clutches his face, giving Driscoll the opportunity to grab him by the hair and BOUNCE Rousseau's face off the turnbuckle!]

GM: Once again, Rob Driscoll resorts to dirty tactics, and it might have won him the match!

BW: So it sounds like they worked!

GM: Finally Driscoll gets back into the ring, and he goes to pick Rousseau up- SMALL PACKAGE!

[The crowd is instantly electrified as the veteran Rousseau reaches up and ensnares Driscoll in a small package, and then rolls onto his side as Davis Warren slides into position.]

GM: ONE! TWO!

BW: DRISCOLL TURNS IT OVER! NOW HE'S GOT THE PIN!

[And not only does he have the pin, but his outside leg is wrapped around the bottom rope, on the other side of the pinfall that Davis is counting...]

GM: One! Two! Not like this-!

BW: THREE! Ring the bell, Rob Driscoll gets the pinfall!

[And indeed, Davis Warren stands up and signals for the timekeeper to ring the bell, as the crowd boos like crazy and Rob Driscoll immediately dives out of the ring onto the apron.]

GM: Driscoll gets far away from the scene of the crime! He stole that win and he knows it, Bucky, we all know it! Rene Rousseau had that match won, and Rob Driscoll took the rightful win from him, by hook or by crook!

BW: That's called mastery, baby, that's called ring positioning! Driscoll turned the small package over fair and square, and he was smart enough to use the ring to his advantage! That's why he's a diamond in the rough! That's why he's a future champion!

GM: I think it stinks, Bucky, I think that's a clear miscarriage of justice.

[Cut to the ring, where Rene Rousseau pleads his case to referee Davis Warren, as Phil Watson announces the winner...]

PW: The winner of the match... ROB DRISCOLLLLLLLLLL!

[Cut to Driscoll on the ramp, still in a sitting position but scooting himself away from the ring, breathing heavy. Colt Patterson walks up behind him with a cordless microphone, and bends down to talk to him.]

CP: Rob Driscoll, you won like ya said ya would, and now I'm here for the post match interview!

[But Driscoll is not in the mood to talk, still breathing heavy and trying to distance himself from the ring.]

RD: That's why I am what I say I am, Colt. That's- that's another piece of history! Now get me the hell out of here!

CP: You got it, champ!

[Patterson drops the microphone and helps Driscoll to his feet...]

...as we crossfade to a large man taking up the entirety of a folding metal chair. The big man is obviously one Rob Donovan, and he's...staring straight ahead, not saying a word. He looks..non-plussed, to say the least. Donovan leans back, looking up at the camera, resting his hands on his lap.]

RD: Y'know, I asked for a camera...an' somebody to hold it, I guess...so I could sit back here an' say whatever the hell it is I had to say...an' I got nothin'. Can't think of a damn thing.

[Donovan shakes his head briefly.]

RD: What the hell is there to say? Biggest show of the year, an' both me an' my boy have a match on it. I should be excited, right? I should be a proud papa...an' all I can think about is how I've never laid a hand on that boy in his life, an' here I am, put in a spot where I have to fight him, an' I don't even know who to be the most angry with 'bout it.

[Donovan snorts.]

RD: The boy? He's a kid. He may be grown, but he ain't been in this business for a cup o' coffee, an' he's my damned flesh and blood. I ain't happy with who he's runnin' with...thought he did it just to screw with me 'cause I stuck my neck out to get him into the Corner, an' they wanted to take it slow. Guess he thought they took it TOO slow...wish for the life of me he'd called an' talked instead of hookin' up with that low-life Wright, but he didn't, an' that's that, I guess. Is it my own damned fault? I ain't ever had raw talent like he's got, had no idea how to harness that, how to teach HIM to harness it...so I shipped him off to the Corner when he came at me wantin' to learn the craft, 'cause I couldn't teach him what I didn't know.

[Donovan looks down at the ground.]

RD: Maybe it's my fault, maybe it's just the decisions he made...or maybe my good friend is the one I oughta be droppin' this on...but it doesn't matter. I don't wanna hurt my own, but they sure as hell seem ready to hurt me...an' if I still know anything 'bout my boy at all, he ain't thinkin' about wrestling' his own father, he's thinkin' of the fact that he's just gettin' started, an' here he is, smack in the middle of the biggest show of the year, the biggest night of his life, an' I'm gonna have to take every single thing he's got an' everything he's learned at the hands of Jackson, at the hands of the World Champion. I'm gonna have to take all his best an' give him all mine, 'cause if I don't, I know for a fact Bobby ain't so stuck in that office chair that he won't get his hands dirty tryin' to teach my boy a lesson.

[Donovan looks up, staring the camera dead on.]

RD: That ain't gonna happen, Bobby...you hear me? You ain't gonna get some half-assed effort, I ain't gonna go easy on the boy 'cause it's his first big go-'round. He's gonna know for damn sure who the patriarch of our lil' wrestling dynasty is by the time that bell ring...

[Rob pauses, then chuckles helplessly.]

RD: An' so will I, I guess.

[Donovan makes a gesture to the cameraman to cut the shot when he suddenly looks up, a surprised expression on his face.]

RD: What are you...?

[His words trail off as the still-rolling cameraman pivots to reveal the young son of the Outlaw of professional wrestling, Wes Taylor, is standing in the doorway.]

WT: Are you in the middle of...?

[He gestures to the cameraman.]

WT: Sorry, I thought-

RD: No, it's okay. We were just finishing up. What do you... what's up?

[Taylor nods, stepping further into the room. He's dressed in street clothes - a pair of blue jeans, a pair of cowboy boots, and a black tanktop showing that he's been hitting the weights pretty solid.]

WT: Look, I... I'm really not sure how to say this.

[He looks down at the floor.]

RD: Just say it, kid. I've known you since you were barely talkin'. You're practically family. Just... say what's on your mind.

[Taylor nods, looking up.]

WT: I guess... well, most of all, I... um... I guess I just want to say that I'm sorry.

[Donovan shakes his head.]

RD: Nothin' to be sorry for, kid.

WT: No, there is. This stuff with Tony... look, I don't know what's going through his head any more than you do. He's not talking to me either and God knows I've tried but...

[Taylor sighs.]

WT: But if he wants a fight with me... if he wants to settle some stupid kid stuff with me, then it's a fight I should be in. But my dad, he's trying to-

[Donovan chuckles.]

RD: He's tryin' to protect you. I know the feeling.

[Taylor nods.]

WT: Yeah... yeah, I guess you do. But he went too far. I tried to talk some sense into him... tried to talk him out of this... this isn't... you know he'd never get in there with me. He wouldn't give a damn who told him to do it. He's tell 'em to-

[Donovan lifts a hand with a smile.]

RD: I know you grew up in locker rooms in LA and Laredo but they don't allow that kind of language around here.

[The two men laugh for a moment.]

WT: It's not right. He shouldn't have made you do this, you know?

[Donovan looks down at the floor, nodding his head.]

WT: But... well, if you're going to have to do it, I want to be there with you.

[Donovan looks up confused.]

WT: I want my dad to know that I think what he's doing is wrong... and the only way I can think of doing that is to stand in your corner at SuperClash. This is... this is all my fault but that's all I can think of... it's all I know how to do to try and make things right.

[Donovan stares at his friend's son long and hard before giving the slightest of nods.]

RD: This ain't your fault, son. Not one bit.

[Donovan gives a sigh.]

RD: But if it'll make you feel better, I'd be proud to have my best friend's son in my corner.

[With a grin, Wes steps forward, shaking Donovan's hand as the camera slowly fades back to the ringside area to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: An interesting development right there as it appears as though at SuperClash when Robert Donovan meets his own son, Tony Donovan, inside the ring... Wes Taylor will be in his corner!

BW: You've gotta imagine that's not going to sit well with Bobby Taylor who was trying to keep his son out of this whole mess to begin with. Tony just might reach down there at some point and slap the taste clear out of his mouth.

GM: I'm not sure I'd advise that. As Robert Donovan said just moments ago, Bobby Taylor will not hesitate to put his hands on Tony Donovan to protect his son... and when you talk about Bobby Taylor... when you talk about the Outlaw of professional wrestling, you talk about barbed wire, steel chairs, death matches, wars against the very best our sport has to offer. Tony Donovan wants - or at least, SHOULD want - no part of that. Up next, Bucky, a matchup that I am quite looking forward to. Former NFL star "First String" Frankie Farelli has been badmouthing and disrespecting our sport for too long. Tonight, he's going to face top quality competition for the first time in one Cesar Hernandez.

BW: This is historic, Gordo. Tonight, you will see something that you've never seen, and I hope never happens again.

GM: What's that?

BW: I'm gonna be rooting for wrestling to be disgraced, because Cesar Hernandez is the scum of the Earth.

GM: *sigh* Naturally, fans, Cesar was one of Bucky Wilde's most bitter rivals from his managerial days.

BW: And who can blame Farelli? He's out for justice, daddy. All those years where those grizzled vets would abuse people who were inquiring about the sport, in order to prove that they were tough guys. It was pretty pathetic, if you ask me. Like a cry for attention, because the other sports would get more media coverage.

GM: I won't defend anyone's actions in specific, but the mainstream media has always held a grudge against professional wrestling, dating back to the early-to-mid twentieth century. You can understand a need to make people understand that this is no place for the soft, and to ensure that anyone breaking into our sport was going to tough it out for the long haul... you can't explain to anyone how grueling it is to be a full-time wrestler, it can only be experienced.

BW: Excuses, excuses. I hope Farelli breaks his legs for all the people that Hernandez and Jose Liriano hooked over the years. Like me. Especially me.

GM: Bucky, your only issue is that Cesar Hernandez broke your leg ten years ago because you constantly interfered in matches and sent your stable to put him out of action... which they had previously done, I remind you. If you really felt that the old way of vetting prospects was so barbaric, I'm sure you would have taken it up with Hamilton Graham, Blackjack Lynch, or any of the old-time veterans. Patrick Weaver, James Audiet, Cameron O'Connor, Jose Liriano, Terry Shane Sr or Jr, ad infinitum.

BW: Are you kidding?! Those bullies would kill me! Well, except Cam O'Connor. I think I can take him. He's just an O'Connor.

GM: We've digressed too far. Suffice to say, Frankie Farelli has had an Open Challenge going for two months now, and of late he has used various loopholes and tricks to avoid Cesar Hernandez' challenge in favor of less experienced competitors. He has preyed upon preliminary wrestlers who are either too inexperienced or no match for him athletically. Tonight, neither of those are the case. He cannot duck Hernandez any more... let's go to the ring.

[*DING*DING*]

PW: The following contest is a special challenge match, scheduled for one fall and a twenty minute time limit!

[The familiar synthesized church bells of "A New Game", composed by NFL Films' Tom Hedden, echo out over the arena in the distinctive 15/8 time signature. The fans boo as this heralds the oncoming of "First String" Frankie Farelli, who strolls on through the entrance curtain with an arrogant swagger. At his side is his head cheerleader, Chastity Chamberlain.]

BW: Hey Gordo, you remember Marcus Broussard's entrance music?

GM: Yes, I suppose so.

BW: A song called "Super Bon Bon"... you think we can get a new version made for Chastity called "Super Pom Pom?"

GM: I... did you really just ask me that?

[Farelli walks to the ring with an unhurried gait, pointing and mocking the fans as he goes by. Frankie Farelli is a broadshouldered man with short blonde hair and gleaming white teeth. He's wearing a red Ohio State letter jacket, blue trunks with red and silvery-white trim (with a small silvery-white number 73 in the upper right corner), white boots with the New England Patriots logo on the side, blue knee and elbow pads, white forearm pads (including a "quarterback pad" with a Velcro playlist on his left forearm) and finger tape. Most prominently, he frequently holds up his 2004 Super Bowl ring and 2002 NCAA National Championship rings to show the fans why he believes himself to be better than them. He has put them on his middle fingers for some odd reason...

Chamberlain is wearing the red, cream, and white cheerleader outfit of an Ohio State cheerleader. The buxom blonde is waving her pom-poms, trying to get the fans cheering and seemingly oblivious to the fact that they aren't. She bounces around on the balls of her feet, occasionally doing a high leg kick or jump as part of her cheer routine.

Eventually, the duo reach the ringside area. Farelli waits for Chastity to hold the ropes open before he enters the ring. Chamberlain then neatly jumps in over the top rope, and bounds all over the ring waving her pom-poms and leading cheers that are actually boos. The cocky Farelli walks over to Phil Watson, takes his cue card out of his hand, and produces a new cue card from his jacket pocket which he gives to the ring announcer to read. The music dies down and an unhappy Watson proceeds to work off of his new material as Frankie stands menacingly by.]

PW: *ahem* Introducing first... the head cheerleader, Chastity Chamberlain!

[She does a Barani flip as her name is introduced, landing in a split as the male demographic cheers her.]

PW: She represents... from Long Island, New York... weighing in at two-hun...

[Farelli interrupts by pointing at the card and intoning "READ IT ALL."]

PW: ...weighing in at a jacked-up, piston-powered, revved-up-and-ready-to-roll two-hundred and eighty-one and one-quarter pounds...

He is an NCAA National Football Champion and All-American. He is a Super Bowl Champion and Pro Bowler. He is the only true athlete in the sport of wrestling today, and you are all lucky that he has come here to prove it once again...

...he is the Pinnacle of Power, Mister Manslaughter, the Most Athletic Man You have Ever Seen In Your Life, the Bully of the Block, the Baddest Man In The Building, he is...

[Phil shoots a withering glance at Farelli, as if to say "really?" Farelli waves him on. The crowd gets louder as it goes on.]

PW: ...still accepting applications for his cheerleader squad.

[Chastity nods to verify that this is true. She shouts out "Minions, people! I need minions!"]

PW: He is my personal favorite wrestler... *sigh*... here is "FIRST STRING" FRANKIE FARELLI!

[Farelli steps to the corner and raises his Super Bowl ring in the air as the fans boo and Chastity jumps around like a loon.]

GM: Oh. My. Goodness.

BW: It gets better, daddy! Farelli has the mic.

FF: I just wanted to remind you losers real quick before taco lips gets out here. THE Ohio State University is gonna be bowlin' on New Year's Day, as usual, while the Texas Shortstraws are under .500 and lost by three touchdowns to a bunch of Mormon morons!

[BOOOOOO!]

FF: And if any of you are one of the twelve Aggie fans, I got a news flash. When you lose to both sorry Mississippi teams back-to-back, you lose your right not only to call yourself a football fan, but you lose your right to manhood.

[BOOOOOO!]

FF: And Baylor...

[Nope, we're done with this. The trumpet fanfare that leads into "Himno del Chivas de Guadalajara" (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Mr61JbHOyTo>) cuts Farelli off, and the crowd cheers. Immediately, Cesar Hernandez steps from behind the curtain, and takes a deep theatrical bow to the audience. Farelli spikes the mic down and rants at the crowd about being cut off, while

Chamberlain maturely puts her thumbs to her temples, waggles her fingers, and blows a raspberry in Hernandez' direction.

A tall, rangy, dusky-skinned man with voluminous shoulder-length black hair, Hernandez sports a grim frown as he jogs confidently down the aisle. It takes him little time to cover the distance to the ring, and he hops the rope, coming up in a big uppercut fistpump as the fans cheer. The clean-shaven Mexican bears the scars of years of battle, yet despite it all retains a handsome visage. He's wearing purple trunks and boots (both of which are monogrammed with his initials), matching kneepads, and white wrist tape. His ring jacket is a very stylish one, with pleated sleeves and frills along the torso... it bears the color of his trunks, along with white and blue lining and trim.]

PW: His opponent... from Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico... weighing two-hundred forty-two pounds... CESAR HERNANDEZ!

[Hernandez takes a slow jog about the ring, pumping his legs to limber up, but keeps an eye on Farelli the entire time. His body language makes it clear that he's in an unpleasant mood.]

GM: We're not seeing much fan interaction from Cesar Hernandez today, Bucky Wilde. He is all business.

BW: As every wrestler should be all the time. I'm more concerned if he's in one of his sociopathic rages.

GM: He has a temper, Bucky, that's all. He is the furthest thing from a sociopath there is.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: Yeah, I think we all know that ain't true. Collar and elbow tieup... ha ha ha, Farelli flung Hernandez across the ring like nothing!

GM: A definite power advantage on the part of the former offensive lineman. And he's letting Cesar know about it.

BW: Another lockup... and Farelli got the headlock. He's gonna squeeze that dumb Mexican's tiny brain out of his ears if he keeps this on for long.

GM: But he won't... Cesar Hernandez with the drop toehold counter, and transitioning into a hammerlock. Farelli trying to sit out... that shows that he has definitely trained in wrestling, regardless of how much he may deride our sport. But the execution not crisp enough to free himself.

BW: Yeah, if you think this is an unprepared blowhard who walked in off the street to prove he could beat up a wrestler, you're dead wrong. This guy had an agenda and a plan, and he's prepared for this. But Hernandez is a lot more experienced, and Frankie's gonna have to be careful about getting tangled up in holds here.

GM: Farelli to the ropes, and that will break the hold. Hernandez with the clean break immediately. Because he's such a sociopath, right, Bucky?

BW: I didn't say he was an intelligent sociopath!

GM: Hernandez backing off, and Farelli complaining to the referee. How manly.

BW: Well, you wouldn't know this since you never wrestled, but you gotta keep the refs on their toes so they won't get lazy and stop callin' those infractions against you, like pulled hair and illegal leverage. Unlike you, I HAVE wrestled a few matches, so I know how easy it is for the ref to start mailin' it in if you let him.

GM: Bucky, unlike you, I HAVE been a referee... and when you're that close to men who can severely harm you and not be arrested for it, you never mail it in. Farelli is trying to get favorable calls, but it won't work with referee Angus Bethune, who is still on a tryout contract to replace Marty Meekly.

[As this analysis is given, the two men lock up again. This time, Farelli backs Hernandez to the ropes. Bethune applies a count for a break, and slowly the ex-NFLer spreads his arms and backs off... before popping Hernandez in the mouth with an open hand and then backpedalling fast! the crowd jeers the disrespectful move, and Hernandez advances full steam ahead with clenched fists. Farelli frantically points this out to Bethune, who cuts off Cesar and makes him open the fists.]

BW: Uh, I know that angering your opponent is a good strategy a lot of the time, but not against Hernandez. The angrier he gets, the MORE focused he gets.

GM: You're right about... CHEAP SHOT BY FARELLI!

BW: He blasted him with the Zone Block as the ref held him up! Brilliant!

GM: That running palm strike is used to snap the neck back, and Hernandez is floored! Frankie Farelli stomping away! You won't see this in the NFL!

BW: Obviously, you've never watched the Detroit Lions. But that's not unusual.

GM: Farelli pulls Hernandez up, and a short-arm clothesline takes him back down!

BW: That clothesline was more of a forearm shot to the ear, daddy. Farelli swung wild and put power into it. Risky, but it paid off for him.

GM: On the offense now is "First String" Frankie Farelli. Hard body slam. Picking up Hernandez, and a second body slam! Bucky, we've seen this before... Farelli with the consecutive bodyslams!

BW: This messes up the back real bad. There goes three, and here comes four!

GM: Five consecutive slams, and Cesar Hernandez is writhing in pain! Farelli parading around the ring as if he's already won now.

[The Long Island native loudly boasts about what he is doing to his adversary as the fans let him have it. He marches around the ring with his hands out in the "what do you think about that" gesture while Chamberlain tries to get a cheer going.]

CC: GO FRANKIE! GO FRANKIE! GO GO, GO FRANKIE! GO FRANKIE! GO FRANKIE! GO GO, GO FRANKIE!

Crowd: BOOOOOOOOOO!

CC: Nonono... GOOOOOOOOO! With a G! From the roof of the mouth: GOOOOOOOOOOOO!

BW: Give it up, Chastity, those idiots can't even SPELL 'go'. She should come over here and sit by me, Gordo. I'll help her cheer for Frankie, or anything else she wants.

GM: PLEASE. Farelli in the three-point stance position, waiting for Hernandez to rise... and a hard shoulderblock sends the Guadalajara native to the canvas! That three-point stance allows Farelli to gain great momentum very quickly.

BW: And he's takin' another trip around the ring. Real methodical. Farelli is too smart to rush himself and make mistakes.

GM: I would think that giving your opponent that much recovery time IS a mistake.

BW: Farelli's a football player, daddy. Burst of action, rest, burst of action, rest. This is how he operates. Hernandez can wrestle for sixty minutes. If Frankie gets too aggressive, Hernandez will tire him out and get a cheap win.

GM: Perhaps, but giving Cesar that much space can't be good either. Farelli lifting up Cesar Hernandez again, and the backbreaker! And now holding it! Stretching the back of Cesar Hernandez across the knee!

[The First String Superstar has indeed kept the backbreaker applied into a hold, shoving down on the chin and thigh of Hernandez. Hernandez' face shows great pain as Farelli is grinning; a grin which resembles a sneer.]

BW: Gordo, everybody thought Cesar Hernandez was gonna come out here and school this guy. Everyone thought he was gonna defend pro wrestling. But this is a laugher! Farelli's destroying him! It's completely one-sided!

GM: The match is barely three minutes in, Bucky, if that. Farelli has taken control early, but he has a long way to go before he could defeat Cesar Hernandez. Hernandez pumping his fist, and now the crowd is going.

[The fans stomp in time to the movement of Hernandez' fist as he fights up out of the grip of Farelli. Chastity Chamberlain manically runs around screaming for them to stop and go at HER cadence, but she is ignored. The veteran from Jalisco slowly makes his way up off of the knee, and pops Farelli one that breaks the hold entirely to the cheers of the fans!]

BW: Great technical wrestling there, eh, Gordo?

GM: I'm not going to make excuses for Cesar's use of the clenched fist. He is hammering on Farelli with deft combinations, but Frankie Farelli with the knee to the midsection stops it. Farelli with the irish-whip... three-point stance...

[As Hernandez rebounds off the ropes, Farelli launches himself into the shoulderblock. But the veteran from Guadalajara ducks down and back body drops Farelli while running forward, sending the former New England Patriot sailing to the canvas. Cesar Hernandez bounces off the far ropes as Farelli attempts to quickly retake his feet, snatches an arm, and spins into a running arm scissors right into a cross armbreaker to the loud approval of the capacity crowd!]

BW: OH NO!

GM: WHAT A MANEUVER BY HERNANDEZ!

BW: Farelli's in the ropes! He's gotta break it!

GM: Either the hold or the arm for sure will be broken in the next few seconds, and it is the hold as Hernandez releases promptly. But that devastating move had to wrench Farelli's shoulder very badly! Amazing transition into the armbar, and Frankie Farelli has sought refuge on the floor!

[The First Stringer is heavily favoring his left arm as he leans on the ringpost calling time out. Chamberlain rushes over to attempt a shoulder massage. Turns out that shoulder massages do not magically heal shoulder injuries, and Farelli responds with a yelp and a retreat from his own valet.]

BW; Give him some space, Chastity! Come sit by me, you can give me a shoulder massage if you w...

GM: Please do not transform into one of those announcers who can't focus on anything when a gorgeous female is present.

BW: Hey, Gordo, I can multitask. I'm focused on all kinds of things. I can't help that Chastity has a couple of them.

GM: Though Hernandez did not have the cross armbreaker on for long, the transition into it is what did the real damage. A Callum Mahoney-level

event, and Farelli probably would have submitted had he not been near the ropes.

BW: That's the first time anybody's really HURT him in the AWA. He's taken some shots and been surprised with some pins, but this is his first encounter with serious damage. I think he did the smart thing. Stay collected, regroup, and call time out.

GM: There are no time outs in professional wrestling!

BW: There are if you make them, and Farelli did that. But he's gotta get back in, because the count's at nine!

GM: "First String" Frankie Farelli waiting until the last second to reenter. Cesar Hernandez waiting, and dragging him to center ring with an armwringer! And another! Winding up that arm so much, I don't think he can twist the arm any more than that without detaching it.

BW: He might want to take Farelli's left arm home with him. It'd be the classiest thing he owns.

GM: Farelli attempting to punch his way out, but there's no chance of that against Hernandez. Cesar using the leverage of the hold to keep moving Farelli out of position. There are a number of pure technicians in the AWA... the World Heavyweight Champion Supreme Wright, Terry Shane III, and Sultan Azam Sharif just to name a few. Hernandez sticks to the fundamentals much more than the rest, but executes them so flawlessly that he has little need of newer, flashier maneuvers.

BW: He also likes to punch people in the face when he gets mad, so "pure" technician might be a bit of a stretch.

GM: Cesar Hernandez with a monkey flip takedown, keeping the armwringer applied, rolling into a stepover armbar on the mat! Wide base, torquing the shoulder. For all of his size and explosiveness, Frankie Farelli has no answer for this.

BW: I wouldn't assume that. It's his first time gettin' rolled on the mat, Gordo, give him a little credit. He's lookin' for a way out. That don't mean he won't find it.

GM: You certainly don't learn how to counter wrestling maneuvers in the National Football League. Farelli getting his legs underneath him, and...

[And he manages to counter the armbar with a rolling single-leg takedown using his other arm. Hernandez recovers quickly, a bit surprised, as Farelli backs away, grimacing and tapping his temple with a finger on his uninjured arm. Chamberlain overreacts as if Farelli just won the match, and the crowd boos the two of them.]

BW: Eat your words, daddy! Farelli just outwrestled Hernandez!

GM: No, but he did use an amateur escape to get out of the hold, and I did not think he was capable of that! Neither did Hernandez, and Farelli is overly pleased with himself.

BW: He wasn't gonna come to a match unprepared. The guy's mentor is Bill Belichick for cryin' out loud. Preparation has been drilled into him for years.

GM: I suppose that makes sense, but Hernandez now knows a bit more regarding Farelli's capabilities. Cesar moving in, lockup, and Farelli hits him with a forearm across the back... but Hernandez with a double-leg takedown!

[Immediately after Hernandez hits the double-leg, Farelli pushes him back with his feet. That merely gives Hernandez clearance to rush in and legdrag him down as the ex-football player tries to scramble to his feet.]

BW: Uh, oh. Hernandez just switched to the leg. He does that every match... the arm then the leg.

GM: And a hamstring pull, as Hernandez leaping over the head of Farelli with leg in hand! That will certainly soften up the tendons and ligaments in the left leg.

[This is followed up by the Jaliscan snatching that leg again, and delivering three solid kicks to the back of the knee before turning Farelli over, applying a leglace, and falling backwards.]

BW: And here goes the Indian Deathlock! Many Indians were killed in the development of this hold.

GM: I... don't think that's why they call it an Indian deathlock.

BW: Gordo, you don't know the name of any move developed in the last thirty years. Don't talk to me about how moves got their names.

GM: I prefer to maintain a sense of wonder over the ability of professional wrestlers to execute such spectacular maneuvers than to reduce them to a name.

BW: I prefer to not confuse the ham-and-egggers out there on their couches who need instructions on how to use a napkin.

GM: Be that as it may, Cesar Hernandez is wrenching that left leg in the Indian Deathlock. Frankie Farelli has made a few attempts to counter or escape, but nothing is working. He has some basic working knowledge of amateur escapes, it seems, but that's not going to always work against an experienced technician.

BW: If you want to get him to break the hold, you have Chastity go rummage through his wallet, find his counterfeit green card, and take a lighter to it.

[What she's actually doing is starting to climb up on the apron... stopping with her shapely, mostly-bare leg stretched out provocatively in Hernandez' field of view. Several male fans catcall and whistle, but Hernandez ignores her.]

GM: Miss Chamberlain is trying to help, but Hernandez is a focused veteran who will not be sidetracked by such obvious distractions.

BW: Plus, his wife would kill him. Literally. With a knife.

GM: I'd advise not starting in that direction, Bucky.

BW: Mrs. Hernandez is like Henrietta Stench, but 200 pounds lighter and with twice as many confirmed kills. The only reason she's not in prison is that both cops left in Mexico are scared to death of her.

GM: Will you stop!

[Finally, Farelli manages to military-crawl all the way to the ropes, pain all over his expression, and grasps the bottom rope with both hands.]

BW: I'd tell you more, but we have a match to call! Get focused, Gordo! Frankie just broke the hold with a great amateur counter.

GM: He grabbed the bottom rope, and Hernandez breaking the hold. Cesar now trying to pull Farelli by that left leg away from the ropes, but the First Stringer is clutching the bottom rope for dear life!

BW: And Angus Bethune needs to get in there and break it up! He's in the ropes, that means you break until he's out of the ropes!

GM: Bethune finally pulls back Hernandez, and Farelli rolls out onto the apron, again calling time out. Now he's down an arm and a leg... at this rate, we're going to have to roll him out of the arena before this is over.

BW: He's tougher than that. Gotta play with pain in the NFL, daddy.

GM: Unfortunately for Mr. Farelli, his time out isn't going to happen, because Hernandez has him! A kick to the leg, and now setting his man up for the vertical suplex back in!

[A desperate grab for the ropes blocks Cesar Hernandez' first suplex attempt... after which Farelli shoves Hernandez off. The Mexican star responds by stepping back up, and trying to slingshot Farelli in, but the Long Islander outpowers him and rips the rope backwards, slingshotting Hernandez over the top rope to the outside! Hernandez lands and tumbles to the floor in a heap as the crowd boos.]

GM: HERNANDEZ OUT OVER THE TOP!

BW: Too strong, daddy. Hernandez got in a tug of war, and he wasn't gonna win that one.

GM: Frankie Farelli to the floor, going after Hernandez. Waistlock, and rams him back-first into the ring apron! And a second time!

BW: The ring apron edge has zero give, daddy. The frame under it is solid metal to keep the structure together. Most of the ring has just enough give so we don't have fatalities... this is a sport, not an execution... but the apron edge is a weapon.

GM: Farelli firing Cesar Hernandez back in, and following up. A heavy limp on the part of Farelli, and he's also favoring the left arm. Forearm smash. Hooking Cesar by the waist, and a side suplex drives him down on his back!

BW: Notice this, Gordo; we talked about Hernandez targeting body parts, but Farelli has gone for the back all match. That's an experienced move. Whoever trained him did it right.

GM: I can't imagine who would offer training to someone with his attitude about our sport. Frankie Farelli back in control, and letting everyone in earshot know about it.

BW: Why not? If you got it, flaunt it. And he's got control.

GM: Farelli gathers up Hernandez... bear hug! Punishing the back!

BW: Oh, this is punishing enough... but he's walkin' to the corner. Linin' up the Blitz! If he hits that, we're gonna see a Touchdown, and the end of Cesar Hernandez. He's gonna let all pro wrestlers down and never show his face again!

GM: Farelli running to the turnbuckles...

[Correction... limping to the turnbuckles. Frankie Farelli cannot get a full head of steam to smash Hernandez in the corner with the first part of the Blitz, which lets Cesar Hernandez take advantage by kicking the bad leg in mid-stride as he nears the corner! Hernandez falls out of his grip and drop toeholds his man on the way down, causing Farelli to barrel face first into the second turnbuckle! The crowd loudly cheers his misfortune!]

BW: OH NO!

GM: WHAT A COUNTER! FARELLI IS STUNNED!

BW: NO, STOP HIM!

[Hernandez jumps up, clutches his back briefly, but slaps his fist for the cheering crowd before dashing to the ropes. He runs off at top speed as Farelli turns around, and leaps into his famous flying knockout punch...]

GM: _MISIL DE JALISCO_!

[...but is interrupted with a loud whap as Farelli counters with the palm strike, snapping his head and neck back and dropping him out of the sky.]

BW: ZONE BLOCK COUNTER! INTERCEPTION, DADDY!

GM: Farelli indeed intercepted the Misil De Jalisco, and he's hooked Hernandez in a schoolboy rollup... AND HE HAS THE TIGHTS!

[Cesar Hernandez arches his back to kick out, but with the weakened back, Farelli's tight pull keeps his shoulders down as Hernandez's back merely straightens from the effort. He has to revise his approach and roll to the side... but at that point, the three count has just been made.]

BW: YES! JUSTICE IS DONE!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: THAT WAS AS FLAGRANT AS IT GETS!

BW: It was not! Farelli was using his body to shield it from the ref.

GM: Shameless! Frankie Farelli just stole the match with a handful of trunks!

PW: THE WINNER OF THE MATCH... "FIRST STRING" FRANKIE FARELLI!

[Farelli is on his back, both fists clenched and raised in the air. Hernandez is trying to protest to Bethune, and the fans are booing loudly. Chastity Chamberlain bounds around the ring, waving her pom-poms and celebrating the victory. "A New Game" starts back up as Farelli slowly drags himself to his feet. Hernandez looks down at the mat, clearly ashamed.]

BW: This is great! Losing to a man who has called out pro wrestling the way Farelli has? "Proving" that football players are tougher? Hernandez will be persona non grata with the grizzled old vets for the rest of his life. Ha ha ha ha ha! My whole year is made!

GM: That is disgusting, and you should be ashamed of yourself, Bucky Wilde, for putting your petty grudge over the sanctity of our great sport! Frankie Farelli is standing in our ring, telling our wrestlers that our sport is nothing, and he gets a win over one of the most respected veterans in the sport? A nightmare! An absolute nightmare!

BW: I bet Cesar Hernandez will never show his face again. He'll go back to Tijuana and be selling fifty-cent tacos with wilted lettuce by the end of next week.

[Boos continue as Farelli takes a victory lap... hobbling though he is. Chamberlain is in super-manic mode, jumping around like water on a griddle. As for Hernandez, he slowly exits, pale and shocked as we fade to black.]

We cut to the living room of a house, where two kids are playing an Atari 2600. Some pathetic bleeps and bloops are coming from the screen, as they have in every media portrayal of video games ever. The kids are half-heartedly going through the motions. One of them seems to be having trouble staying awake.]

Kid #1: This is boring.

Kid #2: I wish we had toys that could _really_ fight.

[Suddenly, a body is flung through the large front window with a loud crash. A hard-rock background track plays as the body gets to his feet... wait, is that Rick Marley?]

Kids: *gasp*

[And... is that Dave Bryant running through the broken window to attack him again?!]

Kids: Dave Bryant!

[And... did Shadoe Rage just kick down the front door to attack Terry Shane III from behind while he was grappling with Travis Lynch in the dining room for no apparent reason?! And is that TORA leaping down the staircase at Robert Donovan? And why are Dichotomy beating up the mailman? Oh, there's the Northern Lights turning them around and brawling with them on the lawn!]

Kids: WOAHH!

[Yes, these two kids are about to have a very badly-acted simultaneous cardiac arrest and orgasm. It happens. Especially when Nenshou is jumping off your kitchen cabinet to hit MAMMOTH Maximus with a flying bodypress, Bobby O'Connor is hiptossing Dave Cooper across your family room, and Strictly Business and Air Strike are brawling across your driveway. Percy Childes takes a dish from the china cabinet and breaks it across the back of Tony Sunn as he had Demetrius Lake in a headlock while Ryan Martinez is ramming Johnny Detson's head into the sink in the background, Buford P Higgins and Miss Sandra Hayes are in a shouting match, Hannibal Carver tries to clothesline Callum Mahoney, who ducks... poor Hannibal hits the boys' father who was coming in to check out the noise. Then Alphonse Green wanders by and stomps the poor guy. Because he can.]

Kids: THIS IS AWESOME!

[And cue the sales pitch!]

Announcer: And now you can bring the awesome home with Series Three AWA action figures from Hasbro!

[We cut to the product line, where action figures of all of our favorite AWA characters stand in dramatic action figure poses~!]

Announcer: Relive the greatest matches!

[SkyHerc does a double throw to send The Lights Out Express over the living room divider into the kitchen! Then we see the kids playing with the SkyHerc and Lights Out Express action figures.]

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

[Steve Spector tries to smash Supreme Wright with a kitchen chair, but Wright pulls open the ironing board from the wall to block it! Then we see the kids playing with the Spector and Wright action figures.]

Announcer: Form brand new alliances and teams that you'd never see live!

[Juan Vasquez and Gibson Hayes double-clothesline Willie Hammer in the kitchen... then both grab for the paper towels to wipe off their hands with disgusted 'yuck' expressions. Then we see the kids playing with these three action figures.]

Announcer: Perform the great signature moves of the AWA wrestlers, or invent totally new ones!

[The magic of blue-screen editing makes it look like William Craven is doing a double-backflip powerbomb to Eric Preston. Well, his body is doing flips in the air as if someone were just spinning the footage around (because that's exactly what it is). Then we see the kids do the same 'move' with the action figures.]

Announcer: The base set comes with the Crockett Colosseum ring and four of the top stars in the AWA!

[Cut to a posed shot of Jack Lynch, Shadoc Rage, Mr. Sadisuto, and William Craven. See, you have to buy the ring, and you get some reasonably-popular-but-not-first-choice guys (GLASS CEILING~!) and then you HAVE to spend money to get the popular guys! Clever!]

Announcer: AWA Action Figures... get them today! Because it's the only way to get this close to the action... AND SURVIVE.

[With that, we cut to the post-fight devastation of the house... it looks like a tornado went through here. And exploded.]

Announcer: Ages 8 and up!

[Fade to black...

We fade up to backstage where we find Mark Stegglet with AWA's World Television Champion Tony Sunn. The belt draped over Tony's left shoulder gleams as if it's been recently polished. As usual, Tony's light brown hair is pulled back into a neat ponytail and he wears a grey long sleeved T-shirt and jeans.

And the look on the Ithaca powerhouse's face?

No smile, but Sunn's eyes burn with grit and pride as he nods towards Stegglet.]

MS: Fans, I'm with Tony Sunn right now. Tony, it is official -- you WILL be meeting Shadoe Rage one last time at Madison Square Garden at SuperClash VI for the AWA World Television belt! What are your thoughts?

TS: I'd like to say I'm looking forward to going back to New York to defend my title. It's always been a dream of mine to wrestle at MSG and leaving there as still the Television champion would make it all the more sweeter! But I just wish my dad could be there too...

MS: I know I'm not the only one thinking he would have been proud of you and what you've accomplished, Tony.

TS: Yeah...

[Tony nods.]

TS: Every time I step in that ring, I'm thinking about him, Mark. All those matches he officiated, all those hands in victory he raised - and all the abuse he took from those jerks who didn't like what he had to do. But he NEVER backed down from the hard choices! He stood his ground to do what was RIGHT!

That's what I gotta do, Mark - that's what I need to KEEP on doing! To stare down the Rages of the world, look 'em dead in the eye and say "NO MORE!" Not just Rage! Guys like Gibson Hayes, Joshua Barnes, Carl Riddens - don't think I haven't forgotten what you did last Saturday Night, Carl!

I.

Will.

Not.

Back.

DOWN!

[Body trembling and teeth gritted, Sunn raps the Television belt with a fist.]

TS: This title...this isn't a weapon for bullies to exploit. This isn't a shield for cowards to hide behind. This is a responsibility to wrestle for each and every one of those AWA fans out there! To-

[Shadoe Rage crashes the set. The wild-eyed Canadian madman in his pink and gold headwrap seethes, ready to explode with anger. He rips the

microphone from Stegglet's hands. Stegglet immediately heads for the safety of ten steps away.]

SR: Oh yeah, tough guy. You got a lot of fake fire in your belly all of a sudden, don'tcha?

[He jabs a finger into Tony Sunn's face.]

SR: You and I both know that there's nothing but fear in your belly at the prospect of facing the Sensational Shadoe Rage at SuperClash. Fake tough guy, hiding behind one shot. Trying to pretend like you're looking past me to Hayes and Barnes and Riddens. Don't worry about them. You ain't gettin' past me.

You want to talk about the belt being a responsibility but you never defend it, do you? You haven't made this belt better and you're not fooling anybody with your bravado. You sold your soul for the money, the power and the fame. You're a paper tiger, a closet champion, a fake, a phony, a swarthy disgusting opportunist and a little bit of tough talk when you didn't think I was around isn't going to convince these people and it certainly isn't fooling me.

[Rage stares straight through Tony Sunn.]

SR: Your last trick giving me one shot at the belt won't save you. At SuperClash, you are going to fail. You're going to fail miserably. New York isn't Ithaca, man. It's Rage Country. My country. What do you got to say now, tough guy? WHAT DO YOU GOT TO SAY NOW?

[Glaring at Rage through slitted eyes, the Ithaca powerhouse rocks back slightly on the balls of his feet. Then he immediately cuts in...]

TS: That's a lotta words to say a whole bunch of nothing, Rage... just answer me this one thing: how's Marissa Monet?

[With that, Sunn reaches out and yanks the wrap from Rage's head, tossing it aside...

...which earns him a right hand to the jaw from Rage! Stegglet can be heard exclaiming from off-camera as Sunn wraps his powerful arms around the torso of Rage, spinning him around and driving him backwards into the wall of the Crockett Coliseum!]

MS: We've got a fight breaking loose!

[Sunn steps back, raining down right hands on the skull of Shadoe Rage, battering him back against the wall as the shouts of AWA officials ring out from off-camera...

...and Rage just digs his fingers into the eyes of Sunn, cutting off his offense in a wail of pain from the champion!]

MS: We need security! Get security back here!

[Grabbing a handful of Sunn's hair, Rage SLAMS his skull into the wall!]

MS: Good lord!

[Sunn collapses to his knees, kneeling down against the wall as Rage backs off, shoving aside an AWA official...

...and then charges back towards the World Television Champion, slamming his knee into the back of Sunn's head, driving his face into the wall! A loud "OHHHHHH!" can be heard throughout as Sunn falls into a heap on the floor! Rage gets restrained by the officials, prevented from any further attack as he shouts at the powerhouse.]

SR: OVER! IT'S OVER! YOUR TITLE? MINE! YOUR CAREER? MINE! YOUR LIFE? MINE! IT'S MINE, YOU SON OF A-

[We abruptly cut from the backstage action to ringside where Gordon looks stunned.]

GM: We, uhh... fans, that was a brutal fight backstage... just a tease of what you're going to see LIVE on Pay Per View on Thanksgiving Night at SuperClash VI with the World Television Title on the line!

BW: I gotta think we're gonna see a new champion, Gordo. Rage is just too fired up... too determined... too focused... and with that stipulation in place, his back is against the wall. He's the man with everything to win... AND everything to lose.

GM: Rage has a lot driving him in New York City but you're talking about him beating arguably the strongest man in the entire AWA - the powerhouse Tony Sunn - who will be coming back to his home state, fulfilling a lifetime dream of wrestling in Madison Square Garden to try and to walk out with the World Television Title! I just don't know if Rage can channel his madness and focus on beating Sunn and not just hurting Sunn. But we'll all find out in nineteen days, fans... just like we'll find out if a father really can fight his own son inside the squared circle when Robert Donovan is forced to step inside that ring with his own son, Tony Donovan.

BW: It's Donovan on Donovan violence and I can't wait to see it!

GM: How can you say that, Bucky? How can you be in favor of a match pitting father against son?! I understand Bobby Taylor's anger at Tony Donovan in making this match after what Team Supreme did to Wes Taylor but- that's not right... it's just not right.

BW: The old man's been hanging around past his prime for way too long. It's time for the young blood, the fresh blood of his son to put him down and send him out to the glue factory. Heck, Gordo... you might get lucky though.

GM: How so?

BW: Old Man Donovan might not even make it to SuperClash 'cause Cain Jackson's about to big boot him straight to the moon!

GM: That match is in mere moments but right now, let's take a look at some comments recorded earlier tonight from Team Supreme and Cain Jackson!

[The scene fades into a shot of Cain Jackson, standing by with fellow Team Supreme members Alex Martin, Matt Lance, and Tony Donovan, inside the Team Supreme dojo marked "EARLIER TODAY!" Jackson wears a "KEEP CALM AND BIG BOOT EVERYONE" t-shirt and his black tracksuit bottoms while the others are in their trademark red and black Team Supreme tracksuits. Donovan is apparently playing the role of interviewer today, holding the lone microphone in his hands.]

TD: Hello there, ladies and germs! Tony Donovan the second here, with my esteemed guest...

...CAIN JACKSON!

[Behind him, Martin and Lance clap enthusiastically as Jackson motions for them to quiet their applause.]

TD: Now Mr. Jackson, you've faced and obliterated your opponent tonight, the ancient relic known as Robert Donovan twice now. I, as well as a nation of millions cannot even begin to fathom why that Pensacola prat would tempt the fates again and try to take you on for a third round of beatings.

Can you?

CJ: Tony, there are MANY reasons why Robert Donovan would wish to step into the ring with me again...

[Behind him, Matt Lance helpfully shouts, "Brain damage!" as Tony Donovan and Alex Martin turn to him, clapping and yelling "Good answer! Good answer!" Meanwhile, Cain Jackson waits for the three to finish with their antics before continuing on.]

TD: ...as you were saying?

CJ: There are MANY reasons...but none of them would be reasons that a man with a sound mind or firm grasp on reality would possess. By constantly making himself a thorn in Team Supreme's side, what Robert Donovan is doing is, is playing a very dangerous game. But what he fails to realize time and time again...

...is that I play no games.

[Jackson gives the camera a threatening glare and with that, he walks off.]

TD: Wow, I for one, cannot WAIT to see Cain Jackson kick Robert Donovan in the skull yet again! Back to you, Gordon and Bucky!

[Tony Donovan holds his cheesy grin for a moment, before turning to Martin and Lance.]

TD: So, what'd you guys think?

[Martin and Lance once again clap enthusiastically, shouting, "Good job! Good job!" as we fade out to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first...

["Point Of No Return" by Immortal Technique kicks in to a big shower of boos from the Texas crowd.]

PW: Representing and accompanied to the ring by members of Team Supreme... weighing in at 285 pounds out of Goose Creek, South Carolina...

He is THE BEAST...

CAAAAAAAAAAAAAAIN JAAAAAAAAAAACKSONNNNN!

[As the music continues, the twenty-four year old bodyguard of World Champion Supreme Wright walks into view. He stands six foot eight and is just south of three hundred pounds. He's a large, muscular African male, fairly well put together in a "hit the weights every day on the prison yard" sort of way. He has a heavy beard and dreadlocks tied back into a ponytail. He raises two powerful arms straight over his head...

...and as he swings them down to point at the ring, a trio of tracksuit-wearing Team Supreme members come jogging into view on either side of him, forming a wall on either side, shuffling their feet back and forth, shouting encouragement as they make their way down the ramp together.]

GM: Team Supreme is out in force tonight, guiding Cain Jackson down the ramp to the ring for yet another tough battle against the veteran, Robert Donovan.

[Upon reaching the ropes, the Team Supreme members file out on the apron, shouting, jumping up and down, and giving general encouragement to Jackson as he steps over the ropes, giving a shout as he throws a fist up in the air.]

GM: Cain Jackson is one of those guys to keep your eye on as we close in on the end of the year, Bucky. He's spent 2014 as Supreme Wright's bodyguard but we've seen some signs of big improvement out of Jackson.

BW: Of course we have. Now that he's out of the Combat Corner and in with Team Supreme, he's going to get better and better until he's one of the best big men in the sport.

[Tony Donovan mounts the second rope outside the ring, shouting and pointing at Cain Jackson who stoically stares back up the ramp, rolling his neck and waiting for the approaching fight.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The opening notes of the Metallica cover of "Turn the Page" hit the PA...and a few moments later, the looming figure of Robert Donovan steps into the aisle.]

PW: On his way to the ring, hailing from Pensacola, Florida...he stands seven feet, two inches tall and weighs in at three hundred and thirty-two pounds...

ROOOOOBERRRRRT DONNNNNNOVANNNNNN!

[Donovan is wearing a pair of loose leather pants with stylized griffins running up the outside of each leg, a dark red double-strapped singlet with the word "Heritage" scrawled across his abdomen, and black boots. He pauses halfway up the aisle to adjust the heavy brace on his left elbow, then makes his way up the aisle. He stops just before reaching the ring, throwing a glance at his son who is on the second rope closest to him, barking and shouting in his father's direction.]

GM: This kid is just overflowing with disrespect for his father. I know Rob doesn't want this fight but part of me has to wonder if a good whuppin' might knock some sense into this kid.

[The elder Donovan points at his son, shouting at him to "Get some sense in your head!" before shaking his head and stepping over the top rope to get into the ring...

...where Cain Jackson rushes him, throwing a right hand to the side of the head as referee Davis Warren signals for the bell!]

GM: Here we go!

[Jackson lands a second closed fist... and a third. The referee shouts at him to open up the hand as Jackson backs off, measuring his opponent while Tony Donovan screams encouragement from the apron...

...and Jackson rushes Donovan who ducks his head, launching the six foot eight Jackson over the ropes, sending him crashing down hard on the elevated ramp!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Donovan straightens up, shouting at the downed Jackson to big cheers from the crowd...

...and then turns, pointing a finger at Tony Donovan who looks around in confusion at the crowd cheering!]

GM: We might get SuperClash early!

[Tony nods wildly, tugging off his Team Supreme tracksuit, throwing it down to reveal he's standing in a pair of black jeans with no shirt, ducking his head through the ropes...

...but Matt Lance and Alex Martin are quickly there to "restrain" him.]

BW: They're holding him back! They're not gonna let Tony take the fight to his old man here tonight!

GM: You've gotta be kidding me! Tony Donovan wants no part of his father! This is a sham! This is all a sham!

[Robert Donovan stalks over towards the ropes, kicking the bottom rope which sends Matt Lance staggering back, threatening the seven footer as Donovan reaches over the ropes, grabbing Alex Martin by the hair, dragging him into the ring to huge cheers!]

GM: DONOVAN'S GOT MARTIN! HE'S GOT ALEX MARTIN!

[A pair of right hands sends Martin falling back into the turnbuckles where he staggers back out...

...right into a gorilla press!]

GM: OH MY STARS! LOOK AT THE POWER!!

[Donovan walks around the ring, holding Alex Martin up at full arm extension...

...and HURLS him over the ropes, crashing down onto Matt Lance and Tony Donovan! HUGE CHEER!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! HE WIPED 'EM BOTH OUT!

[Donovan gives a shout, pumping a fist to the crowd...

...and not noticing Cain Jackson who has crawled back into the ring, slipping in behind Donovan and SMASHING a double axehandle down between the shoulderblades!]

GM: Jackson hammering away at Donovan, driving him down to his knees.

[The crowd is jeering as Jackson grabs a handful of Donovan's hair, driving a fist down between the eyes... and another... and another... before breaking away, bouncing off the ropes...

...where Donovan surges off his knees, lifting Jackson by the upper thighs, pivoting...]

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

GM: SPINEBUSTER! SPINEBUSTER! HE DROVE HIM DOWN!!

[The crowd is roaring for the spinebuster on the near-three hundred pound Cain Jackson as Donovan climbs back up to his feet.]

GM: Donovan’s right back up... to the ropes...

[But an unnamed Team Supreme member grabs him by the ankle, preventing Donovan from bouncing off the ropes. The crowd jeers as Donovan spins, taking a wild swing at the tracksuit-wearing goon, sending him scattering away.]

GM: I don’t like this one bit, Bucky. There’s a whole lot of interference in this match already and you have to wonder if this is what we’ll see at SuperClash. Is this what we’ll see in that father vs son showdown? And worse, is this what we’ll see in the World Title match?!

BW: You just never know what you’re going to get out of Team Supreme!

[Donovan turns again, muttering to himself as he moves in on a rising Cain Jackson...

...who SLAMS a back elbow up under the chin of Donovan!]

GM: Donovan staggers back... Jackson staying on him, battering him back against the ropes...

[Leaning over, Jackson adopts something resembling a boxer’s stance as he hooks rights and lefts into the ribs of the bigger man, trying to chop him down to size.]

BW: Look at this brilliant strategy by Jackson! Even at six eight and three bills, he’s giving up about six inches and fifty pounds to Donovan so he’s trying to cut him down to size...

[Up against the ropes, Jackson grabs the top rope with both hands, throwing heavy knees up into the ribs over and over and over.]

GM: Those shots to the body will make it incredibly hard for a big man like Donovan to be able to carry his weight and breathe at the same time.

BW: And if you can’t breathe, you can’t fight, daddy.

GM: Absolutely not.

[Grabbing Donovan by the arm, Jackson shoots him across the ring, setting his feet...

...and THROWS himself into a double hammer sledge into the chest of Donovan, knocking the seven footer flat!]

GM: OHH! What a shot!

[Jackson gets to his feet, "dusting off" his hands before he settles into a lateral press.]

GM: One... two... oh, Donovan powers out!

[He shoves Jackson away but the bodyguard is quickly up, raining down forearms to the head, neck, and shoulders of the rising seven footer.]

GM: Jackson's trying to beat Donovan back down to the mat and-

[The crowd cheers as Donovan absorbs the blows, reaching out to grab Jackson by the throat!]

GM: He's going for the chokeslam! He's going for-

[Jackson reaches out, digging his fingers into the eyes to free himself!]

GM: Oh!

[With Donovan staggered and blinded, Jackson grabs his shoulders with both hands, slamming his skull into the bridge of Donovan's nose!]

GM: Headbutt by Jackson!

[Looping his left arm around Donovan's neck, Jackson pulls him closer and slams his right fist up repeatedly into the jaw!]

BW: Look at those uppercuts... like something you'd see in a street fight!

GM: Well, Cain Jackson's checkered past has seen plenty of street fights, I'm sure.

[Jackson shoves Donovan back into the corner, watching as the seven footer clings to the top rope to stay on his feet. He measures his man, then slams a back elbow into the side of the head... and again... and again...]

GM: Jackson's got him trapped in the corner, doing a number on the big man!

[The Team Supreme bodyguard steps back, eyeing Donovan...

...and then stretches his long leg up to plant his boot on the windpipe of the seven footer, choking him as the referee reprimands him!]

GM: That's a blatant choke, fans! Jackson's not even trying to hide it!

BW: But he keeps working on knocking the wind out of Donovan...

[Jackson steps back, breaking the choke at four to grab Donovan by the arm, sending him lumbering across the ring...

...and then charges in after him, taking aim with a big clothesline!]

GM: The clothesline connects in the corner!

BW: And Donovan's barely able to stand right now. Look at him, Gordo. He's sucking wind, he's hanging onto the ropes! You think he stands a chance against a young lion like Tony Donovan at SuperClash?!

GM: I think Robert Donovan's career is littered with titles, glory, and stops in some of the biggest promotions in the history of our sport.

BW: In the 90s! Isn't it time for Tony to put an end to this sham and let his old man retire while he still has a little bit of dignity left?

GM: I think Tony Donovan doesn't know a damn thing about dignity.

[The camera cuts on cue to Tony who is on the floor, shouting at Cain as he slams his balled-up fists down on the apron.]

GM: Tony Donovan rooting his comrade on as Cain Jackson continues to hammer away at his father in the corner. You know, most sons would be totally irate to see their father treated like this. Most sons would jump in there - no matter the risk to themselves - to protect their father.

BW: Tony Donovan is not like most sons.

GM: You don't have to tell me that.

[Cain Jackson grabs Donovan, dragging him out of the corner. He leans down, lifting Donovan up under an arm...]

GM: Wow! Look at the power on Cain Jackson!

[Jackson holds him up, showing off that power with a look of great exertion on his face...

...and then DROPS Donovan down in a side slam. Jackson grabs a leg, rolling back into a makeshift cradle.]

GM: ONE! TWO!

[But again, Donovan powers out before three!]

GM: Two count only!

[Jackson pushes to his knees, glaring at the official who holds up two fingers again.]

GM: Cain Jackson looks like he may not like the count on that one.

[Jackson is obviously angry as he climbs to his feet, again complaining about the count as Tony Donovan echoes him out on the floor. The Team Supreme bodyguard leans down, pulling the elder Donovan off the mat...

...and EATS an uppercut!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[Donovan throws a second one, sending Jackson staggering back towards the ropes where Matt Lance jumps up on the apron, shouting encouragement at Jackson...

...and a lumbering Donovan CLUBS him with a right hand, sending him falling back off the apron!]

GM: Oh yeah! Another Team Supreme member gets dropped by Donovan!

[A boot to the gut of Jackson allows Donovan to tug him out to the center of the ring, reaching down for a gutwrench...]

GM: He's going for the powerbomb!

[...but Jackson has other ideas, backdropping his way out of it!]

GM: Cain Jackson escapes!

[Jackson falls to a knee, breathing heavily as his allies shout encouragement from the floor. The bodyguard slowly gets up, raising his right arm to jeers from the crowd as he pulls Donovan up, folding Donovan's arm up behind his head...]

GM: He's exposing the heart! He's looking for that Mark of Cain heart punch!

[The bodyguard lets the blow fly but Donovan spins away from it, causing the younger man to miss badly. Donovan grabs him from behind, elevating him up...]

GM: He's got him up and...

[The crowd roars as Donovan drops him with a back suplex!]

GM: ...suplex brings him down!

[Donovan rolls over, throwing a leg across the chest of Jackson. He grabs a handful of hair, pulling Jackson's head slightly off the mat as he lays in a heavy blow to the skull...]

GM: Big right hand! And another! And another!

[The crowd is roaring for the barrage of heavy right hands to the head of Cain Jackson!]

GM: Donovan's beating the tar out of him, fans!

BW: Count, ref! Count!

GM: He is!

BW: Then count faster!

[The blows keep landing until Donovan abruptly gets up at four and a half, raising his hands and backing away as the referee reads him the riot act for the brutal assault!]

GM: Donovan's backing off!

BW: That shoulda been a DQ, Gordo!

GM: The referee certainly could have made that decision if he chose to. It appears he's just going to get a warning and-

[Donovan shoves the official aside, moving back in on the rising Cain Jackson with a high impact kneelift to the midsection!]

GM: He's going for the gutwrench again and-

[This time, Tony Donovan is up on the apron, screaming and shouting at his own father. The referee spins around, turning to shout at Tony Donovan...

...when suddenly, the crowd bursts into cheers!]

GM: Wes Taylor's coming to the ring!

BW: Hey Outlaw, your kid's out of his room again!

[Wes Taylor gets to ringside quickly, climbing down off the apron, marching around the corner...

...where he dispatches of an unnamed Team Supreme member with a right hand to a big cheer!]

GM: Oh yeah!

[Wes keeps on going, marching towards an unaware Tony Donovan...

...who he YANKS down by the leg to a huge reaction!]

GM: WHOA!

[Tony Donovan throws a right hand in response but Wes Taylor blocks it before dropping Donovan with a right of his own to another big reaction!]

GM: TAYLOR LAYS HIM OUT!

[The crowd is roaring for Wes Taylor who is waving for a shocked Tony Donovan to get back up and keep fighting. The referee is shouting at Wes Taylor to get out of there. Robert Donovan is watching too as Cain Jackson rises, drilling him from behind!]

GM: Jackson with the attack from behind!

[Jackson lays in a few more shots before grabbing an arm, whipping Donovan hard the short distance into the buckles.]

GM: Donovan hits hard! He's staggered!

[The seven footer stumbles out into the waiting arms of Cain Jackson who wraps those arms around the torso in a bodylock...]

GM: What's this?!

[Jackson holds his position for a moment, readying himself before he pops his hips, twisting around...

...and DRIVES the bigger man into the canvas with a belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: BELLY TO BELLY! HE PLANTS HIM!!

[Jackson swings his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture before covering.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Donovan's shoulder comes sailing off the mat JUST in time to a big reaction from the crowd!]

GM: He kicked out! Donovan kicked out in time!

[A furious Cain Jackson climbs to his feet, marching over to the official who he grabs by the shirt, backing him up against the ropes, screaming at him!]

GM: Cain Jackson has lost his cool! He's shouting at the referee and if he's not careful, he's going to be disqualified!

[Jackson abruptly shoves the official away, turning back towards Donovan who is trying to climb up off the mat...

...and SLAPS his leg!]

GM: He's calling for the Big Boot!

BW: If he hits it, it's lights out for the old man! Time to put his dentures in the nightstand, take his water pill, set the alarm for 5 AM so he can make it the Early Bird breakfast, and get in a few rounds of canasta!

GM: Would you stop?!

[As Donovan gets to his feet, Jackson comes rushing towards him, swinging up his lengthy leg...

...but Donovan ducks under, throwing himself sideways!]

GM: SCHOOLBOY! OUT OF NOWHERE!

[The veteran hooks a handful of tights, tugging hard as the referee drops down and slaps the mat once... twice... and three times.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE DID IT! HE DID IT!

BW: He had the tights!

GM: He certainly did! A veteran move by Donovan! He reached down and pulled something out of the playbook from long, long ago to get that three count before Team Supreme could make the save!

[Donovan quickly exits the ring before an attack can come, joined up on the elevated ramp by a beaming Wes Taylor who embraces Donovan, pointing back into the ring where an irate Tony Donovan is screaming at them both.]

GM: Tony Donovan has snapped! He can't believe this!

BW: This WON'T happen at SuperClash, I promise you that! Tony Donovan's gonna have a gameplan and he's gonna bring it to New York City to walk out with his father defeated!

[Donovan and Taylor are slowly backing down the ramp as Tony Donovan is screaming at them from the second rope.]

GM: A big win for the veteran, building some last minute momentum as he heads into SuperClash to face his own son! SuperClash fever is in the air and I think we've all caught a case of it! Including the two men standing by with Mark Stegglet right now!

[We cut to the interview podium, where Mark Stegglet is standing in between Supernova and Sultan Azam Sharif. Supernova has his face painted black and yellow and is already dressed in his wrestling attire, black tights with yellow flames up the sides and black wrestling boots. His counterpart Sharif is garbed in his wrestling attire only (no bisht or kaffiyeh right now) to match his partner a bit. He wears baggy white sirwal that are tucked into shiny gold-hued boots with curled points (now made of soft leather to be less dangerous). A shiny gold sash is wrapped around his waist. The black

haired Persian is well groomed, with a neatly-trimmed mustache, but his body bears scars and the wear-and-tear of a tough life.]

MS: Wrestling fans, these two men will be teaming up later tonight... Supernova and Sharif, you have both had your issues with Johnny Detson and Callisto Dufresne, and now, you have a chance before SuperClash to settle some of these issues.

S: Mark, you act like this is gonna be the end of a chapter, when this is really just the beginning! Dufresne, you and I have done this dance before, and you found out last week that I'm still in the right shape to take you down! And then, we come to that snake in the grass, Johnny Detson, who as usual showed the only way he wants to face me is when I'm occupied with other matters! Well, tonight, Detson, you'll have to meet me eye to eye in that ring, and I don't think you have the guts to stand eye to eye with me for long! [Turning to Sultan.] And I'm sure this man feels the same way, but Mark, this man can tell you that himself!

SAS: Always, Mistair Mork Steggallut, always did Mistair Calista Dufrenny un Mistair Joney Datsun trying to sheat un injair Supairnova before deh SupairClosch. But dot's not gunna hoppun! Un I know dot Mistair Terry Shayan un Mistair Yeshua Bornes, dey gunna be ot SupairClosch. But dat diddunt mattair tonight! Tonight, ve gunna show dot bleach blonde Hollywood jehbronie Joney Datsun un dot cowaird Calista Dufrenny vat it is to be face to face! Even! You not gunna hof two on vun!

MS: You'll get another chance to meet these two men at SuperClash, but it won't just be the four of you. It'll be 10 men in Steal the Spotlight... are you worried that Detson and Dufresne might have something up their sleeve to, perhaps, make their path to victory at SuperClash a little smoother?

S: You're implying that those two might find a way to stack the odds in their favor, huh? It wouldn't surprise me if they tried, but it's certainly not going to happen on our watch!

SAS: OXZACKLY! You only Stole Deh Spotlight vid WRASTLAING! Not vid vatevah-you-said in deh sleeves! I om deh REAL. Olympic Game shampwon, Ashun Game shampwon. I know dot Joney Datsun could wrastail, I know dot Calista Dufrenny could wrastail, but dey always gunna try to do vatevah to not wrastail. So dey are not sharp. Dey are not ready! All deh plons dey hof just made dem weak! Un we gunna proof it!

S: It's just like Sharif said... we've dealt with their types before and we're going to be prepared. Because, don't forget, we've got a few good men on our side as well!

MS: Are you saying that Bobby O'Connor, Derrick Williams or your surprise partner might be standing by your side later tonight?

S: All I'm going to say is, I trust those three, just like I trust Sharif, to make sure that people like Dufresne and Detson don't get the chance to stack the

odds in their favor before SuperClash! I know my partners understand what honor is all about, unlike the five who will oppose us!

SAS: DOT'S RIGHT! Mistair Bubby Okoner, deh son of Mistair Comeron Okoner who vas deh first mon to come to Iran un man event AmerEcun wrastlaing in Iran, Novembair 1976, he wrastailed tag team main event vid Mistair Potrick Veaver ogunst Mistair Ken Keenaing un Mistair Jock Tundra.

MS: I heard about that. A group of territories sent over a group to do a Middle East tour to expand the sport.

SAS: Dot's right, un all Iranian know dot deh Okonur fomily is honorable, un Mistair Bubby Okonur is honorable. Dot is vhy it is very much plasure to team vid Mistair Bubby Okonur! Un den! Mistair Daruk Villiam, he is young mon who vant to made himself a name. All good wrastlair, even pahvlani keshvar, ve all stort dere vere Mistair Daruk Villiam is, un I know he vill be raddy!

S: When we get to SuperClash, Mark, believe me... the five of us know we each want to Steal the Spotlight, but we also know that none of the five who are facing us are gonna get the chance, and we're not gonna let them get the better of any of us! Believe me, the heat is gonna be on Detson and Dufresne tonight, and it's gonna get even hotter at SuperClash!

SAS: YOU TOLD DEM! CAMARAMAN, ZOOM!

[Supernova cups his hands and howls to the crowd just as the cameraman zooms in on Sharif as he flexes his muscles and we crossfade back to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: That big tag match is still to come later tonight, fans, but right now, we're going to take one more trip down memory lane. In the weeks leading up to SuperClash VI, we've been taking a look back each and every week at SuperClash events gone by in a segment we've called the ClashBack. Tonight, it's time for our final ClashBack, looking back at last year's big event - SuperClash V! And for this final ClashBack, we've elected to highlight the two men who will meet in the Main Event of SuperClash VI... Ryan Martinez and Supreme Wright... who both had big nights in SuperClash V... both in very different ways. First, we'll be taking a look at Ryan Martinez teaming with his Hall of Fame father, Alex Martinez, to take on Gunnar and Justin Gaines. And then after that, we're going to take a look at how Supreme Wright won the World Heavyweight Title for the very first time.

[Gordon nods.]

GM: It was November 28th, 2014... right down at the road in the American Airlines Center in Dallas, Texas. SuperClash V. Let's take a look...

[We crossfade to footage marked with the same date and location that we were just given where Jason Dane is standing with three men — a gray-

haired, bearded man in a leather jacket, a taller man in jeans shorts and a black leather vest, and the tallest — a young man in jeans and a warm-up jacket.]

JD: ...are Larry Gaines, Gunnar Gaines and Justin Gaines. Gentlemen, tonight you face a formidable challenge in the form of Ryan and Alex Martinez...

[Gunnar shakes his head, while Larry rolls his eyes...]

JD: ...but more importantly, this is a battle of two families. Two much storied families in the history of professional wrestling. But honestly, Gunnar, the record of Alex Martinez is more impressive than yours, and Ryan Martinez has done a lot more in this business than Justin. So it appears to me that you have your work cut out for you. Your thoughts?

[Gunnar starts to open his mouth, but Larry beats him to it.]

LG: Well, Jason, that's where you're wrong. See, you're comparing individual records against individual records. People against people. But as you yourself said, this isn't a battle of people against people. It's a battle of family against family. And in professional wrestling, the Gaines family goes back FOUR generations. The Martinez family goes back two.

GG: But Jason, it's more than that. The Gaines family isn't just more experienced, it's more together. When I got tired of carrying RyGunn by myself, and I decided it was finally time to do something about it, I knew this was going to come down to a two-on-two match. I knew it was going to be me and Justin against Alex and Ryan. But it took them MONTHS to get around to accepting the match. Why? Because Justin and me are tight. Ryan and Alex? They're simply not. They don't have that connection, that communication. And they know that. That's why they didn't want this match.

JD: They certainly sounded like they wanted it on the last SNW.

GG: Yeah, well, I gotta tell you I disagree, Jason. Alex might have wanted it — he's had a bur in his saddle about me for a long time, in fact — but this is most certainly NOT the match that Ryan Martinez wanted. That ungrateful punk wanted Gunnar vs. Ryan. That's why he wanted so badly to end my son's career before it even really got started. That would free him from having to get a partner, the thing he least likes to do. You see, I found out the hard way that Ryan doesn't LIKE partners. His ego can't withstand it. The fact is he's stubborn, and his ego insists that he's gotta do everything on his own.

JD: What do you mean?

GG: Well, let me give you an example. When we were still a tag team, Ryan Martinez and I used to travel together. One fine morning we were hungry and we went to a bakery. Lady behind the counter says, 'Can I help you?' Well, Ryan took offense. He told this poor woman, 'What makes you think I

need help? I don't take help from no one!' She says 'You pulled a number. Number 47. That means it's your turn.' He got all huffy and he left. I was so embarrassed I had to leave. I couldn't order my bear claws. That punk kid cost me my breakfast!

[Larry, Justin and even Gunnar laugh at Gunnar's joke.]

JD: As amusing as that story was, I have a feeling it's going to be no laughing matter tonight when Alex and Ryan Martinez get their hands on you. Particularly given the inexperience of half your team.

[Justin clenches his teeth and begins to pull back his elbows slightly, before Gunnar puts a hand on his son's shoulder in an attempt to calm him. But it's ineffective.]

JG: Listen, Jason Dane. I've heard enough from you. I've got Ryan Martinez calling me a boy, and now you calling me inexperienced. Well you know something? Inexperience doesn't matter when you're this tall, this muscled, this athletically gifted, this blessed with the best bloodlines in the business, and when you're taught by not one, not two, but three of the greatest teachers in the game -- those being my grandfather Larry, my father Gunnar and my uncle George.

JD: I --

JG: Let me clue you in on something, Jason. You talk about experience? I've been getting ready for this my entire life. My entire -- life. And to some people that would mean sitting in the living room, watching wrestling on TV, and wishing someday that that could be me. Well I didn't WISH that one day that could be me. I knew, that one day that WOULD be me. I knew that because I spent every day training, studying, working out and preparing for it, starting when I was five years old.

JG: You look up and down this entire AWA roster. What do you see? A bunch of talented people. That's what YOU see, Jason. You know what I see, Jason? I see a lot of people who debuted in this business after I did.

JD: What are you --

JG: What am I talking about? You ever hear of a guy called Jimmy "Meatman" Steele? Well, I helped my dad outsmart him and beat him when I was three years old back in the Double Eye -- that's right, the legendary IIWF. So really, I've been in wrestling rings going back farther than most of the people on this roster. Now that's not just me talking. That's a fact. You can look it up.

JD: It's not the same thing as competing for years, as Ryan Martinez has. You, frankly, haven't done that.

JG: No, I haven't. Yet I shaved his head and got him to take a match he didn't want to take. How good does that make me? Pretty good, I would say. And now, tonight, I'm going to beat him and his Hall of Fame father, with

help from my own Hall of Fame father. You have the Chainsaw at ringside supporting us, the Grizzly in the ring by my side, and then you have me — "Scion of Greatness" Justin Gaines.

[Dane can't believe what he's hearing, and exhales a sigh of exasperation.]

JG: You know why I am the "Scion of Greatness?" Because at an event like SuperClash, some people try to MAKE their name, but I arrive with mine already made. Tonight's the night we EXTEND the Gaines name to the next generation, and we do it by defeating Alex and Ryan Martinez.

[Jason turns to Gunnar, then Larry, offering each of them the mic. They shake their heads. He turns back to Justin.]

JG: Beat THAT — if you can.

[The Gaines family vacates the premises, leaving Jason Dane behind. The investigative journalist shakes his head in dismay.]

JD: There is certainly no confidence lacking in this part of the locker room, fans. But what about from Alex and Ryan Martinez? I spoke to them earlier tonight so let's find out right now!

[We crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY" where Jason Dane stands still, as two men, one in front, and one behind, pace back and forth.]

JD: Later tonight, these two men will be in tag team action. Mr. Martinez...

[Both men stop for a moment, staring at Dane, who, realizing his mistake, clears his throat.]

JD: Alex, if we could begin with you.

[As Ryan begins to pace once more, Alex comes to a stop. As he always is before going to the ring, Alex Martinez is wearing his black leather jacket. His dark hair has been slicked back, held in a tight ponytail. Under his jacket, he's shirtless. He's in his ring trunks and boots as well. Overhead lights glint off the silver lenses of his mirrored sunglasses, and those same shades break up the red line of the scar that runs diagonally across his face, from temple to chin.]

AM: Then let's start with where we are. This is SuperClash.

Before there was Steve Spector, special enforcer, there was me, two years ago, playin' the same role. And on that night, I watched as my friend Juan Vasquez took the National Title from Stevie Scott. And last year at SuperClash, well, you all know what I said last year.

Last year, I slew the damn Dragon.

Last year, at SuperClash, I stepped through barbed wire ropes, and Craven and I spilled damn near every drop of blood in our bodies. Last year, I went to hell, and barely made it out the other end.
And this year?

[Martinez turns to regard Ryan, his son before turning back to Dane.]

AM: This year, it's a family affair.

JD: As you announced two weeks ago, this is your last match in the AWA for the foreseeable future. And it might just be the very last match of your career. In your own words, you've lost something. You're not who you used to be. Are you at all worried, because the two men you are facing are coming in to this match with that knowledge? They saw what Supreme Wright did to you. They know you've lost a step. And there can be no doubt that they'll be coming at you with everything they have. Given that this is your last match, and given that you have a lucrative future in Hollywood waiting for you, how ready are you for what is bound to be a war tonight?

AM: Ya wanna know how ready I am? It's a fair question.

I know what's bein' said. I know what's on everyone's mind. And like I said, it's a fair question to ask. Because look, I understand what we're facin' tonight.

Gunnar Gaines has got even more experience than me when it comes to wrestlin'. He might be the only man alive who has been in more fights than I have. He might be the only man walkin' the earth who can match my accomplishments, note for note. Not only that, but Gunnar is in good ring shape. He's been in wars. He's primed and ready to go. And Justin Gaines? Well, we all know he's a snotty nosed punk jerk who talks too much.

[Martinez smirks.]

AM: But he's also at the start of his career. He's a big kid with a lotta raw potential. He's not beaten and battered. His body is young and fresh. He's got a full tank of gas.

And we also know that Gunnar and Justin have been in the ring together before. They know each other. Gunnar has been trainin' Justin. They got what all great tag teams have. They understand each other on a deep, instinctual level. Me and Ryan? This is our first time teamin' up. We don't have, as a unit, what Gunnar and Justin got. So, advantage Gaines, right?

Not so damn fast.

JD: You're saying that all of the advantages that Gaines family has doesn't outweigh what you and Ryan bring to the table?

AM: That's exactly what I'm sayin'. Because Ryan and me? We got somethin' that Gunnar and Justin gave us.

Motivation.

This ain't just a match. This is about somethin' very deep. This is about gettin' justice for what you two did. This is about me doin' one last good thing in the ring before I step away. You understand what happens when I'm motivated?

Motivation won me four World Titles. Motivation put me in the Hall of Fame. Motivation carried me through the Dragon's gauntlet, and all the way through that damned barbed wire.

And nothin' has ever motivated me like this.

Blood trumps everything. Blood is more important than pinfalls. Blood is more important than title belts. You cross a man's family, and you best believe that nothin' short of death is gonna stop a man from gettin' his due.

Don't believe me? Just ask old man Lynch why he's getting in there tonight. Or ask yourself Gunnar, if someone did to your boy what you two jerkoffs did to mine, what would you do? I'll tell ya what you'd do. Just what I'm gonna do tonight.

Punch, kick and stomp until there's nothin' left but a grease stain on the mat.

So yeah, maybe I've lost a step. Maybe I ain't the man I used to be. But for one night, for my one chance to make right all the wrongs you two did, well, I may not be the man I used to be.

But tonight, I can be better than I ever was.

JD: And Ryan, if I could get a word?

[Ryan, who has been in nonstop motion until now, pauses, and comes close to Dane. Ryan's chest is covered by a red hoodie, the Tiger Paw Pro promotion's logo emblazoned across the front in white, with kanji lettering up and down both arms. Ryan's bald head is dusted with a small bit of light brown stubble.]

RM: Gunnar, Justin... I want you to understand. What happens tonight? !This is what you wanted for yourselves.

Ever since Unholy War, this is what you wanted. You wanted me to choose a partner. You wanted me to choose my father. You said I couldn't do it. You said I wouldn't do it. And for a time, you were right.

[Ryan falls silent a moment, gathering his thoughts.]

RM: All you two have ever have ever done is take from me.

You took my help when you needed it. At every match in the Stampede Cup, you took every chance to rest you could get. You took advantage of my desire to win.

You took away _three_ chances I had to win a title in the AWA. You took away my hair.

[Ryan's hand runs over his bald head.]

RM: And tonight, you're going to take one more thing.

You two are going to take one hell of a beating.

I want you both, right now, to close your eyes and imagine it. Imagine, Gunnar, what its going to be like, watching my father, the only true living legend in this sport, beating the snot out of your little boy Justin. I want you think about how deep into your gut your heart is going to sink when you see him going up in the Firebomb, and then come crashing down to the earth.

And I want you to think about what I'm going to do when I get my hands on you.

This has been a long time coming. You and I, Gunnar. You have to pay for what you did. You have to suffer as you've made me suffer.

Sometimes people say "it's nothing personal." Not this time. This time, its nothing but personal. This time, its about what you did and what you deserve because of it.

You can say anything you want about me. You can tell whatever lies make you feel better. But my conscience is clear.

And I am going to feel so good, bringing you both down.

[Another pause from Ryan, as he exhales.]

RM: Gunnar and Justin? You say "beat us if you can." Well, we can, and we will.

Count on it.

AM: And count on this. Not only can we beat ya. Not only will we beat ya. But you two? You're gonna get...

[Alex pauses, as both men say it together.]

AM/RM: BURNED!!!

[We fade from the shot of father and son to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. Introducing first... at a total combined weight of 516 pounds... from Fairbanks, Alaska... they are accompanied to the ring by Larry "Chainsaw" Gaines...

Gunnar Gaines... Justin Gaines... THE BADDEST THANGS RUNNIN'!

[The unmistakable sounds of "Bad To The Bone" kick in to a very negative reaction from the Dallas crowd. After a few moments pass, the curtain parts as Larry Gaines, the eldest of the Gaines clan, steps into view. He's dressed just as we saw him earlier, gesturing angrily at the fans who get on his case right out of the gate.]

GM: There is is, fans... Larry "Chainsaw" Gaines... the man responsible for Ryan Martinez losing his hair to Justin Gaines a few weeks back.

BW: What a coup to have this guy in their corner tonight, Gordo. Think of all the experience he brings to a team that, quite frankly, is lacking in that area.

GM: Gunnar Gaines, the Hall of Famer, is certainly not lacking in experience but his son, however, is just a few months in to his career as a professional wrestler and can use all the advice and help he can manage if you ask me.

[Larry pauses, jerking a thumb over his shoulder as his son and grandson emerge through the curtain as well. Both Gaines boys are dressed in their ring gear, ready to get things going. Justin is irate at the crowd's negative reaction and can be seen shouting at several members of the AWA fanbase as Gunnar keeps his cool, glaring out at them.]

GM: This is an interesting father-son tandem... and one you know that the rest of the AWA roster is going to need to keep an eye on as we approach the Stampede Cup.

BW: You think the Baddest Thangs Runnin' can do what RyGunn failed to do last year?

GM: Quite frankly, no... I don't. But I'd also bet the house that they're going to try.

[All three generations of the Gaines family steps through the ropes into the ring as the music starts to fade.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The lights in the arena dim as white spotlights kick in, flashing back and forth over the buzzing crowd, building the anticipation before...]

#It's alright...#

#It's alright...#

#It's alright...#

#I'm just a...#

[On cue, the fans respond with "LITTLE CRAZY!" as they have so many times over the years. But instead of Fight's "Little Crazy" kicking in at this moment, we get "Yell Fire" by Michael Franti and Spearhead to a huge reaction from the sold-out crowd!]

PW: From Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 605 pounds... the team of Ryan and Alex...

THE MARTINEZ FAMILY!

[Another huge reaction echoes out for father and son as the curtain parts. Ryan is the first one through, giving an excited whoop as he walks into view. Tall and muscular, the young Martinez runs a hand over his stubbly head. He stands in long black wrestling tights with a red inseam and a pair of black and red boots. He claps a few times, turning towards the curtain to witness perhaps the final entrance in the career of his legendary Hall of Fame father.]

GM: And if you're a wrestling fan of any age with any appreciation for the history of this sport, you should enjoy this moment. Take this moment in because this could be the final time you see perhaps the greatest competitor in the history of our sport walk into an arena for a match.

[Gordon lays out, allowing the music to set the stage. Ryan stays clapping, a smile on his face.

And then... the curtain parts.

What follows is one of the loudest ovations you will ever hear in your life. The American Airlines Center crowd is instantly on their feet, screaming their lungs out in tribute for one of the greatest superstars they've ever had the pleasure to see compete.

Alex Martinez stands, a look of something approaching surprise on his face at the reaction. He beams at the cheers, slowly raising an arm which sparks even more cheers. Finally breaking the stoicism of his usual entrance, Martinez appears to be legitimately touched by the reaction, falling into a quick embrace with his son at the top of the ramp. Alex is wearing his usual black leather jacket and long black tights. His hands are covered in black fingerless gloves and his right elbow is covered in a black elbowpad as he joins his son in taking the long walk down the aisle.]

GM: Whether you've been following Alex Martinez since his early days in New York or when he set the world on fire in Los Angeles or maybe even in his later days in Toronto or many other places, you can never doubt that you are watching one of the best of all time compete.

BW: All week long as we got ready for this show, people kept telling me that this was the match they were looking forward to the most. This was the match that they had to see. The World Title match is the Main Event, daddy,

but this might be the one they're all talking about tomorrow. The final match... perhaps... of Alex Martinez.

GM: He has refused to use the word "retirement." He has not said he'll be hanging up his boots forever. But he has said that this is the final match on his AWA contract and after that, he plans to take a lengthy time off to pursue some Hollywood options. But if it IS his final match, I say he's earned the rest, Bucky.

BW: Think about the wars the man has been in over the years. The battles with Langseth... with the Gremlin... with Jeff Matthews... with Caleb Temple... and so, so, SO many others. These people in the building tonight and the people at home watching? So many of them became fans BECAUSE of Alex Martinez. So many of them associate Martinez with their early days in loving this sport. This is a major moment in our history, Gordo.

GM: It certainly is.

[The crowd is still roaring as the duo reaches the ring. Ryan steps through the ropes as Alex swings a lengthy leg over the top, coming in over the top rope to join his young son.]

GM: Wow. What a moment this is!

[Alex and Ryan share another quick embrace before settling back into their corner. Alex tugs off his jacket, dropping it down to the floor as he stares across the ring.]

GM: And now that the pomp and circumstance is over, we settle down to business. The business here tonight is what these Gaineses have done to Ryan Martinez. Fans, we all remember the success of the team of Ryan and Gunnar - the team known as RyGunn. They made it to the Finals of last year's Stampede Cup... they fought for the World Tag Team Titles this summer. But in the end, Gunnar and Justin turned on Ryan in brutal fashion. Then, just a few weeks ago, Justin defeated Ryan in a one-on-one match with help from Larry Gaines and they shaved Ryan's head as a result!

BW: One of my favorite moments of 2013.

GM: Tonight, it's payback time for Ryan Martinez and he's got his Hall of Fame father by his side.

BW: He ain't the only one though, Gordo. Justin's got his Hall of Fame father by his side too. And as much as people want to think Justin's some wet-behind-the-ears rookie, he's trained for this moment since he was old enough to stand! This is Justin Gaines' night, Gordo! It's time to make a SuperClash moment, daddy!

[Both teams of father and son huddle up, going over some last minute strategy.]

GM: The first decision to be made is - who will start this match?

BW: You gotta figure that Ryan desperately wants to get his hands on both of them... but Gunnar Gaines most of all. Gunnar is his former partner. Gunnar engineered the hit on him. And you better believe that Gunnar was behind Larry helping out and getting Ryan's head shaved clean as a whistle.

[Ryan seems to be pleading his case to his father, pointing across the ring at their opponents. But Alex shakes his head, giving his son a pat on the chest. We cut to the other side of the ring where Gunnar Gaines has taken his spot in the ring, clenching and unclenching his fists.]

GM: It appears as though Gunnar Gaines is starting off for his team and-

[The crowd ROARS as Ryan steps out, leaving his Hall of Fame father inside the ring.]

GM: Oh my. This just got REAL interesting.

[Alex Martinez turns his gaze onto his fellow Hall of Famer.]

GM: Two former World Champions. Two Hall of Famers. Two men who've given their entire lives... even their families' lives... to this business. Both men have had a wife in the business. Both men have had their sons in the business. But, to the best of my knowledge, these two men have never-

[The bell sounds and Alex Martinez stalks across the ring like the angry father that he is.]

GM: Here we go! Here we go!

[Gunnar doesn't seem about to back down, rushing a few steps out of the corner to greet Martinez with a big right hand!]

GM: The fight is here!

[Gaines lands three quick right hands before Martinez slips his left hand around Gaines' neck, holding him steady as he starts throwing his right to the head of Gaines!]

GM: Martinez is firing back!

[The two titans of the industry stand in the center of the ring, relentlessly hammering each other with short punches right into the face. Gaines' fist bounces off Martinez' eye over and over as Martinez lands short right hands to the cheek.]

GM: We've got a slugfest on our hands and-

[The crowd gets louder as Martinez continues to land blows, forcing Gaines to stumble back against the ropes...]

...and the seven footer charges, connecting with a big clothesline, taking Gaines over the top rope and down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Martinez sends Gaines to the floor and...

[Big cheer!]

GM: And the big man's going out after him! These two are not wasting any time in getting right down to it.

BW: This is NOT where you want to be with Alex Martinez, Gordo. Gaines may be a real dirty player but Martinez made his name in the land of Extreme and knows how to fight on the floor.

[Martinez drops down off the apron, grabbing Gaines' ponytail from behind, dragging him back towards him to hook an arm...]

GM: Look out!

[The seven footer throws Gaines across the ringside area, adding a little extra oomph on it and sending the three hundred pounder sailing through the air, flying over the barricade and crashing into the front row of steel chairs at ringside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Martinez looks out at the cheering crowd, nodding his head as he approaches the railing. Larry Gaines slowly moves around the ring, staying the heck away from the incoming seven footer.]

GM: Martinez is heading after him. Referee Ricky Longfellow may need to keep the rulebook in his pocket for this one. There's just so much emotion surrounding this match.

[The seven footer reaches the railing, stretching his arm over...

...and gets fingers dug into his eyes, raking across!]

GM: Ohh! Gunnar Gaines rakes the eyes!

[Martinez staggers back, rubbing his eyes as Gaines steps over the railing, grabbing the bigger man by the hair, and SLAMMING him headfirst into the steel barricade!]

GM: Down goes Martinez after having his head smashed into the railing!

[Gaines smirks at the jeering crowd before stomping Martinez into the floor a few times. He grabs a handful of hair, pulling the big man off the thin protective ringside mats.]

GM: Gaines brings him back to his feet, dragging him over... wait, they're coming over here...

[A quick camera cut shows Bucky bailing out of his seat as Gaines steps up and SLAMS Martinez headfirst into the wooden announce table!]

GM: Gaah... get out of here, Gaines!

[Ignoring Gordon, Gaines lifts Martinez off the table again and promptly SMASHES his head back onto the table!]

GM: Good grief!

[Gaines pulls Martinez away from the table, shoving him under the ropes into the ring. We cut to the corner where Ryan slaps the turnbuckles, shouting encouragement to his father. Gunnar glares at him before stretching a hand out, slapping Justin's hand.]

GM: The tag is made... and in comes Justin Gaines.

[Justin comes in hot, stomping Martinez' head repeatedly. He gives a big shout to the jeering fans before dropping an elbow down across the chest of Martinez. He slips to a knee, grabbing Alex by the hair. Justin turns Alex's face towards Ryan so he can see it as Justin hammers away with closed fists to the forehead.]

GM: What a disgusting individual Justin Gaines is! He turned the man's head so that his son would have to witness his attack!

[A smirking Justin gets to his feet, waving Ryan in at him. The hot-headed Ryan paces back and forth on the apron, knowing that charging in will not help his father one bit. Justin points to his head, shouting "You're not as dumb as you look, KID!"]

GM: Justin Gaines is trying to get under the skin of Ryan Martinez as he hauls Alex back to the corner... and he tags his father right back in.

[Gunnar circles Alex back into the corner of the Baddest Thangs Runnin'. He squares up, throwing a left hand across the cheek followed by three snapping right jabs. He grabs a handful of hair, delivering a stiff uppercut...

...and as the referee calls for the break, Gaines punctuates the assault with a forearm smash to the bridge of the nose, knocking Alex down to a knee.]

GM: Gunnar Gaines has some of the best punching ability in the entire AWA and never hesitates to demonstrate it when he gets the chance.

[Grabbing Martinez by the arm, Gunnar looks like he's going to whip him towards Ryan...

!...but he slams on the brakes, turning Alex around and throwing him right back into the Gaines' corner! Larry applauds on the outside as Gunnar leans over, grabbing the middle rope.]

GM: Gunnar's going for the ribs... ohh! Big tackle in the corner... there's a second one... and one more leaves Alex gasping for wind!

[The referee steps in again, forcing Gunnar to back off...

...which is Justin's cue to slip an arm around the throat of Alex Martinez, choking him as Gunnar keeps the referee distracted with an argument. Ryan is screaming from the corner, gesturing at the illegal choke. Finally, the referee turns around just as Justin is told to "let it go" by his grandfather, Larry Gaines.]

BW: Did you see that, Gordo? The presence of Larry Gaines pays immediate dividends as he instructs Justin to let go of that choke just a split second before the referee turned around. Larry's using some of his experience to help out his grandson.

GM: Generational cheating. I suppose that's impressive.

[Gunnar drags Alex out of the corner, hooking him in a front facelock before slapping his son's hand.]

GM: The tag is made to Justin... quick tags in and out by the Gaines family.

[Justin buries a big kick into the chest of Alex. A second one connects before Gunnar lets him go, shoving him down to the mat. A grinning Justin stomps Alex over and over as the crowd jeers.]

GM: Justin Gaines is taking the fight to Alex Martinez in the early moments of this one.

BW: You've gotta be impressed with the Baddest Thangs Runnin' so far.

GM: Nice teamwork. Nice quick tags. They're looking good so far but it's very, very early in this matchup.

[Justin Gaines squares up, holding up a clenched fist and kissing it. He smirks at Ryan Martinez before dropping the fist down between the eyes of Alex!]

GM: Fistdrop by Justin... and a cover.

[Justin pushes down on the chest of Alex, earning barely more than a one count before Alex powers out.]

GM: Only a one count. It's going to take a lot more than that to put someone like Alex Martinez down for a three count and if he's not aware of that, he'd better figure it out quickly!

[Justin sneers at Alex Martinez as he pulls him off the mat by the hair, tugging him into a front facelock again... and slaps his father's outstretched hand.]

GM: The tag is made again... Gunnar in, to the second rope...

[He leaps off, smashing a double axehandle across the back of Martinez, putting him down to a knee on the canvas. Gunnar nods as he grabs a handful of hair, smashing his fist in between the eyes of Martinez, knocking him down to the mat.]

GM: After that early flurry of offense by Alex Martinez, he's been really worked over by both members of the Gaines family.

BW: We should make this a handicap match. Then Larry can get some licks in on him too.

[Gunnar kicks and stomps Martinez into the mat as Ryan continues to shout encouragement from across the ring.]

GM: Fans, back in 1996, Gunnar Gaines was considered the best wrestler in the world. Many years have passed since then but every time he steps into that ring, he reminds us of that time when he was widely considered the best to lace up boots.

[Dragging Alex by his foot to the corner, Gunnar slaps Justin's hand.]

GM: Another tag.

BW: How many is that now? Six? Eight?

GM: A whole lot, for sure. The Martinez family hasn't had the chance to make one tag yet but the Gaines clan is trading in and out at will right now.

[Justin steps in, leaping up to drop a knee across the chest as Gunnar holds the legs. Justin kneels on the chest, gesturing to the official who delivers a two count before Alex lifts a shoulder off the mat.]

GM: Two count for Justin Gaines.

[Justin gets to his feet, angrily stomping Alex over and over into the mat. Reaching down, Justin hauls Martinez off the mat, tugging him into a front facelock. He yanks up on the hold, trying to crimp the neck of the Last American Badboy.]

GM: Alex turns him around... and the seven footer is trying to push his way back to his corner!

[The crowd cheers as they realize where Alex is trying to go. Ryan slaps the buckle, stretching his arm out as far as it can go...]

GM: Ryan's looking for the tag! Alex wants to make the tag!

[Justin looks nervous as Alex starts pushing him back, back, back towards the corner...]

GM: Justin's trying to hang on! He's trying to keep Alex back!

[A frantic Justin Gaines finds himself a few steps away from the corner...

...when Alex Martinez suddenly stands tall, flipping Justin over the top and backdropping him down to the canvas! Big cheer!]

GM: BACKDROP! BACKDROP!

[Alex lunges towards the corner, falling to his knees as he slaps the hand of Ryan Martinez who comes in hot, drilling a rising Justin Gaines with a clothesline that flattens him!]

GM: Ryan drops Justin!

[Ryan wheels around, charging Justin again...]

GM: Another clothesline takes him down!

[With Justin down on the mat, Ryan gets pumped, throwing both arms up into the air with a whoop that the crowd echoes. He leans down, grabbing Justin by the arm and winging him into the ropes.]

GM: Justin off the far side... UP!

[And Ryan DRIVES him down to the canvas with a thunderous Samoan Drop!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[Ryan pops back up to his feet, giving another war whoop...

...and then LUNGES at the corner, taking a swipe at Gunnar Gaines who just barely is able to bail out to the floor, wagging a finger at Ryan Martinez.]

GM: Ohh! Gunnar got clear just in time. That was REAL close, Bucky.

BW: Like we said, Gordo, Ryan wants to his get his hands on Gunnar Gaines and-

GM: HE'S GOING AFTER HIM!

[The crowd roars as Ryan slides through the ropes, stepping out to the apron where he leaps off in pursuit of Gunnar Gaines.]

GM: He's hot on the heels of Gunnar Gaines!

[The cheering crowd urges Ryan on as he circles the ringpost, chasing Gunnar around the ring...

...and suddenly comes face to face with him as Gunnar runs into the wooden entrance ramp, stopping short. He wheels around, throwing up his hands and begging for mercy.]

GM: Oh, NOW he wants mercy!

BW: He ain't the legal man, Gordo!

GM: I don't think Ryan Martinez CARES, Bucky!

[Gaines drops to his knees, shaking his head with his hands up, begging Ryan for mercy. Ryan stands over him, fists clenched as he looks out at the cheering crowd.]

GM: The fans want to see it! They want to see him take out all those months of frustration right on the noggin of Gunnar Gaines!

BW: Who cares what these idiot fans want to see?!

GM: Martinez rears back with that right hand and-

[Suddenly, Justin Gaines comes barreling across the ring, dropping down into a baseball slide. His feet catch Ryan in the side of the head, pitching him sideways and into the steel barricade!]

GM: Ohh! Justin Gaines took advantage of the distraction!

[Justin helps his father off the floor, turning their attention to Ryan Martinez. They quickly lift him up off the ringside mats, scooping him up in their arms into a double gorilla press...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DROP him facefirst onto the elevated wooden entrance ramp!]

GM: Good grief! An illegal doubleteam on the flo- look out!

[The crowd gasps as Alex Martinez storms into the picture, steel chair in hand. He takes a swing, smashing it into the barricade and sending the Gaines clan fleeing from view, rolling back into the ring. Alex stands on the floor, pointing a warning finger as he throws the chair aside.]

GM: Ryan Martinez got brutally assaulted by father and son Gaines on the floor and Alex couldn't get there in time to prevent it.

BW: He should be disqualified and sent packing to Hollywood for swinging that steel chair out there!

GM: You can take the man out of the Extreme but you can't always take the Extreme out of the man!

[Alex leans down, helping his son up off the ringside mats...]

GM: Oh no. Fans, Ryan Martinez has been busted open!

[The crowd buzzes with concern as Alex helps his son stand on the floor, blood pouring from a cut on his forehead.]

GM: They dropped him facefirst on the wooden ramp and Ryan Martinez got split wide open because of it!

[The referee informs Alex to get his son back into the ring. Alex shakes his head, refusing to oblige as the Gaines family implores Ricky Longfellow to start a ten count.]

GM: The referee just started counting. And I bet Gunnar and Justin would just love this. They'd love for Ryan Martinez to get counted out and lose this match.

BW: He SHOULD be counting! That's the right thing to do, Gordo, and you know it!

GM: Perhaps it is but Ryan Martinez was the victim of an illegal doubleteam on the floor. I believe the referee should show some discretion and allow Ryan some time to get back inside the ring.

[Alex walks his son around the ringside area, speaking softly to him as Gunnar exits the ring and Justin taunts the Martinez family from inside the ring. He sits on the middle rope, inviting Ryan back into the ring. As the count reaches six, Alex turns his son slightly, wiping the blood from his forehead. He speaks to him again, gesturing at the ring. Ryan gives the slightest of nods as the count hits eight and gets shoved towards the ring.]

GM: Ryan pulls up on the apr- ohh! Justin caught him with a right hand!

[Knocking Ryan down to a knee on the apron, Justin tees off with a series of short right hands to the cute forehead, causing the blood to flow even heavier. The referee steps in, ordering Justin to back off and let Ryan back into the ring.]

GM: Get him back, Ricky.

[Justin takes a few steps back, allowing Ryan to get back to his feet again. Gaines charges in, delivering a big kick to the chest, sending Ryan falling off the apron and back down to the floor.]

GM: Ohh! Come on, referee!

[The referee steps in, warning Justin again as the youngest Gaines backs off...]

...and Larry Gaines moves (somewhat) quickly on the floor, pulling Ryan up, and SMASHING his face into the ring apron. A sneering Larry Gaines shoves Ryan under the ropes, leaving a bloody streak on the apron as the fans jeer and Alex Martinez complains to the official.]

GM: Alex is letting the referee know what happened but he didn't see any of it. He can't call something he didn't see, fans.

[Justin drags Ryan off the mat, pulling him over towards the corner where he signals to his father who raises a boot, allowing his son to smash Ryan's head into the boot.]

GM: Justin tags in his father again... in comes Gunnar. And you notice that Gunnar has no problem coming in when Ryan is down, bloodied, and hurting.

BW: It's the perfect timing.

[A smirking Gunnar shoves Ryan back into the corner, throwing a right hand... another booming right followed by a snapping left jab... and a brutal right handed uppercut that snaps his head back.]

GM: Good grief! Back to the fisticuffs for Gunnar Gaines and this time, it's Ryan Martinez who is the victim of them.

[Grabbing Ryan by the back of the head, Gunnar presses his face down on the top rope, dragging him along the ropes, burning the flesh of Martinez with the friction.]

GM: Ahhh! Another illegal move by Gunnar Gaines, earning another warning from the official as he shoves Ryan back into the neutral corner... here comes the big whip...

[Ryan slams hard into the neutral corner as Gunnar sets in the opposite corner, pumping his right arm a few times before breaking into a charge across the ring...]

GM: Here comes the near-three hundred pound Gaines!

[Gaines turns his back, looking for a running back elbow...

...but Ryan tugs the top rope, yanking himself clear and causing Gunnar to SLAM backfirst into the corner!]

GM: OHH! HE MISSED! RYAN GOT OUT OF TOWN AND GUNNAR HITS THE BUCKLES!!

[Down on his knees, Ryan keeps his hands on the ropes, dragging himself across the ring towards his legendary father...

...and makes a lunging tag!]

GM: TAG! IN COMES THE BIG MAN!!

[Alex steps over the top rope, already looking angry as he charges the stunned Gunnar...

...and AVALANCHES him into the corner with a running clothesline!]

GM: Oh my! 350 plus pounds in the corner!

[Martinez backs off, throwing three big right hands that batter Gaines down to a seated position on the mat. He switches his stance, raining down stomps on Gaines instead!]

GM: He's stomping Gaines into the canvas!

[With Gunnar laid out and sitting back against the buckles, Martinez raises his long leg, pressing his boot laces to the face of Gaines...

...and shoves it down, ripping the flesh of Gunnar Gaines!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Get him out of the corner, ref!

[The referee shouts at Martinez, trying to clear him out as he repeatedly rakes his bootlaces against the face...

...and ultimately rips the skin of Gaines wide open with one final, brutal bootsrape!]

GM: Alex returns the favor and Gunnar Gaines has been ripped open!

[Grabbing the legs of Gaines, Alex hauls him out to the center of the ring. He yanks Gaines to his feet...

...and wraps his hands around the throat of the Hall of Famer! Big cheer!]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: The crowd knows what's coming! The whole world knows what's coming!

GM: Could this be the final time we see it?! One of the most infamous moves in the entire wrestling world!

[Martinez easily powers the near three hundred pounder into the air, holding him high above...

...for just a little TOO long as Justin Gaines slips in at the shout of "NOW!" from grandfather Larry. Justin shoves past the official and THROWS himself, shoulderfirst, into the back of Martinez' left knee!]

GM: OHH!

BW: HE CLIPPED THE BIG MAN!

[Martinez collapses to the mat, screaming in pain as he grabs his left knee.]

GM: Justin Gaines got the order from his grandfather! They had it planned! He went right after the left knee from Martinez which has been injured so many times in his career!

BW: That thing is basically made out of tissue paper at this point, Gordo!

GM: It certainly is... and as the referee forces Justin Gaines back out of the ring, Alex Martinez is in a very bad way down on the mat. We just hit the ten minute mark in this match but Martinez is in a lot of trouble right about now.

[We cut to the corner where a bloodied Ryan Martinez looks on with concern.]

GM: You can see the look on Ryan's face. He's obviously worried for his father. The Gaines family had a gameplan and I think we just saw it. They went right after that knee as soon as they got the shot.

BW: Gunnar Gaines is legendary for his ability to know his opponents' weaknesses and now he's passing that along to his son just as, you'd assume, Larry passed it on to him.

GM: Gunnar Gaines is back on his feet, grabbing that ankle.

[He tucks the leg under his armpit, flipping Martinez over onto his stomach, leaning back in a half Boston Crab.]

GM: Half crab slapped on by Gaines... and you can hear Martinez instantly start screaming in pain. That knee has been through the wrecker throughout his career and he's feeling the effects of all that punishment right about now.

BW: You sit here and watch Alex Martinez and I have to wonder, Gordo... how much of this is William Craven's fault? How much of this is because of the Dragon? How many years did Craven take off the career of Martinez?

GM: He certainly hasn't been the same since then.

[Gaines leans back, shouting "ASK HIM!" to the official as Justin Gaines gleefully jumps up and down in his spot on the apron, giving his own shouts of encouragement to his father. Martinez grits his teeth, shaking his head at Longfellow.]

GM: Alex Martinez is one of the toughest men we've ever seen compete and you have to wonder... what would it take to make this man submit?

BW: We may be about to find out.

[Gaines slips out of the hold, putting his foot behind the knee while holding the foot...

...and STOMPS the kneecap into the canvas from a few feet high off the mat!]

GM: Good grief!

[As Martinez howls in pain on the mat, Gaines walks across the ring and tags in young Justin.]

GM: The tag is made and in comes the eighteen year old Justin Gaines.

[Justin stomps and kicks at the knee several times before breaking away to taunt the bloodied Ryan from across the ring. The younger Gaines leans down, pulling Alex by the foot towards the corner where he slaps his father's hand.]

GM: In and out they continue to go... Gunnar up to the second rope...

[With Justin holding the foot, Gunnar leaps off, dropping an elbow on the outstretched knee!]

GM: Ohh! That could do all sorts of serious damage.

[Ryan covers up his head, pushing his face down against the top turnbuckle at the sight of his father being punished by the Gaines family.]

GM: The Gaines family - father and son - are trying to do more than win a match tonight. They want to make sure that Alex Martinez' final match in the AWA is his final match PERIOD!

[Getting back to his feet, the Hall of Famer drops Martinez' foot down on the bottom rope, stretching it out again. He smirks at the jeering crowd as he steps up to the second rope, ready to drop all his weight down on the injured leg...

...when suddenly Alex raises his good leg, pressing his foot into Gaines' rear end, and SHOVES him over the top rope, sending him crashing down into a heap on the floor below to a huge reaction!]

GM: OH MY! MARTINEZ SHOVES HIM TO THE FLOOR!!

[Alex promptly rolls over to his belly, starting the long crawl across the ring to where his son is waiting for him. The fans begin chanting "AL-EX! AL-EX! AL-EX!" as the Hall of Famer tries to inch his way to the only man who can help him at this stage of the match.]

GM: He's trying to get across the ring... trying to get over there to his son...

[Justin drops to a knee, huddling up with his grandfather who is frantically gesturing at the ring, gameplanning something for him.]

GM: I don't like the looks of that. Who knows what that old man has up his sleeve?

BW: You seem pretty bitter towards Larry Gaines. You two have a history we don't know about?

GM: I'd prefer not to discuss that.

[As Alex gets a few feet out from his son's outstretched hand, Justin Gaines steps into the ring, rushing across, leaping into the air and stomping the back of Martinez' knee!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[The referee steps in, shouting at Justin Gaines who backs off, hands raised as Ryan Martinez screams at both Gaines and the referee.]

BW: I don't know if that was enough to stop the tag! I'm not sure if it'll prevent-

[Suddenly, Ryan Martinez finds himself ripped off the apron, pulled down to the floor.]

GM: That'll do it! Larry Gaines just-

[Martinez doesn't hesitate, coldcocking the senior citizen with a right hand!]

GM: Ohh! Ryan Martinez just laid out Larry Gaines!

[Ryan pulls himself back up on the apron. Justin Gaines looks stunned from across the ring, dropping down to shove his father under the ropes.]

GM: Gunnar's back in... crawling to try and stop Alex...

[A lunging Gunnar wraps his arms around the legs of Alex Martinez, dragging him back from the corner to the middle of the ring. He gets to his feet, raining down overhead elbows on the head and neck of Alex Martinez as he pulls him up off the canvas...]

GM: Gaines with a few right hands, stunning Martinez...

[Gaines rushes to the ropes, springing off. He does a full on Fargo Strut, pointing at Ryan Martinez which turns the referee's attention away...]

GM: ALASKAN UPPERC-

[But before Gaines can drop to his knees, Alex grabs him under the arms, shoving the three hundred pounder into the air, parallel to the canvas as Martinez turns, reaching up to hook him around the head and neck...

...and DRIVES him skullfirst into the canvas!]

GM: WHAT IN THE-?!

BW: KNIGHTRIDER! That's one of Martinez' old signature moves! The Knightrider!

GM: He didn't get a lot of elevation on it. He couldn't get a lot of lift with that injured knee.

[Alex sits up on the mat, breathing heavily as he looks up at his son who is dying to get in there, slapping his hand repeatedly into the top turnbuckle, getting the fans to clap in rhythm with him.]

GM: Alex is looking to the corner, trying to drag himself over there!

[Gunnar Gaines rolls to his side, also trying to drag himself across the ring towards his son's outstretched hands.]

GM: Both of these legendary competitors. Former World Champions. Hall of Fame superstars! Both men are trying to tag in their sons - the men they hope will carry their legacy into a whole new generation of the world of professional wrestling! But who can get there first? Who can make the tag first?

[Martinez stretches out, trying to avoid putting too much weight on his injured left knee as Gaines rolls again, getting closer as he stretches his hand up...]

GM: Both men are drawing closer. They're getting real close, Bucky!

BW: I still can't believe Ryan Martinez punched an old man! You better be careful, Gordo!

GM: I'm not concerned.

[Gaines sits up, swinging his hand.]

GM: TAG! IN COMES JUSTIN!

[Justin Gaines steps in, moving his six foot seven frame across the ring at top speed as Alex stretches out...]

GM: TAG!

[HUGE CHEER!]

GM: RYAN MAKES THE TAG AND-

[Martinez is in and he comes in hot, lighting up Justin Gaines with a big chop, taking him down. Gaines staggers up but gets caught again, taken off his feet with another big chop!]

GM: Ryan Martinez is in and he's looking to exact a little bit of payback on the Gaines boys!

[Justin is up again, throwing a weak right hand that Ryan ducks under, hooking him around the waist from the side. He powers him up before dumping him on the back of his head!]

GM: Belly to back suplex! He dropped him hard!

[Ryan rolls over, taking the mount on Justin, and opens fire with right hands to the skull!]

GM: He's pounding away on Justin Gaines! I hope Justin thought it was worth it to shave Ryan's head right about now because he's paying for it in spades!

[The referee steps in, ordering the break, but for perhaps the first time ever, Ryan Martinez ignores him, continuing to hammer the younger Gaines into the canvas.]

GM: He's not letting up! The referee's counting... up to three... to four... to fi-

[Martinez suddenly backs off, hands raised as the referee threatens him.]

GM: Ryan Martinez almost let his temper get the better of him, fans. He just about got his team disqualified!

[Ryan wheels around...

...and CRACKS a rising Gunnar Gaines with a right hand between the eyes, sending him sprawling off the apron to the floor!]

GM: Big right hand on Gunnar as well!

BW: What the heck has gotten into this kid?!

GM: Weeks and months of frustration and anger are spilling over right in the middle of the ring here at SuperClash V!

[Ryan turns back to the ring where Justin Gaines is staggering back to his feet, getting hooked in a rear waistlock...]

BW: GERMAN!

[...and gets powered over, dropped on the back of his head as Martinez bridges!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! TH-

[The crowd deflates as Justin Gaines lifts a shoulder JUST in time, breaking the pin attempt!]

GM: He almost got him,fans! But Gaines was able to get a shoulder up and allow the match to continue!

[Ryan slaps the canvas as he gets back, glaring down at Justin Gaines who is attempting to crawl away from him. With a shake of his head, Ryan drags Justin up off the mat, wiping the blood from his eyes before he spins the younger man around.]

GM: Ryan turns him around, big boot to the gut...

[Ryan steps behind Justin, taking a moment to point to his father who is trying to recover out on the apron. The younger Martinez grabs Justin's arms, crossing them over one another. He ducks down, slipping his head between Justin's legs and straightening up, standing tall with Justin Gaines up in electric chair position...]

GM: What's he-?!

[...and then DRIVES him back to the mat, hanging onto the arms and bridging again!]

BW: That's his dad's old move - the Knight's End! Ryan busting out a tribute to his old man and-

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[A diving save from Gunnar Gaines breaks up the pin, preventing defeat for his son!]

GM:Ohhh! So close!

[With Ryan down on the ground, Gunnar balls up his fist, slamming it down like a hammer into the torso of his former partner. That's the cue for Alex Martinez to step back into the ring...

...and get cut off by the official!]

GM: Oh, come on! He's trying to even the odds and-

[With Alex Martinez being held back, the Gaines clan pulls Ryan off the mat. Each Gaines grabs Ryan by the throat to a huge reaction...]

GM: Wait a second!

[The crowd roars, encouraging Ryan to break free, but the Gaines family lifts him up in unison...

...and then drop down to their knees DRIVING Ryan down to the canvas!]

GM: DOUBLE GRIZZLY SLAM!! GOOD GRIEF!

[Gunnar rolls out to the apron, leaving his son alone inside the ring with Ryan Martinez. Justin kneels on the mat, breathing heavily for several moments before falling forward into a very loose lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd roars as Alex Martinez makes a big save!]

GM: And this time, it's Alex Martinez who makes the save! Both fathers have managed to save the match for their son so far!

[Alex again gets escorted back out of the ring as Ryan rolls to his stomach, trying to crawl away. But Justin is having none of that, dragging him back to the middle of the ring.]

GM: Justin pulls Ryan up... and right into the standing headscissors!

[The crowd buzzes as the younger Gaines hoists Ryan up off the mat, throwing him back into a crucifix powerbomb position...]

GM: He's looking for the Justifier!

[Gaines holds him high...

...and then DROPS him down in a reverse neckbreaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That's it! It's over right there, fans! What a devastating move!

[Justin Gaines sits on the mat, throwing his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture...

...only to hear his father calling his name, arm outstretched.]

GM: Gunnar wants the tag! He wants to finish Ryan off once and for all!

[A nodding Justin rises to his feet, slowly moving towards the corner where he slaps the hand of his father.]

GM: There's the tag... and Gunnar's going up top! Gunnar's looking for the Grizzly Splash!

[A grinning Gunnar Gaines steps up to the second rope outside of the ring, waving his hands to clear his son out of the way. He puts a foot on the top rope, gesturing at the downed Ryan Martinez!]

GM: Gaines is up top! He wants to finish this now!

[Gaines steadies himself, looking down at the unmoving Ryan Martinez, pointing over to Alex who is staring across the ring, silently urging his son to get up.]

GM: GAINES LEAPS! OFF THE TOP!

[Gunnar Gaines sails through the air, his three hundred pounds plummeting down, down, down towards the prone Martinez...

...who lifts his knees, smashing them right into the falling Gaines' midsection!]

GM: HE GOT THE KNEES UP!! MY STARS!!

[A gasping Gaines rolls off, clutching his torso as Ryan Martinez grabs at the back of his neck, rolling over to a knee. He stares across at an angry Justin Gaines who is shouting at him. The referee points a warning finger at Justin, trying to keep him back...]

GM: Ryan Martinez slowly to his feet, pointing out at Justin Gaines...

[The crowd ROARS as Ryan pulls Gaines into a front facelock.]

GM: He's going for the brainbuster!

[Justin Gaines steps through the ropes, rushing in towards Ryan...

...and gets FLATTENED with a running big boot out of Alex Martinez!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

[Martinez drops to a knee, grabbing at his injured left knee. He winces, shaking his head and waving for his son to keep going. Ryan nods, slinging Gunnar's arm over his neck...]

GM: He's going for it!

[Ryan grits his teeth, tensing his muscles as he powers Gunnar Gaines up into the air, holding him straight up and down...

...and DROPS him headfirst to the canvas!]

GM: BRAINBUSTER!!

[Ryan rolls over, flattening out. The referee dives to count.]

GM: ONE!!

[Justin Gaines makes one final attempt to break the pin, ending up caught in a double choke from Alex Martinez. The referee hits the mat a second time as Martinez lifts Justin skyhigh to a tremendous roar...]

GM: TWO!!

[...and DRIVES him down to the mat with an enormous Firebomb as the referee hits the mat the third time!]

GM: THREEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd EXPLODES for the victory as the bloodied Ryan pushes up off the mat, throwing his arms into the air. Alex Martinez looks down at the laid out Justin Gaines before turning his gaze onto his victorious son.]

GM: What a win for the Martinez family! Ryan and Alex - side by side, father and son!

[Ryan slowly gets to his feet, approaching his father with his hand outstretched. Alex accepts, shaking his son's hand... and then pulling him into an embrace.]

GM: What a moment! And if this truly is the final time we'll see Alex Martinez inside an AWA ring, well... what a way for him to go out, Bucky.

BW: I don't have kids, Gordo... but seeing this even jerks my heartstrings.

GM: An emotional moment for sure. A big win as Ryan finally gets some payback for the hell that he's been put through by the Gaines family over the past several months but even better, he got to do it with his father by his side.

[Slowly, a chant starts to build...]

"THANK - YOU - AL -EX!" clap clap clapclapclap

"THANK - YOU - AL -EX!" clap clap clapclapclap

"THANK - YOU - AL -EX!" clap clap clapclapclap

GM: Thank you, Alex...you got that right. Thank you, Alex Martinez, for that you've been and all that you've done. And on this night, it also feels right to say... thank you for the man you leave behind to carry on your legacy, your son Ryan.

[With the chant still echoing through the American Airlines Center, Ryan steps to a corner, pointing to his father and doing the same chant, leaving his father standing in the center of the ring to hear the chant. Alex grins, closing a fist and pressing it to his heart as he looks out at the capacity crowd. He mouths "thank you" several times...

...and we slowly fade to a much different scene later in the show where the World Champion, Calisto Dufresne, is standing over a tired and hurting Dave Bryant, pulling him by the hair into a front facelock.]

GM: He hooks him! He's going to finish it!

[Bryant throws himself forward, smashing Dufresne back into the corner.]
GM: Desperation save for the challenger!

[Still hurting from the low blow, Bryant slumps to a knee as Dufresne smashes fists into his skull from a standing position. He reaches up with his boot, raking the laces down the eyes of Bryant before stepping out of the corner again, grabbing him in another front facelock.]

GM: He's going for it again!

[Dufresne notices his proximity to the ropes, shaking his head with a "not this time!" as he walks Bryant out to the center of the ring, ready to put him away with the Wham Bam Thank You Ma'am DDT.]

GM: They're in the center! Dufresne is ready... he's set...

[The challenger suddenly ducks lower, grabbing Dufresne's legs with both arms, and yanking them out from under him!]

GM: Double leg... BOSTON CRAB!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Bryant turns the World Champion onto his stomach in the center of the ring, leaning back in the Boston Crab!]

GM: There it is, Bucky! The Iron Crab that was once used by "Iron" Brett Bryant to such great perfection!

[Dufresne is screaming in pain, shouting at the official as Bryant leans back, trying to bend the back into a submission!]

GM: It's locked in in the center of the ring! Dufresne's got nowhere to run! He's got nowhere to hide!

[He reaches out with his left arm, stretching it out towards the ropes but quickly recoils, switching to his right arm which comes up way short.]

GM: A one-armed man is trying to escape the Boston Crab in the center of the ring - pardon me, the Iron Crab - as Dufresne struggles and fights against it, trying to find a way out!

[The World Champion is clawing at the canvas as Bryant slowly lowers himself to a knee, turning up the pressure on the back of Dufresne!]

GM: Dufresne's screaming in pain! The back is being bent in a way it's just not meant to go! Bryant's kneeling down now, increasing the leverage! He's screaming at the official to check Dufresne.

[The kneeling Johnny Jagger asks Dufresne again but gets a refusal!]

GM: Dufresne's trying to hang on! He says no!

[Bryant grits his teeth, nodding his head as the crowd roars, standing on their feet cheering him on.]

GM: The American Airlines Center is deafening! These 20,000 fans are on their feet, screaming their lungs out for the underdog who fought so hard to get here! The man hunting for redemption... for the glory that has eluded him since the early days of his career! Can Dave Bryant do it? Can he become the first ever AWA double champion? Can he become the World Heavyweight Champion on the biggest night in AWA history?!

[Jagger asks again, flattening out to get right into Dufresne's face who again screams "NOOOOO!"]

GM: The World Champion is fighting with all he's got! He's got no allies coming to save him! This is just sheer will keeping him in this match at this point. He's trying to fight down the pain, trying to hang on and find a way to keep that title around his waist!

[Bryant leans back again, nearly toppling over on his bad knee as he bends Dufresne, and delivers a loud "ASK HIM!"]

GM: Johnny Jagger is checking again and-

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Jagger springing to his feet, waving his hands at the timekeeper!]

GM: HE GAVE UP! MY GOD, WE'VE GOT A NEW WORLD CHAMPION!

[Jagger taps an exhausted Bryant on the shoulder. The veteran collapses to his knees, shoving Dufresne's legs aside as he falls to the mat, dropping his forehead down to the canvas.]

GM: After a grueling half hour of action, Dave Bryant got that Iron Crab locked in and Calisto Dufresne had no choice but to give it up! We've got a new World Champion, Bucky!

[The crowd is on their feet, causing permanent hearing loss for many in their midst as they salute the new World Champion. Bryant is still down on the mat, his body heaving as he lies facefirst on the canvas.]

GM: The emotions of the moment are getting to the new World Champion! He's fought for so long and so hard to get to this moment. Think about where he was when he came back to wrestling in the summer of 2012 to where he is now! What a moment! What a moment in the life of Dave Bryant!

[Bryant pushes up to his knees as the referee steps in, handing him the World Title belt. The crowd ERUPTS once more as Bryant embraces the title belt, clinging to it like a drowning man with a life preserver. The AWA's

Senior Official helps him off the mat, helping him up to his feet where Bryant thrusts the title belt over his head into the air!]

GM: Dave Bryant has done it, fans! He's shocked the world here tonight in Dallas to become the new AWA World Heavyweight Champion! He's also the first man to ever wear TWO AWA titles at the same time but that's a situation to be settled another day because right now, the Doctor of Love is on top of the world!

[The camera falls on Calisto Dufresne who is down on the mat, clutching his lower back in pain. Bryant steps up to the middle rope, a title belt in each hand, thrusting them into the air as bursts of fireworks explode from the turnbuckles.]

GM: Oh yeah! What a moment for these fans in Dallas! What a moment for those of you watching at home! What a moment for the entire AWA! And most of all, what a moment for the brand new World Heavyweight Champion, Dave Bryant!

[Bryant stands on the buckles, tears in his eyes as he holds his title belts aloft. Confetti begins to fall from the rafters, creating a snow blizzard effect as the cameras peer through at the new World Champion.]

GM: It's been an incredible night for all of us here in the American Airlines Center, fans! One of the wildest, craziest, most exciting nights in AWA history and I can't think of a better way to wrap up 2013 than to celebrate the crowning of TWO new champions here tonight in the AWA's hometown of Dallas, Texas! Wow!

[The wide shot of the American Airlines Center crowd continues to show the massive celebration underway until the sounds of "Step Into A World (Rapture's Delight)" by KRS-One kicks in over the PA system, meaning the arrival of only one man.]

GM: And here comes the man who hopes to be the first to challenge the new World Champion for his title!

[The winner of tonight's Steal The Spotlight contract steps into view, clapping his hands as he walks down the aisle towards the ring. Bryant, surprised by his arrival, drops down off the ropes, turning to face the incoming Number One Contender.]

GM: Dave Bryant looks as surprised as the rest of us.

BW: The lucky thing for Bryant is that Steal The Spotlight has always required someone to give notice before cashing it in. You can't just waltz up with a referee and yell, "Ring the bell!" You get the match of your choice with plenty of notice.

GM: You're absolutely right about that but it's not settling down the brand new AWA World Champion one bit.

[Wright steps through the ropes, still applauding as he grabs an offered mic from the floor.]

SW: Bravo, Mr. Bryant! That was a masterful performance. I had NO doubt in my mind, that you'd be the one standing here at the end of the night with the World Title. After the grit and determination you showed in the "Chase for the Clash," I couldn't expect any less. Mr. Dufresne and Royalty's reign of terror is over and the dark cloud that's been hanging over the AWA is lifted.

[He grins and points at Bryant.]

SW: Finally, the AWA can finally have a World Champion it can be proud of!

[A grin crosses Bryant's face as the crowd roars with approval. He slowly raises the title belt high into the air. Wright slowly raises a hand, lifting one finger to point at Bryant.]

SW: And as the man that will be your next challenger for that title...

[Dramatic pause.]

SW: I just wanted to be the first one to congratulate you.

[Supreme extends his hand towards the World Champion, as Bryant nods and goes to shake Wright's hand...]

GM: A nice show of sportsmanship out of Wrig-

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...only to have Supreme throw a high kick that catches him right in the side of the head!]

GM: OH! OH!!! OH MY GOD!

BW: WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT!?!]

[Wright stares down at the fallen World Champion, still clutching the mic in his hand.]

SW: ...and the last.

[He allows himself a chuckle as Bryant rolls to his back, grabbing at his temple where the high impact kick landed.]

SW: You see, Mr. Bryant, I was given an interesting bit of information by Mr. O'Connor earlier tonight.

[Wright pauses, looking down at the writhing World Champion.]

GM: We saw that conversation start to occur but I didn't really think anything of it.

[Wright continues.]

SW: It turns out that in exchange for allowing additional teams into the Steal The Spotlight match tonight, the Championship Committee had to agree to a stipulation from Chris Blue.

[The crowd starts to buzz with concern, not liking the direction this is going.]

SW: And that stipulation, was that the winner of the Steal the Spotlight contract could cash in...

...at ANY TIME and ANYWHERE.

[The crowd roars with disbelief at that revelation!]

GM: WHAT?! That's huge! That's unprecedented! That's-

BW: Do you NOT understand what he's saying?!

[Wright continues again.]

SW: And as you know, tonight... I stole the spotlight. But you? You stole MY moment.

[A look of deep rage forms on Wright's face as he stares down at Bryant.]

SW: And I'm here to take it back.

[He turns to the referee and the timekeeper.]

SW: Ring the bell.

[The crowd collectively gasps at Wright's cold-hearted statement to the referee as he throws the mic aside. Referee Johnny Jagger steps up to Wright, shaking his head.]

GM: Can we get some conversation that Supreme Wright is telling the truth?!

[Jagger and Wright seem to be arguing about the title match when Wright suddenly rushes forward, punt kicking the skull of the rising Bryant into the middle of next week!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! That might be it right there! Fans, I... are you sure? Okay, fans... we're getting word from the back that Karl O'Connor, the AWA President, has confirmed that Wright is telling the truth. This title shot is officially underway!

[Johnny Jagger seems to be getting the same news as he steps back and waves to the timekeeper.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Supreme Wright has decided to cash in the guaranteed match contract he won earlier tonight! He's going for the World Title against a man who just went through hell for a half hour!

[Wright leans down, dragging a limp Bryant off the mat by the hair, ducking down to sling him across his shoulders.]

GM: He's got him up. This isn't right, Bucky. If you ask me, this isn't right. No one should be winning a title like this... especially not the biggest title in the sport.

[Wright paces around the ring, heading out to the center where he flings Bryant up and over as he falls to his back, jamming his knees up into the midsection of Bryant!]

GM: OHHH! FAT TUESDAY!

[Wright shoves Bryant off his lifted knees and down to his back. The crowd starts to turn on Wright a little bit, booing the Combat Corner graduate as he climbs to his feet, looking down at the new World Champion.]

GM: Wright got that big move but it looks like he's decided not to cover!

[Back up, Wright waggles a finger at the jeering crowd before leaning down to drag Bryant up, ducking into a second fireman's carry. He again walks out to the middle of the ring...

...and drops Bryant across his knees a second time!]

GM: That's two! Two Fat Tuesdays by... well, by the challenger, I guess you can say. Bryant is laid out after that!

BW: This has gotta be over, Gordo.

GM: I can't believe what we're witnessing here. Dave Bryant fulfilled his lifelong dream of capturing the World Heavyweight Title and it appears as though Supreme Wright plans on taking that all away from him.

[Wright climbs to his feet again, looking down at a motionless Dave Bryant. He points to the official, raising a lone finger.]

GM: Oh god, he says he's going for one more!

[Wright leans down, this time raising Bryant up into a torture rack backbreaker. He walks him out into position...

...and then flings him up and over, raising the knees for an impactful backbreaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That's it, fans.

[Wright drops to his knees, applying a cover on the motionless Bryant.]

GM: One. Two. I can't believe it.

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Ladies and gentlemen...

[Wright gets immediately back up, waving to the referee who runs to fetch the fallen World Title belt, handing it to Wright.]

PW: Your winner of the match...

[The former Combat Corner student rises to his feet, thrusting the title belt over his head with both hands.]

PW: ...and NEW AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

SUUUUUPREEEEEEEEEEME WRRIIIIIIIIGHT!

[Wright stands in the middle of the ring, title belt raised over his head with both hands. The crowd does not seem pleased at this turn of events despite a decent amount of fans still cheering for Wright. He stands still, the title belt held in the air.]

GM: Dave Bryant made his dream come true right here tonight but Supreme Wright just turned it into a nightmare, fans! We're way out of time! We've gotta go! We'll see you next time... at the matches!

[With Bryant laid out on the mat, Wright stands with the title belt aloft, ignoring the jeering fans... ignoring the cheering fans... even ignoring Dave Bryant as he stands, arms raised over his head...]

...and we fade to black on the new World Heavyweight Champion!

We open to a panoramic view of a packed house at an AWA show. After a moment, the opening to Coldplay's "Sky Full Of Stars" plays in the background as we get sweeping shots of cheering AWA fans.

As the lyrics begin, we catch back-to-back clips: a dramatic staredown in the ring between Dave Bryant and Supreme Wright, then two cheering fans side by side... one wearing a Bryant T-Shirt, one wearing a Wright T-Shirt.]

#'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[Next up we see Bobby O'Connor autographing a fan's Bobby O'Connor poster at ringside during a house show (when the wrestlers have time to do that kind of thing).]

I'm gonna give you my heart

[Then we see Johnny Detson walking down an aisle, berating the fans (who are waving a poster with a collage of AWA faces at him) as he goes by, but the one fan next to them with the gold-tinted Johnny Detson sunglasses is clearly thrilled about it. A similar shot sees Travis Lynch going by, pausing and giving a smile to a young lady with a Travis T-Shirt; she swoons.]

'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[And then, a super slow-motion shot of Ryan Martinez using the brainbuster on an opponent in the ring, which fades to transparency as we see a group of fans with Ry-Mart attire and merchandise cheering at ringside.]

Because you light up the path

[The music fades, but the cheering of the fans is still loud as we get another panoramic crowd shot. And then the stinger: AWAsShop.com.]

As we fade back up to live action, the camera is on the crowd, all of whom seem to be chuckling, laughing or pointing at the ring...

...where an infuriated Larry Doyle stands, cheeks already red and puffed up, suit jacket already sloppily thrown in the corner. The fairly enormous Van Alston stands in the corner behind him, black suit and buzzcut as always.]

LD: Go 'head, go ahead. Laugh it up, people, laugh it up. Have a good chuckle.

[Doyle throws his hands up, and on cue the crowd laughs.]

LD: Maybe you all don't know who I am.

Maybe you all have FORGOTTEN who I am.

I am Larry Doyle, I am the head of Doyle Enterprises, I am the most powerful man in this company. Percy Childes got tossed aside, Sandra Hayes is back in witness protection now that no one gives a whit about her, Supreme Wright is having rib eating contests with his mongoloid lackeys and Ryan Martinez is too busy listening to Dashboard Confessional and wearing oversized sweaters to DO anything! The only guy I like in this promotion anymore is somewhere up in Nova Scotia cutting down redwood trees because y'all are afraid he'll tear your precious RyMart into tiny bits and send him back to high school where he can recite monologues from Shakespeare with the rest of the sophomore girls!

And that's why Carver won't return my phone calls, incidentally! Trees ain't got no wi-fi all of a sudden!

[Perpetually unsettled, Doyle loosens his tie and paces around the ring.]

LD: But I will be dipped in chocolate and rolled in peanuts before I stand idly by while that perverted misanthrope gets to walk around unscathed after showing you all what Angelina left Brad for. Dave Bryant violated my privacy, he violated YOUR privacy, he spat on every member of the Doyle family who has ever scalped a ticket to see the AWA. If I had a Larry Doyle Doll I'd show ya where Dave Bryant touched me, but I have it on good authority that Dave Bryant was tackled by a bunch of jealous, hormonal twenty something young ladies who pinned him down and peeled the skin off both of his palms so they could hang the skin that touched Larry Doyle's bare flesh on their wall to complete their shrine.

I am sick of Dave Bryant, I am tired of Dave Bryant, I cannot stand the site of that blasphemous monger of whores, who violated my sanctity in front of a national cable access audience! That will not stand, that is NOT acceptable!

I AM A MAN WHO DESERVES RESPECT! YOU NEED TO SHOW! ME! RESPECT!

[Cheeks puffed out and red, a momentarily dizzy Doyle reaches out for Van Alston and steadies himself, as the hulking bodyguard pats his back gingerly.]

LD: Dave Bryant, I just can't allow you to walk anymore, let alone walk around the AWA. And you're forcin' me... you're forcin' me into a corner here. You're forcing my hand, Bryant, and I don't like my hand being forced. I don't like being told what to do... but I ain't got many other options.

So I'm gonna take this time, right now...

[Doyle stops and pauses, choking on his words. He rubs the back of his head and swallows as if he's choking back vomit before continuing...

LD: I'm gonna take this time. Right now... I'm gonna take this time to ask Brad Jacobs for a favor.

[The crowd goes "OOOHHHHHHHH" as Doyle and Alston turn towards the dressing room curtain. Moments later, the hulking form of Brad Jacobs walks into the spotlight, accompanied by a cheer from the crowd. Jacobs wears blue jeans, a studded black belt and a white "The U" t-shirt that he just as quickly discards on his way to the ring. He makes it into the ring as Doyle starts talking...]

LD: Now Brad, what I'm askin' ya here is-

[...and then grabs Doyle by the lapels and lifts him up in the air, bellowing at him!]

"I WON'T NEVER! I'LL NEVER DO A DAMN THING FOR YOU! NO CHANCE IN HELL, NOT A CHANCE! HOW DARE YOU!"

[The crowd comes UNGLUED!]

GM: OH MY! NEGOTIATIONS AREN'T GOING WELL! LARRY DOYLE NEVER EVEN GOT TO MAKE HIS PROPOSAL!

BW: Jacobs is out of his mind! Doesn't he know what Doyle has over him?! Don't tell me he forgot!

[Doyle, whose feet are racing in mid-air like a cartoon, blurts something to Alston who snaps out of it and decks Jacobs! BOOOOOOOO!]

GM: What the- cheap shot by Alston!

BW: This ain't a match, Gordo, he's gotta take care of the money man!

[The former tag team champion drops his manager and then covers up as Alston blasts him with right hands, bullrushing him into the nearest corner! But when Alston goes to take his tie off, Jacobs responds with ferocious right hands, spinning the gigantic bodyguard into the corner and going to town on him with wicked right after right. The crowd is loving it, and prepares for the worst as Jacobs brings Alston out of the corner... whips him to the ropes...

...and then cuts him in half with a spear!]

BW: Sweet Jesus, he folded like an accordion!

GM: Brad Jacobs is taking out MONTHS of aggression on Larry Doyle's personal protector and this crowd might blow the roof off the Coliseum! This is what they've waited to see!

[Jacobs brings Alston back up to his feet, the bodyguard now a disheveled mess with one half of his shirt hanging out and his collar ripped off, then grabs his right hand and peppers the bodyguard with a series of short right hands to the cheek. Jacobs leaves Alston with one more to think on... then races across the ring, gains momentum and clotheslines the living hell out of the bodyguard, flipping him out of the ring and down to the floor in a heap. The crowd is electric as Jacobs yells down at Van Alston...

...and then turns around to face Larry Doyle. He slowly picks the microphone up... and glares.]

BJ: Is there you somethin' you gotta say to me, Doyle?

[Doyle looks at Jacobs for a moment.. then holds up a finger.]

LD: One second, I'll be right with ya.

[Doyle turns on his heel, goes over to the the ropes where a thoroughly destroyed Alston is being helped to his feet, lip completely busted, and points at him...]

LD: YOU'RE FIRED! Worst bodyguard I ever had! Get outta here before I do something REALLY bad to ya!

[...and when Doyle turns around, he gets Brad Jacobs' hand around his throat, pinning him into the corner! The crowd is loving every second of it.]

BJ: Let's get somethin' straight, punk. I'm done with you! I'm done with you! You want somethin' done, you get your fat ass in the ring and do it yourself! Arrest who you want, call who you want! My brother's on the straight and narrow, my mom got a job, they can fend for themselves. But if I gotta look at your face for one more minute of one more day I'ma break it into a thousand pieces, and I'll pay every damn cent. It's worth it!

IF YOU DON'T LET ME OUT THIS CONTRACT, RIGHT NOW, YOU WILL NOT WALK OUTTA THIS RING! I PROMISE YOU! I WILL BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR BODY, AND THERE AIN'T NO ONE STUPID ENOUGH TO GET IN THE WAY!

[Jacobs leans in and really puts the squeeze to Doyle, who can just about breathe.]

BJ: LET ME OUT, LARRY, LET ME OUT!

LD: OK! OK!

[Jacobs relents for a moment, giving Doyle the chance to breathe in deeply.]

LD: OK! I'll let you go. You're done, you're out.

All you gotta do, all you gotta do...

[Doyle leans in the corner, catching his oxygen but still pointing a finger at Jacobs.]

LD: All you gotta do is destroy Dave Bryant. At SuperClash. You embarrass him the way he embarrassed me, and we're done.

BJ: Done.

LD: Over.

BJ: Over. Just like that?

[Doyle nods, no longer afraid for his life.]

LD: Papers are drawn up. I'll send 'em to ya through interoffice mail if ya want. All you gotta do is take out Dave Bryant for me.

[The crowd suddenly gets noisy -- because the aforementioned Dave Bryant is power-walking to the ring.]

BW: Get out of there, Larry! You don't need to be in there with TWO people who hate you!

GM: Thankfully, Dave Bryant has stopped at the ring, but is he ever staring daggers at Doyle and Jacobs!

[Bryant shouts something that microphone doesn't pick up, but a microphone is quickly brought to him as a result.]

DB: Doyle, much as I'd like to climb into that ring and finish what I started with you two weeks ago, if I try, it's going to put a good man in a spot where he has to protect your sorry rear end, and I don't want that, so you can relax -- well, unless you give the man standing there in the ring so much as a sideways look, I suppose.

[Bryant smirks briefly as Jacobs turns and glares at Doyle, then takes a step backwards. Bryant pointedly looks away from Doyle and towards Jacobs.]

DB: There's some people in the back still wondering why I got involved in this, why I tried to encourage you to ditch that shoulder-high stack of trash cowering in the corner there, and there's a couple of reasons for that. One reason, I want to see Larry Doyle destroyed. I want everything he is and everything he might ever be in flaming ruins, any future he might have in this business buried so deep that he can never dig deep enough to find it again. Doyle, I knew that you and Childes screwed with my title matches against Wright. I told myself as long as I could that it was all Percy, that he was the real brains behind your outfit, and that you and Hayes were just a couple of hangers-on trying to ride his filthy coattails to glory...

[Doyle clearly bristles at that, but has no way to rebut the former champ.]

DB: ...but hearing you talk about it out loud, hearing you admit to the fact that you stole any ounce of pride I could've felt about winning the title, and knowing you were one of those directly responsible for taking it from me to boot? Well, Larry, couple that with your other, greater sin, and I just couldn't stand idly by anymore.

[Bryant points at Jacobs.]

DB: ...and that brings me to the second reason. You, big man.

[Jacobs turns to face Bryant directly now, taking a couple of steps towards the center of the ring.]

DB: I've walked down a handful of some of the nastiest roads this business can show a man, Brad. I put myself on them, have nobody and nothing to blame for it but my own damned stupidity, my own idiotic pride. You, however...you're poised to walk those same paths as I am, except in your case, it's not because you're too prideful to ignore the advice of everybody around you, it's not because you think you're too good to listen, it's because of Larry Doyle! The same man who robbed me of my pride, then of my championship, is trying to steal everything you were, are, and could be from

you, Jacobs, and I'll be damned if I stand by and let that happen! You're too good a wrestler and too good a man to be lead down the primrose path by some grubby leech who couldn't possibly care less about Brad Jacobs, save for whatever money he can make off your work.

[Bryant glares at Doyle for a moment, then looks back at Jacobs.]

DB: You're a smart man, Brad -- right about now, you might be thinking I hate Doyle enough to just lay down, maybe not try all that hard to kick out of a rollup, take your pick...and that's why I had to come out here, Brad. I had to come out here, look you dead in your face, and swear before God, that locker room, everybody sitting here and most importantly, you --

[Bryant points at Jacobs.]

DB: -- that I won't do that do you. I won't steal your pride from you the way Larry Doyle did me. I won't rob you of that moment, won't rob you of the knowledge that you've beaten one of the best in the world through no bullcrap, no nonsense, just you, your two hands, your mind and your beating heart. If you beat me at SuperClash, Brad Jacobs, I swear that if I can stand, I will drag myself up, stick my right hand out, and shake your hand like a man, because if you're gonna beat me at the biggest show of the year...you won't have just proven yourself to be A man, Brad Jacobs...

[Bryant grins.]

DB: You'll show me, show the office, the boys in the back and every screaming fan in those seats that you, on that night, are THE man.

[Jacobs levels a gaze at Bryant, and then grabs the microphone Doyle is holding.]

BJ: I expect nothin' less. And you need to know that I don't give a damn about Larry. He's stolen enough from me for two lifetimes. But if this is gonna happen, I'm gonna earn it. If you steal this from me, just 'cause you wanna stick it to Larry, then I will rip that arm out your socket, and I will stick it to you.

[Off mic, a grinning Bryant says "You don't have to worry about that from me, big man", and then backs out of the ring.]

BJ: Then we got a deal. And you...

[Jacobs turns and points right at Doyle.]

BJ: This is the last time I ever do you a favor. This is the last time you ever SPEAK to me. You ever look in my direction again, you ain't gonna need a lawyer, you're gonna need Jesus. We clear?

[A deflated and defeated Larry Doyle just nods glumly.]

LD: You sure we can't make it work? For the kids? What about the children, Bradley? What about the- aaaaagghh!

[Doyle doesn't get to finish, as Jacobs piefaces him and leaves the ring, not even looking at Doyle as he exits.]

LD: You need me! YOU'LL REGRET THIS! YOU WILL RUE THE DAY YOU LEFT DOYLE ENTERPRISES! DO YOU HEAR ME, JACOBS!

I AM THE MANAGER OF _CHAMPIONS_! I AM THE...

[Doyle pauses, and when he speaks it's not nearly as loud.]

LD: I'm the... I manage...

[For once, Doyle is at a loss. And in mid-thought, he just drops the microphone and leaves as we crossfade to Gordon and Bucky seated at ringside.]

GM: Wow. A humbling moment for Larry Doyle right there, Bucky.

BW: I... I gotta admit, I'm as big of a Larry Doyle fan as anyone and I don't quite get what happened there, Gordo. Yes, Dave Bryant embarrassed him two weeks ago. Yes, Dave Bryant humiliated him two weeks ago. But Larry just... well, he basically just gave up his last client in an attempt to get revenge on Bryant. He offered Jacobs his freedom from his contract if Jacobs can embarrass Bryant at SuperClash. If it happens... if he lets Jacobs free... what happens next? What does Larry Doyle do when he's a man all alone?

GM: You mean, what is a leader with no followers?

BW: Just a guy out for a walk by himself, Gordo. Larry Doyle may get his payback on Bryant... but I've gotta wonder if the price he'll pay will be worth it.

GM: SuperClash just keeps getting better and better, fans. Let's go up to the ring for more action!

[Crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: Wrestling fans, the following contest is set for one fall. Introducing first, to my left, from Tallahassee, Florida, and weighing 251 pounds... WINSTON "FAMOUS" JAMESON!

[A pale white wrestler with a bushy brown baby fro, a garnet and gold arrows crossed at the chest, raises his arms and smirks.

A single trumpet blasts a loud fanfare over the PA as the crowd turns toward the entranceway. A deep, ominous wardrum follows shortly thereafter, accompanied by further trumpets and the sounds of many footsteps marching in lockstep.]

BW: Oh no... not this lunatic.

GM: You mean, the man you may want to think twice about having debates with again.

BW: Don't mock me, Gordo!

[That is when the man known as The Gladiator comes out through the entranceway. He is dressed in black trunks, kneepads and wrestling boots, and wears a gladiator helmet on his head. He stops before the entranceway, removing his helmet and dropping to one knee. He sets the helmet to the side, then bows his head down, and takes his right hand, placing it on the ground before him, as if he is feeling out his surroundings.]

PW: And his opponent, from parts unknown, weighing in at 270 pounds...

THE GLADIATOR!

GM: Gladiator has been pretty cryptic about what his plans are for SuperClash.

BW: Do you really want to even understand this freak's plans, Gordo?

[As the wardrum and trumpets come to a climax, a ram's horn blasts, drowning it all out, and immediately the Gladiator's head snaps upwards. His eyes gaze at the ring as if looking through it to the universe beyond. Wild speed metal plays over the PA, replacing everything that came before (though, notably, the chord is the same as the trumpets from earlier). Leaving his helmet laying in the aisle, the Gladiator sprints into the ring at top speed and dashes off the ropes like a human missile.]

GM: Gladiator has been on a tear ever since he debuted in the AWA. I wonder if Winston Jameson can fare any better.

BW: If you mean trying to understand this goof's mind, Gordo, I doubt it. Heck, I doubt Jameson even wants to try understand this goof's mind!

[As the bell rings, Gladiator starts reaching up toward the ceiling right away, as if he's awaiting an answer.

And this prompts Jameson to go right on the attack.]

GM: Winston Jameson hitting Gladiator from behind!

BW: Not like it's doing Jameson any good... that freak is still talking to the ceiling!

[Jameson's punches are eventually enough to snap Gladiator out of his trance, though, as he is now backed into a corner and turning toward his opponent.]

GM: Jameson with a hard chop... now trying to whip Gladiator out of the corner...

BW: He's not even budging him, though!

[Jameson tries to get Gladiator out of the corner, but the Gladiator simply grunts, then growls at his opponent, causing Jameson to get wide-eyed, before he is suddenly yanked back into the corner by his larger foe.]

GM: Gladiator has Jameson cornered... oh my, what a vicious chop!

BW: And he whips him across the ring with ease! I don't like him, but he... WHOA!

[Bucky's response was to the massive clothesline that Gladiator just connected with as Jameson was trapped in the opposite corner. Jameson slumps to the canvas.]

GM: What a clothesline by the Gladiator! Jameson had nowhere to go!

BW: Like I was about to say, this guy is really powerful... oh no, not this again!

[Bucky's response is to Gladiator raising up his arms and looking skyward.]

BW: He may be powerful, but his elevator never reaches the top floor!

GM: Gladiator's methods may be different, but there's been no denying his effectiveness. And now he turns back to Jameson...

[Gladiator drags Jameson off the canvas, hooking him up for a vertical suplex.]

GM: And look at that suplex by Gladiator... he took Jameson off the canvas with ease!

BW: And Jameson isn't exactly a small guy!

GM: Gladiator now running into the ropes... what's he doing?

BW: Running himself ragged is what it looks like!

[Gladiator crosses the ring a couple of times, but that's when Jameson rises, only to be taken down with a clothesline, as Gladiator keeps on running.]

GM: Clothesline takes Jameson down... Jameson up but another one... and a third clothesline and, now, Jameson stays down!

BW: And that lunatic is pulling him up to his feet again!

[Jameson is out on his feet, and the crowd is now on its feet, as Gladiator holds Jameson while running in place and looking skyward, before running into the ropes..]

GM: Gladiator off the ropes again... back to the other side... OH MY!

[That's when Gladiator leaps forward with a spear tackle, leaving Jameson sprawled on the canvas.]

BW: He can sure a knock a guy out of his boots... oh no, not more conversations with the ceiling!

[Gladiator now reaches skyward, and the crowd is now cheering in response, as they may not know much about who Gladiator talks to, but they do know the end is near.]

GM: Gladiator has Jameson... picks him up... and presses him overhead!

BW: Again, that's an impressive feat of strength... look how he holds him up with ease!

[Gladiator grimaces as he holds Jameson overhead for a few seconds, before suddenly dropping him and catching him with a devastating powerslam.]

GM: And Gladiator drives him into the canvas! There's the cover... and there's the three count!

[Gladiator's head nods with each count the referee delivers, the bell rings, then Gladiator rises to his feet as the referee raises his arm in victory.]

PW: Here is your winner... THE GLADIATOR!

[The Gladiator triumphantly raises his arms, soaking in the adulation, before stepping through the ropes.]

GM: Gladiator continues his winning ways and... is that Colt Patterson standing by?

BW: Oh no... be careful, Colt, no telling how many cans of Rockstar that goof drank before his match!

[We go to the interview podium where Colt Patterson is standing.]

CP: Sweet Lou Blackwell might think he has all the answers on his hotline, but he doesn't have the courage to find out what The Gladiator will be up to at SuperClash! But I'm gonna find out exactly what he has in mind, as crazy as that may sound!

[The Gladiator is now heading up the aisle, arms still raised above his head, as now Patterson talks in his direction.]

CP: Gladiator, I'm here to tell you that I know why you want nothing to do with Steal The Spotlight... it's because I know you don't have the guts to face the likes of Calisto Dufresne and Johnny Detson! You know that those two could take you down without batting an eye! I know that all you plan to do at SuperClash is to...

[Gladiator now stops in his path, turning toward Colt Patterson and walking in his direction, causing Patterson to get a look of concern, although he stands his ground.]

CP: Now, hold on... as much as I know that you can't possibly compare to men like Detson and Dufresne, I only wanted you here so I can talk to you about SuperClash and what you...

[By this point, Gladiator has reached the podium and is right up in Patterson's face. And then....]

G: Aaarrrrggghhh aaarrrrggghhh AAARRRGGGHHH AAARRRGGGHHH!

[...that happens, causing Patterson to take one step back. Gladiator then raises a finger and lets loose.]

G: YOU WISH TO DISCUSS SUPERCLASH AND WHAT AWAITS ME THERE, BUT YOU ARE NOT WORTHY OF KNOWING ABOUT THE MESSAGE THAT MERCURY JUST DELIVERED FROM JUNO AND JUPITER TO ME ON THIS DAY! I KNOW EXACTLY WHERE MY DESTINY NOW AWAITS AT SUPERCLASH, AS THE MESSAGE I WAS RELAYED HAS PROVEN TRUE, AND NOW MY MIND IS CLEAR AS TO WHAT MUST BE DONE! BUT YOU SHALL NOT HAVE THE PRIVILEGE OF KNOWING MORE ABOUT WHERE MY DESTINY LIES, AND YOU SHALL ONLY GET YOUR ANSWERS AT SUPERCLASH LIKE EVERYONE ELSE WILL!

[He then turns toward the camera, still with his finger raised.]

G: I HAVE WITNESSED WHAT THE SCOUNDRELS LIKE DETSON AND DUFRESNE HAVE DONE, BUT I TRUST IN JUPITER AND JUNO TO FOLLOW THE PATH THEY WILL LAY OUT FOR ME! AND, INDEED, THERE HAVE BEEN OTHER SCOUNDRELS WHO ARE DESERVING ON MY ATTENTIONS, AND I HAVE RECEIVED THE MESSAGES FROM MERCURY AS TO WHO IT SHALL BE. BUT NORMALS LIKE THIS COLT PATTERSON CANNOT BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND WHAT MAKES A GLADIATOR AND THUS THIS COLT PATTERSON SHALL BE DENIED THE OPPORTUNITY!

[Gladiator then turns toward the crowd.]

G: TO ALL MY GLADIATORS WHO HAVE WITNESSED MY PATH THUS FAR, I TRUST THAT YOU WILL BE PATIENT AS YOU WATCH THE PATH CONTINUE TO UNFOLD, AND AT SUPERCLASH, YOU WILL LET YOUR VOICES BE HEARD AS I TAKE FURTHER STEPS ON MY JOURNEY IN THESE LANDS, AND SEE TO IT THAT I WILL PREVAIL, AS I CONTINUE THE PATH TOWARD WHATEVER MY FINAL DESTINY MAY BE!

[The fans cheer as now Gladiator turns back to Patterson and...]

G: SNORTsnarlSNORT!

[...that happens, causing Patterson to do a double take and take another step back, as Gladiator now raises his arms above his head and growls, before turning away and making his way back to the dressing room.]

GM: Well, it didn't appear Colt could get the answers he wanted out of Gladiator.

BW: You really want to try to understand that freak? Colt's a braver man than anyone else could be!

GM: And speaking bravery, just who in the world would be brave enough to sign on the dotted line to face the massive behemoth KING Oni, Bucky?

BW: Not the slightest clue, Gordo. The only thing I'd sign when the idea of facing Oni is brought up is a contract with a rival promotion... a lifetime contract probably.

GM: It takes a great degree of courage to face a man with the size and ferocity of Oni... especially with that evil Harrison Fawcett leading him.

BW: That's "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett to you.

GM: My apologies. Fans, let's go back to Phil Watson to see KING Oni in action!

[We switch to the ring, where Phil Watson is standing by.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, hailing from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania and weighing in at 270 pounds, he is...

JAMES REED!!

[Reed raises his arms in premature victory, singing his praises to nobody in particular.]

GM: Reed is one of the more colorful personalities we've seen on Saturday Night Wrestling... but he pales in comparison to his opponent tonight.

BW: You've got that right, Gordo. His opponent likes all kinds of colors. Blood red, black and blue...

[The crowd begins to boo as "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett makes his way out from the backstage area. He is dressed in an all white suit, save for a red tie and red handkerchief, which he pulls from his breast pocket to dab the sweat from his forehead. He carries a stainless steel suitcase which he then opens, revealing the gem that has been in his possession during his every recent

AWA appearance. As it's revealed, a crack of thunder is heard over the PA, and the curtains part as Fawcett's monstrous discover lumbers out.]

PW: From the Kimon, or Demon Gate... weighing in at FIVE HUNDRED AND FOURTEEN POUNDS...

KING ONI!!

[KING Oni follows the lead of the "Doctor", clothed in an all black robe and a kabuki- style mask/headdress in the style of the oni from Japanese folklore. Wild eyes, long teeth poking out of a wide maniacal grin and wild red hair.]

BW: Those folks at home might think they're seeing something out of this world right now... but until you see Oni in person you haven't seen anything!

GM: I have to agree with you there, Bucky. You really have to see this bizarre competitor in person to truly appreciate just how enormous he truly is... and the only place to do that is right here in the AWA!

[The two make their way to the ringside area as Fawcett nods at the beast he's brought out. KING removes his robe, revealing a blank singlet with a dark red mawashi (the belt or loincloth that sumo wrestlers wear during training and combat) worn over the singlet. He then removes his mask, revealing the same design painted on his face, along with a black mohawk. With a free hand, Fawcett points to the ring and Oni lets out an inhuman growl, slapping his hands together as he finally enters the ring through the ropes.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Reed, confident as ever, walks right up to Oni and hits a double bicep flex and yells "BRING IT ON!" as Oni tilts his head to the side, looking quizzically at Reed.]

GM: Reed is not known as someone that intimidates easily, and he's proving that in spades right now!

BW: Yeah, he's going to be the bravest guy in the graveyard.

[Reed then hits a double handed slap to Oni's chest as he yells "BRING IT ON!" once again, and that is more than enough to get the big man's attention.]

BW: Is this guy for real?

GM: Give credit where credit's due, that's the most offense we've seen anyone deliver to KING Oni to date!

[Reed goes for the two-handed slap again, but Oni grabs him by the wrists before he can. He then shows his strength by lifting Reed high above his head in a modified double arm wringer, only to dump Reed unceremoniously to the mat.]

BW: And it got him about as far as I figured it would.

GM: Say what you want, but James Reed is here to fight! He's right back to his feet and charging!

[Reed lets out a battle cry as he charges at Oni... who shrugs off the initial impact and uses Reed's own momentum against him, tossing him into the air and catching him by the back of the shoulders on his way down, adding extra impact as Reed collides face-first with the mat.]

BW: Well that was an impressive five seconds of fight from this joker.

GM: It isn't over yet, Bucky! Reed may very well have some fight in him ye--

[Gordon's positivity is cut off as Oni steps onto Reed's back with one foot... and then as he grabs the ropes he steps on him with his other foot, standing on a by-now screaming Reed with all of his monstrous weight.]

BW: You were saying?

GM: Imagine the pain Reed is going through right now! That is over five hundred pounds standing on the small of his back!

[The ref administers the five count to Oni, a count that is completely ignored. He threatens to disqualify him, at which point Fawcett raises his gem towards Oni.]

GM: And again, only THAT seems to keep this monster at bay.

BW: The people might not like "Doctor" Fawcett... but imagine what kind of rampage there'd be if he WASN'T there?

GM: The very thought sends shivers down my spine.

[Oni backs into the ropes, rebounding off the ropes...]

BW: WHAM! He's just having a good time in there at Reed's expense now, Gordo. I love to see someone who enjoys what they do for a living.

GM: Oni with a massive legdrop to the back of Reed's head... and indeed, he could cover him right now if he so wished, but instead is picking up his groggy opponent by the head.

[Oni delivers a skull-crushing headbutt to Reed, sending the brawler from Pittsburgh crashing back down to the mat in a seated position. Fawcett gets up on the apron to yell at the referee that Reed has a pair of brass knuckles as Oni reaches down and grips Reed with a two-handed choke.]

GM: And now a choke, a BLATANT choke by KING Oni while Fawcett has the referee's attention. When you have this much size and strength in your favor, I don't see why you'd feel the need to break the rules.

BW: Because it's fun.

[Oni then lifts Reed up in the air, his two massive hands still gripped around Reed's throat, and slams him to the canvas.]

GM: At least now it can finally be over. The amount of punishment Reed has suffered is horrible to witness, Bucky.

BW: Nope, not time yet. He can beat him now, sure... but this isn't the big guy's favorite way!

[Indeed, as Oni lifts Reed up over his shoulder and rams him full force into the corner. Reed begins to recoil out of the corner, but Oni puts him back in position with a thunderous overhand chop to the chest.]

GM: Oh my! That was enough to cave in Reed's chest right there!

BW: And if it wasn't, this should do the trick!

[Oni quickly backs up to middle of the ring before charging like an out of control locomotive, CRUSHING Reed with an Avalanche. Reed comes tumbling out of the corner and onto the mat as Fawcett raises his gem high in the air, shouting "BLESSINGS GO OUT, ONI GOES IN!".]

GM: CRACKED EARTH! Oni with that splash of his, and that has GOT to be it.

[One three count later, Gordon is absolutely correct.]

PW: Your winner...

KING ONI!!

[The ref attempts to raise Oni's hand in victory, but the monster remains on top of his victim.]

GM: He's won the match, someone get him off of James Reed! Oni is over five hundred pounds, there's no way Reed is getting the air his lungs need right now!

BW: Oh relax... Fawcett is stepping through the ropes right now. I'm sure he'll get his beast off your best friend in the world, James Reed.

[Fawcett asks for the microphone from Phil Watson, and looks around amused at the booing fans.]

"D"HF: I agree, friends and neighbors.

[Fawcett nods, looking around with a clearly manufactured expression of sincerity on his face.]

"D"HF: It is much less than I promised, to have our KING be called a winner. When I showed to the world my greatest discovery, I promised much better. I never said KING Oni was here to win.

[A dark smile creeps across Fawcett's face.]

"D"HF: I said he was here to DESTROY.

[With that, Fawcett gestures towards Oni with his gem, causing the monster to finally get back to his feet.]

GM: Oh good heavens...

[Only to cackle wildly as Oni runs to the ropes, rebounding and SQUASHING Reed with another splash.]

GM: NO!!

[Fawcett's eyes go wild as he gestures again, cackling even louder as Oni gets back up yet again, hitting the now completely unconscious Reed with another splash.]

BW: Fawcett has all the power in the world, Gordo!

GM: Then he should use it to save a poor man's life! This is disgusting!

[Finally, a group of AWA backstage crew run out. They crowd around the fallen Reed in the hopes of stopping the carnage. Oni roars at them, but Fawcett shakes his head. He lowers his gem and makes his way out to the ring apron, as Oni suddenly goes from enraged to seemingly entranced as he follows his manager out of the ring.]

BW: Monster. Behemoth. Savage. Beast. Call him what you will but KING Oni may soon be known by a different word.

GM: What's that?

BW: Unstoppable.

GM: You may be right about that, Bucky. You may be absolutely right. Fans, we've got to take a break while-

BW: The ring crew hoses out what's left of James Reed?

GM: That's not funny... not at all. Let's go to break.

[Dr. Bob Ponavitch is on the scene, kneeling down next to James Reed as the shot slowly fades to black.

In the background, we hear the slowly building sounds of the Alan Parsons Project's "Sirius."

One word slowly fades in, filling the entire screen.]

"SUPERCLASH"

[We cut to a montage of still photos from SuperClash events gone by - Stevie Scott standing nose to nose with Juan Vasquez, Alex Martinez putting William Craven into barbed wire, Dave Bryant locking the Iron Crab on Calisto Dufresne, City Jack standing over his best friend to protect him with a baseball bat, Bobby Taylor trading blows with Kevin Slater, and so on and so on. The graphic changes.]

"VI!"

[As the roman numeral fades, we catch a glimpse of AWA owner Bobby Taylor in what appears to be a major city, walking the busy streets in his cowboy boots. We see glimpses of illuminated marquees with the latest big musical productions. We see towering buildings. Jam-packed streets. A small hot dog cart with a vendor hawking his offerings.

And then shots that become slightly more obvious.

A street of major theaters.

The 9/11 Memorial.

The Empire State Building.

The Statue Of Liberty.

The shot fades to the black screen again with three letters that say it all, coming up one by one.]

"M...S...G."

[Cut immediately to a panning shot of the world's most famous arena, the camera circling around it before cutting to an overhead shot of it before cutting to the sign that reads "MADISON SQUARE GARDEN." And then one more cut to a black screen with all the details.]

"SUPERCLASH VI
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
NEW YORK CITY
NOVEMBER 27, 2014"

[The graphic holds for a moment and then cuts to one more graphic.]

"LIVE ON PAY PER VIEW."

[Fade to black...

...and fade back up on a shot of the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit!

[As Phil Watson starts the intros, a lean black-haired man with a largish nose enters the ring. He has white skin with some red marks here and there. He wears a very light grey pair of gi pants with a green cloth belt. His feet are bare, save for athletic tape providing ankle and arch support.]

PW: Introducing first, already in the ring... from Colorado Springs, Colorado... weighing two-hundred thirty-three pounds... ALBERT SHOWENS!

[Showens bounces up and down on the balls of his feet and waves to the crowd. The crowd gives slight cheers, as this is a fairly recognizable longtime preliminary worker.]

PW: And his opponent...

[That brief moment of anticipation, as the crowd waits to see who it is, becomes a furious torrent of boos and hatred the moment that the the piano and drum lead-in to Louis Armstrong's rendition of "Mack The Knife" begins to play over the PA. The big screen above the entrance shows a dark purple screen with a "KING OF WRESTLING" logo on it, all green-screened behind a clip of Demetrius Lake glaring menacingly at the camera.

As Satchmo's famous trumpet joins in, the curtain parts for the intimidating figure of Demetrius Lake. The "Black Tiger" takes a moment to look over the crowd, his eyes focused in a mean glare. The six-foot-nine Lake sports a fairly thick afro, connecting to an impressively long beard which extends down over an inch below his chin, where it comes to almost a point. A surly look is on his mustached face as he starts the walk down the aisle. The big Tiger is garbed in beige trunks, dark grey kneepads, and beige boots, with his initials on the trunks and boots. He also sports a beige ring jacket and a black fedora. The Tiger is in no hurry, taking his time to stop and jaw with some of the fans on his way down the aisle. The screen now shows clips of him in action, in and out of the ring.]

GM: Fans, this might be the most hated man in Texas.

BW: Which oughat to make him the most popular man in New York City. Gordo, can you imagine how Madison Square Garden will react to the King Of Wrestling? They'll probably try to make him the King of New York, too.

GM: I highly doubt that.

[The fans continue to boo as Lake hits the ring, and enters by stepping through the ropes. He casually strolls around the perimeter of the ring, looking down on the fans and casting various threats, insults, and promises about what he's about to do to his opponent. The music dies down, and Phil Watson begins the introduction.]

PW: Introducing from Kansas City, Missouri... weighing in at three hundred seventeen pounds... "THE BLACK TIGER"... DEMETRIUS LAKE!

[Lake, still in his jacket, raises both hands, then hooks his thumbs at his chest, drawing even more hate. We can see that his left thumb is heavily taped.]

BW: Take a look, daddy, at the man who is gonna end the Stench dynasty at SuperClash. If Jack Stench can even walk afterwards, he'll have to admit that Demetrius Lake is better than him. Can you imagine that? He'll never show his face again! Probably because Blackjack would punch it until it fell off.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: Here we go. Collar-and-elbow, and Lake easily backing Showens up to the ropes. Demetrius Lake with over eighty pounds on his opponent this week. He backs Albert Showens into the ropes, and referee Johnny Jagger asking for the clean break. He should know better.

BW: Wham! He whacked Showens right in the chest. Open hand chops are legal, daddy!

GM: Not when the man is in the ropes! A second big chop, and Showens is gasping for breath. Johnny Jagger forces Lake back, because the man is in the ropes.

[Smirking, Lake points at a recuperating Showens and loudly boasts that he's choking just like Jack Lynch will. His immediate reply is a cup of what-we-hope-is-beer across the back.]

BW: Just because we sell beer at the Coliseum a lot cheaper than at a ball game ain't no reason to throw it at people! At least throw it at somebody like Bobby O'Connor. He could use the cultural exposure.

GM: I've had mortgages run cheaper than beer at ball games, but that's another story. Demetrius Lake is inviting Showens back out to center ring to lock up with him again. You can tell by his posture that he absolutely feels that he can do anything he wants to his opponent, Bucky.

BW: Justifiably so. In a just world, either Lake or Johnny Detson would be getting the title shot at Supreme Wright at SuperClash, not Ryan Martinez.

GM: Another tieup...

[The collar-and-elbow cinches in again, and Lake again drives forward... but this time, Showens lets Lake shove him straight down, gripping the shoulder, and sending Lake into the canvas with a THUD from a sacrifice throw! The fans loudly cheer this turn of events.]

GM: ...and how about that, Bucky!

BW: The King slipped!

GM: He did not, that was a judo throw! And Showens applies an armbar... no, a short arm scissors! He has the left arm of Demetrius Lake trapped, and the King is angry!

BW: Angry and hurtin', daddy, because not only did he trip, but this punk kid fluked into a really good hold.

GM: It is hardly a fluke. Albert Showens has worked hard to get better. You see that from all the long-time preliminary wrestlers. Some of them compete in events outside of the AWA with competition closer to their own level, and the high level of the AWA helps them raise their game. A few have even broken out, such as Chris Choynet or Dichotomy... which makes the rest of them work even harder to gain that experience and skill to become competitive.

[As the crowd applauds his misfortune, Demetrius Lake flails about on the mat a bit, angrily yelling about "he pulled my hair" and "you'll be sorry" and "aaaagh my arm". After a moment of that, he collects himself, does a nice controlled backwards roll to his knees that flips Showens over onto his face, and reverses the hold into a toehold with both of Showens' legs crossed and Lake cranking on the ankle of the straight leg.]

BW: There we go!

GM: How easy to forget that Demetrius Lake has an impressive amateur background.

BW: Huh? Why would you ever forget that?

GM: Because he rarely uses it! He'd rather jab metal into people's throats and rely on his athletic gifts.

BW: Well, duh, of course he'd rather do things the easy way. Do you use your TV remote or do you get out of your seat and change the channel by hand?

GM: Showens in the ropes, but of course Lake isn't breaking the hold. Milking the four count, and then finally letting go... come on!

[Despite the fact that Showens still has the bottom rope gripped, the "Black Tiger" continues attacking. He gets to his feet, plants his hands on the far side of Showens' back, and repeatedly drives his knee into Showens' lower spine. The crowd boos the illegal assault as Jagger gets right in his face. Lake then starts jawing back, yelling "I broke the hold" and "he won't get out of the ropes".]

BW: And there you see how Johnny Jagger is tryin' to grind this match to a halt. Showens must be his cousin or something. Or maybe he's a Stench sympathizer.

GM: Bucky!

BW: You're right, I'm sorry. Callin' somebody a Stench sympathizer is too low. I was out of line, and I apologize to everyone in Johnny Jagger's family, especially Jeff and his cousin Albert Showens.

GM: He's not his cousin; Demetrius Lake tries to intimidate referees to give himself as much rules leeway as possible, but Jagger is our head referee and won't give Lake the leeway he wants. Lake pulls up Showens and takes him away from the ropes... brutal leaping forearm across the back! My goodness, the height on his vertical leap is astounding.

BW: If you know anyone in the world more all-around athletic than Demetrius Lake, I have got to know who. There are guys stronger, there are guys faster, there are guys bigger, and there are guys with more stamina... but the full package of all of that, daddy, Lake can't be beat. And he can wrestle. That's why he's the King, daddy... no weaknesses.

GM: Lake crowing about how great he is... sweep!

[As the self-professed King Of Wrestling steps around to tell the booing fans how great he is, Albert Showens executes a foot sweep from his back. This takes the big man clean off his feet, flat on his back. The embarrassing flop causes the crowd to cheer in delight.]

GM: And as you can see, Bucky, Lake has a number of weaknesses. Most men his size are not easy to take down or harm. Albert Showens has done it twice. I don't think Lake has much of a chin, or much intestinal fortitude. Lake backing up from Showens!

BW: No, no, he's just recovering. This guy got a lucky fluke move in.

GM: Showens is very good at ground-fighting due to his judo background. Most professional wrestlers do not possess that skill. Albert Showens is up, and moving in... but Lake barrels into him with a rushing shoulderblock from the three-point stance! A crushing blow!

BW: And there's that speed and agility and power.

GM: Indeed. Demetrius lake picking up Showens and hoisting him up over the shoulder... Canadian Backbreaker is applied! A devastating submission hold!

BW: It's a Kansas City Backbreaker, daddy! The King ain't Canadian.

GM: The maneuver was developed in Canada, hence the name. Albert Showens is screaming, in obvious pain, but not submitting just yet. Lake had landed a few blows to the back, but not softened it up enough for the submission.

BW: True, but this is part of the softening-up process. Sometimes, if a guy can get one of their good submission holds on early, it sets itself up for later.

GM: A good point. Lake drops to his knees, and the spine-jarring impact sends Showens bouncing away! Hey, we saw your nephew use that same maneuver earlier tonight.

BW: No way. There's no way either of those gap-toothed rednecks would have the technical mastery to pull off a move that the King has under his belt.

GM: I can have the truck pull up the tape if you-

BW: Gordo, can you try to focus on the match in front of us please?!

[Gordon chuckles just before Lake is seen going into his trunks for a foreign object. The boos get very loud as the crowd tries to warn Jagger.]

BW: I think the King might be up to thumbthing.

GM: He's loading that thumb tape! Why the AWA allows him to continue wearing that ridiculous thumb tape, I have no idea! We all know that he loads it with metal and uses it as a weapon illegally to the throat!

BW: He has NEVER been caught, Gordo, so you can't make that claim. There's no proof. And from what we saw on the camera just then, he could have been adjusting his trunks. He's a big guy, maybe he lost weight recently and his trunks don't fit. Or maybe some good-looking out of state woman's in the crowd and...

GM: No, stop.

[As the banter goes on, Demetrius Lake walks up to Showens while keeping his left hand away from Jagger. He puts Showens in a headlock and jams his thumb into Showens' throat! More crowd hate results as Lake stuffs the foreign object into the back of his boot in the moment that Jagger checks Showens... and right before the head referee demands to check Lake's thumb tape.]

BW: And here we go with refs manhandling that injured thumb.

GM: That thumb has been taped up since he came to the AWA! A year and a half!

BW: That's why they're called 'nagging injuries'. It won't heal because referees keep doing this!

[In fact, Lake is making a big show of faking pain as Jagger searches his thumb tape. Finding nothing, Jagger warns him and then goes back to a neutral position. The "Black Tiger" stomps away at Showens' back after this before throwing him over the top rope to the outside!]

GM: What is the purpose of this?!

BW: What, throwing a guy over the top rope? It's a ten foot spill onto concrete, of course the purpose is to hurt the guy. You should do this every match if possible.

[It should go without saying that the jeering is intense as Lake exits the ring. He growls at Gordon "I told him he would pay, TV Announcer!" before walking up to an agonized Showens, scooping him off the floor, and bodyslamming him down on the hard concrete!]

GM: Ridiculous! Demetrius Lake with a slam on the floor! And why? Because Albert Showens applied a hold earlier on? Because he fought back?!

BW: This'll teach him. And by proxy, this'll teach everyone in the back. Don't fight back, it just makes it worse.

[More yelling at the announce table: "Take a good look at what'll happen to Jack Lunch in New York City!" He then picks Showens up in the slam position again, runs all the way down the side of the ring, and rams his lower back into the ringpost! Then he runs down the next side of the ring and does it again into the next ringpost!]

GM: Undoubtedly, the King Of Wrestling In His Own Mind is sending a message to Jack Lynch... for which he should be disqualified! That has no place in an athletic competition!

BW: Disqualified?! Gordo, he's throwin' the man back in, and beat the count in himself. How can you disqualify somebody for what ain't illegal?

GM: The referee has it at his discretion to disqualify anyone for unsportsmanlike conduct, including deliberate efforts to injure, cripple, or maim an opponent even if they are technically legal. There needs to be evidence for that, and Demetrius Lake just provided it. Lake gathering up Showens when he could have easily pinned him, and backs up into the corner. I shudder to think of what he has planned.

BW: Backbreaker! He's gonna walk across the ring with repeating backbreakers, daddy! The power this takes is crazy... we're now on three backbreakers without droppin' the guy.

GM: He takes a big step with each one... four backbreakers, and then Lake slams Showens into the turnbuckles! Albert Showens bounced out of the buckles, landing face-first on the mat! He's lucky he had as much momentum as he did, or he would have gone straight down on his head!

[After that display of power, Lake snarls at the loudly booing crowd, and drags Showens by his foot into center ring. The Coloradan is still face-down as Lake heads to the corner, and scales the turnbuckles. Once on the top rope, Lake spreads his arms and shouts "This will be the end of Jack Lunch at SuperClash!" The crowd shouts back, but what they say is unprintable.]

BW: Everybody in the world knows what comes next!

GM: ___BIG CAT POUNCE___! Lake smashing Showens' back with the flying splash, and that has to be... no. Johnny Jagger has got to stop this match! Lake is going back up to do it again!

BW: If Jagger stops the match, Lake'll keep doing Pounces anyway... and maybe to HIM.

GM: A SECOND BIG CAT POUNCE! UNCALLED FOR!

BW: Well, now he's gonna pin him, daddy. Albert Showens might have a broke back, and it's his own fault for embarrassin' the King. Plus Jack Stench's fault for making him need a warm-up.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: Finally, Lake ends this massacre... now what?!

[As soon as the three count sounds, Lake stands up and walks to Jagger. he yells at him... "Count! Count the man down! I want a 60!"]

BW: You hear that, Gordo?! Lake wants a full sixty count on Showens, just like a Texas Death Match! This really IS a message about SuperClash!

GM: A Texas Death Match involves beating a man so brutally that he cannot rise to his feet for a full minute after a fall. It is reserved for only the most brutal, horrible, personal grudges that could be settled no other way. It is NOT something you do to a man who is just trying to compete and get better.

[Phil Watson enters the ring to make the announcement, but Lake snatches the mic from his hand, making the crowd angrier.]

DL: No. No, Mr. Ring Announcer, you just wait. I don't consider myself the winner yet. Mr. Referee, you keep counting! You count this man down for sixty seconds. If he gets up, you will restart the match and I will whup him again.

But he won't get up. He's like Jack Lunch. No heart. No ability to withstand the King Of Wrestling. Jack Lunch, I will give you this much credit... you could have made something out of your career if you never crossed me. You could have stayed in San Francisco with the rest of the low-moral crowd. You could have gone to Minnesota where the old men wrestle. You could have gone to Mexico and put on a mask... matter of fact, you could have just put on a mask and done us all the favor of not havin' to look at that ugly face of yours. You could have gotten out of Old Yeller's shadow, and it ain't hard because the man has no real legacy to speak of outside of his kids, which means he has no real legacy to speak of.

[BOOOOOOOO!]

DL: But it's too late. You take a good look at this boy here. He ain't gonna get up. I hurt him so bad that even if he could get up, he wouldn't. He wouldn't do it. He'd beg me, "please King, don't hurt me no more". And that's exactly what you're gonna do in Madison Square Garden.

Did you count the sixty?

[Jagger nods affirmative.]

DL: Then you can announce me as the winner, Mr. Ring Announcer, and get your warmup for SuperClash in as well.

[He hands the mic back to Watson, and the crowd jeers the announcement.]

PW: The winner of the match... "THE BLACK TIGER" DEMETRIUS LAKE!

DL: You forget something?!

PW: *ahem* The winner of the match... THE KING OF WRESTLING... "THE BLACK TIGER" DEMETRIUS LAKE!

[And then Lake snatches the mic back as the crowd is angry.]

DL: That is what they'll hear in Madison Square Garden on November 27, no doubt about it! And I wanted all Mexas to hear it, because Jack Lunch is smarter than I figured. I always knew he was a man of rare intelligence. And this was one of the rare times where he showed any, when he made sure that our final match would be far away from Mexas so that the only people who could ever care about him won't get to see what happens to him.

[BOOOOOOO!]

DL: We're gonna go to New York City, the Big Apple... a real city. Not like this cardboard delusion of a city you call Dallas. A place with the big spotlight, where the King Of Professional Wrestling will be treated with the respect and dignity that I deserve. They're gonna roll out the red carpet for me, and they'll roll out some Charmin for Jack Lunch. Probably try to wipe him off with it on sight.

And when we finish this in Madison Square Garden, which is an arena with history, class, and prestige... among the other things that you Mexans know nothing about... he made sure it was far away so you wouldn't see him crawl on his hands and knees and beg me to stop. You wouldn't see him stay down for the minute because he had enough. You wouldn't see him embarrassed, humiliated, and crushed. You wouldn't see him represent Mexas in a true and accurate way.

[BOOOOOOO! They're throwing things at him now.]

DL: If you don't believe me, ask him why he's defendin' his Mexan people and heritage in New York instead of right here right now!

But I wouldn't let him get away with it! That's why I set the stipulation that the loser (him) has to come back here to the Detson Center on the very next Saturday Night Wrestling after SuperClash, and publicly admit that the winner (me) is the better man. That way, you can at least get a taste of what it was like when Jack Lunch was writhing on the mat like an earthworm on a sidewalk. And you can see first-hand that everything I ever said was one hundred percent correct.

Just remember, Jack Lunch, you have only one out. If the loser of the match is unable to speak, unable to get here, that's the only salvation. So maybe you better just let me cripple you. Maybe you should jump into a piledriver and join little Jimmy in his wheelchair. Old Yeller will make you share it the way you had to share clothes growin' up, and probably still do. Maybe you should just vanish. Maybe you shouldn't even show up to SuperClash, and leave the whole world guessin' at what happened to you.

I'll know the truth. But I already know it. And at SuperClash, even all of Mexas will know it too, no matter how you tried to hide it from them. They'll know once and for all that the King Of Wrestling Demetrius Lake is many times better than you.

[As the crowd is violently angry, Lake exits the ring to the strains of "Mack The Knife".]

GM: Despicable!

BW: Truth! Why DID Jack Stench want the climax in New York City rather than here with his own people? Because he's scared!

GM: Oh, one of them definitely did spend all year blocking attempts to get a match signed here in Dallas, but it wasn't Jack. Jack knew that Lake would only agree to the match outside of Texas, and Lake is lying to turn it around on him! Fans, let's go backstage to get some words from a tag team ready to make their return to action here tonight - the team of Brian James and TORA!

[We crossfade back to the locker room interview area where Mark Stegglet has positioned himself between the high-flying TORA and the one and only graduate of the Claw Academy, Brian James. James is leaning against the wall, facing away from the camera, breathing heavily as his black-wrapped arm is pressed against the drywall. TORA is dressed for ring action but has his Beats headphones dangling around his neck in the ultimate show of product placement.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. As you can see, these two men are ready to return to the ranks of the AWA tag team division after several weeks away due to the injuries suffered at the hands of Strictly Business and Dichotomy... TO the hand and arm of Brian James. Brian, you've gotta be ready for-

[TORA lifts a hand, waving off Stegglet.]

T: He's in the zone, Mark. Can't hear a thing you're saying right now.

[Stegglet looks at James from the rear, nodding his head.]

MS: Alright, well... TORA, how are you feeling about getting back inside that ring tonight?

[TORA grins.]

T: I'm on top of the world, Mark, ready to jump right off with a Shooting Star Press onto an ACTUAL shooting star. I'm ready to drop a 450 splash on an asteroid. I'm ready to moonsault my way right on OVER the moon. And I just hope those four guys we're facing at SuperClash are going to be watching.

MS: Speaking of SuperClash, you two have signed a contract to compete in an eight man tag team matchup with the two of you and two partners of your choice taking on Dichotomy and Strictly Business. You know that Colt Patterson has promised to confront the two of you after this match tonight and to get some answers. Feel like saving him the effort? Who will be your partners at SuperClash?

[TORA smirks, wagging a "disapproving" finger at Stegglet.]

T: Nah, nah, nah. If we told you, you know what we'd have to do to you?

[Stegglet smiles.]

MS: Kill me?

[TORA looks shocked.]

T: Not me but Brian over there?

[James gives a shout of exertion, slamming his black-wrapped arm into the wall.]

T: He might.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: No answer on SuperClash. No answer on how Brian's feeling about getting back into the ring. What CAN you tell us here tonight, TORA?

T: I can tell you that this one match... this is our first step back on the path we were on a few months ago because you are looking at the future of this business - two men who just won't stop until we're standing here with tag team gold around our waists.

[TORA holds up a hand.]

T: I know, I know. There are a lot of great tag teams out there right now and I'm a huge fan of them all. I can't WAIT to see our good friends Air Strike take on Violence Unlimited. The Wilde Bunch. The Lights Out Express. The Surfer Dudes. So many great teams. Even the Hall of Famers, the Epitome Of Cool, are gonna be in action in NYC. The AWA tag team division truly is the place to be, Mark, and I can't think of a better place for us to be in 2015 when we climb that mountain and put those tag team titles around our waists.

[TORA grins, slapping his partner on the back. James spins, anger in his eyes.]

T: Come on, Bri. Let's do this!

[James gives a nod, storming out of view as TORA slips the headphones over his ears, bopping and weaving his head to the music as he dances out of view, leaving Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: Intensity in one partner and fun-loving happiness in the other. You might think that those two would be oil and water but somehow, they make it work. Let's go up to Phil Watson and see if they can make it work here tonight!

[Crossfade to the ring where the Blue Brothers are in one corner, preparing for action.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Anderson, South Carolina... at a total combined weight of 367 pounds... Andy and Will... the Blue Brothers!

[The twin brothers jump up and down, earning a small reaction.]

PW: And their opponents...

TORA!

TORA!

TORA!

[A beat. A whistle. Electronic beats over drums. It's Darude's "Sandstorm" and coming out, half dancing, half head bobbing is TORA. The young man stops at the entrance way, his toned upper body moving in rhythm to the beat, head bouncing, hands popping.]

He wears half red/half white tight wrestling pants with red and white kickpads. His pants have a variety of stripes, zig zags, dags and dragons down the side in print opposite to the side they are in, a collected kaleidoscope of chaos on each. He wears a haphazardly striped red and white vest over top his nary any percentage of fat upper body. He dark hair is worn in a faux hawk, the tips dyed dark blue.]

PW: Entering the ring, at a weight of 165 pounds... this... is... TORA!

[The music abruptly stops and is replaced by the opening chords of "The House That Heaven Built" by Japandroids which blares over the loudspeakers.]

PW: And his tag team partner... weighing in at 240 pounds... from Portland, Oregon... BRIIIIIIAAAAAAN JAAAAAAAAMES!

[As the crowd cheers loudly, out comes Brian James. James is tall with a lean and lanky build. His dirty blond hair is pulled back into a loose ponytail. He promptly yanks off his Claw Academy t-shirt, throwing it aside as he glares down the aisle. His recently injured hand is covered in black tape that is winding up his arm to cover the majority of it. TORA reaches up for a high five...

...not on this night as James breaks into a sprint, charging down the aisle to the ring, ducking through the ropes as TORA breaks into a jog behind him!]

GM: Brian James is back and he's hot under the collar!

[James' rapid arrival catches the Blues off-guard as James storms Will Blue, throwing a quick one-two-three jab punch before a front kick to the chest knocks him backwards. A sharp back elbow to the temple sends Andy spinning away before a spinning back roundhouse catches him flush across the back, knocking him through the ropes to the floor!]

GM: James is cleaning house!

[The one and only student of Tiger Claw hurls Will Blue bodily into the buckles, grabbing the top rope with both hands and giving a shout before snapping off a rounding kick to the ribs... and again... and again... and again...]

GM: He's all over him in the corner!

BW: Get him out of there, ref!

[James breaks away, charging across the ring to the far side where he slaps his partner's hand.]

GM: The tag is made to TORA... James charges in!

[James leaps up, slamming his knee into the jaw of Will Blue as TORA barrels in behind him with a spinning leg lariat, carrying him over the ropes and out on the apron where he spins back the other way, kicking Blue's legs out from under him...

...and James leaps up, holding the top rope as he kicks both legs out, swinging his legs down...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as James' feet slam into the face of Will Blue!]

GM: High impact double team by James and TORA! Perhaps the time off gave them some time to kick things into another gear and could this be a preview of what we're going to see at SuperClash when James and TORA take on Strictly Business and Dichotomy!

BW: It could be... but what's happening to the Blues could be what'll happen to James and TORA since they're not going to have any partners!

GM: Do you really believe that? Do you really believe those two men would agree to an eight man tag if they didn't have any partners?!

BW: But who, Gordo? Who are their partners?!

GM: I have no idea. Colt Patterson says he's coming out here after this match to find out who it is so maybe we'll know soon enough!

[James spins away, stalking across the ring as the referee warns him to exit. TORA steps back in, pulling Will Blue off the canvas, walking him out to the center of the ring to land a pair of downward elbows to the back of the head before taking him over into a seated position with a snapmare, throwing a dropkick to the back of the head!]

GM: Nice combination offense by the high-flying TORA.

[Springing back up, TORA races to the ropes, bouncing off and hitting a lightning quick legdrop. He gets up, hitting the ropes again and delivers a second.]

GM: Legdrop after legdrop by TORA!

[After four of them, TORA gets back up, pauses...

...and snaps off a picture perfect standing moonsault!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Will Blue slips a shoulder up, breaking the pin attempt. TORA grimaces at the kickout. He climbs to his feet, dragging him towards the corner where TORA slaps the hand of his partner.]

GM: Tag!

[James is quickly in, spinning Blue back to the corner where he lifts him up onto the top turnbuckle. He steps up to the middle rope, reaching out to slap his partner's hand...]

GM: And James tags TORA back in... look at this!

[TORA runs down the apron, hopping up to the top rope as James lifts Blue into the air, dropping him with a spine-rattling superplex as TORA launches himself into the air, twisting around while flipping in a Shooting Star Press...]

GM: FIRE IN THE SKY!

[The crowd roars as TORA connects!]

GM: COVER! ONE!! TWO!!

[The incoming Andy Blue gets cut off as James throws a roundhouse kick to the temple, striking hard and sending him sailing backwards off the apron to the floor!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[James and TORA share a quick embrace as Phil Watson makes it official.]

GM: Whoo boy! What a return victory for the team of TORA and Brian James! A triumphant return to form for TORA and Brian James, as they're victorious over the Blue Brothers. Let me just say, again, welcome back Brian James.

BW: You're speaking for yourself, Gordo. I was happy they were gone and them being back is no cause for celebration for me. But you know what does make me happy? Knowing that Colt Patterson is about to make them answer the question about who they found to team with them at SuperClash!

GM: Colt Patterson has promised to get those answers. And Mr. Patterson is at ringside with those two young men. Colt, take it away!

[The camera cuts to the ring, where TORA and Brian James stand, catching their breath after their victory. Patterson stands flanked by the duo, a sour expression on his face.]

CP: There are only two things I want to know from you two. And the first one is – what's this, and do you honestly expect me to believe you're allowed to wear it?

[Patterson's accusing finger points directly at Brian James' right hand. And why? Because, in addition to the black tape that's been on his fingers for some months now, the entirety of his hand is now wrapped in the same reinforced tape, the tape extending much of the way up his arm. The wrapping is thick, and the puffed out, rubberized tape looks as if it would inflict quite the nasty contusion.]

BJ: Well, Colt...

CP: That's Mister Patterson to you, kid!

[James pauses, staring at Patterson.]

BJ: Well... COLT...

[Pop from the crowd, and a big grin from Brian.]

BJ: You already know why my fingers are wrapped. Supreme Wright inflicted damage I still haven't healed from. And then a couple of... jerks

[Bigger pop! Oh yes, the fans have missed Brian.]

BJ: Busted my hand up. Not only is the AWA allowing me to keep my hand wrapped, but they insisted on it. They told me I couldn't come back until my hand was properly protected.

And I wasn't going to miss any time in front of my great fans! So they want to wrap me up? Well, nothing is going to keep me away for another minute.

But you saw what we did in the ring. You think we won that match because of my hand being taped up? Maybe you need to go watch the replay!

[As James' smile spreads, the crowd responds with more cheers.]

CP: Not so fast, junior. You beat the Blue Brothers, but they're small potatoes, especially compared to what's in front of you! Two weeks ago, you two were challenged to find two partners for SuperClash. The whole world wants to know if you managed to find two people dumb enough to get in the ring with legends like Strictly Business and legends in the making like Dichotomy?

[Both TORA and Brian James show their agitation at Patterson's question.]

T: Listen, COLT... you want to know if we found partners? You bet we did!

CP: Talk is cheap, kid. Give me names!

BJ: You really want to know?

T: I think he does want to know.

CP: Of course I want to know.

BJ: I'm not sure. Because, I mean, who we found? It'll blow your mind!

T: You're right, Brian, maybe we shouldn't tell him.

CP: I think you two are just stalling. You didn't get anyone did you? I heard you were asking everyone, and no one would agree to help you. Even Mertz and Aarons pretended like they didn't know you.

T: You're wrong, Colt. We didn't have to find anyone. We got a call. Our partners found us. And when they did? Well, I was sh-

[James is cut off mid-sentence by a loud voice off-camera.]

"You give these nobodies mic time, Patterson?"

[The camera zooms out and catches four men walking into the picture, immediately putting Brian James and TORA into a defensive posture. The first two men, Andrew Tucker and Mike Sebastian, are better known as Strictly Business. Tucker is clad in a white t-shirt covered by a gray hooded jacket and a pair of blue jeans. Sebastian sports a pair of designer studded jeans and a charcoal V-neck sweater, the sleeves pulled halfway up his bronzed forearms.

The other duo is Dichotomy, consisting of Matt Ginn and Mark Hoefner. Matt Ginn is six-seven with a slender build, reddish-brown hair in a Caesar style, and sports a thin-cut goatee and mustache. He's wearing a murky-green Miskatonic University polo shirt and his ring attire. Mark Hoefner has an athletic physique, light brown skin, and short black hair in a slightly receding hairstyle. He's wearing a deep purple "MAGNETO WAS RIGHT" T-Shirt, as well as his ring attire.]

CP: I'm trying to find out who these two have drug up to face the four of you at SuperClash!

AT: Does it really matter? They don't got no friends in the back and they don't know nobody worth knowin', so who cares?

MS: Seriously. How can anybody expect us to get excited about whatever minnows these dolts pull out of the shallow end? Like we don't already know whomever they've got in tow are as green as the guy on the asparagus can.

MG: Let us not come to such a hasty conclusion. I am certain that they could find others of their relative skill level to team with them. Perhaps the dynamic team that pushed our associates to the limit on the Fourth this year.

AT: No! You don't mean...

MG: Doctor Insidious and The Nefarious One. Yes, the very same. Or perhaps they can employ the services of the erstwhile Nick Crick and Miles Giles. Or perhaps The South Philly Phighter and The Sicilian Stud.

[As they banter amongst themselves, the rulebreakers are making their way down the aisle towards the ring where Colt Patterson has decided to bail out, stepping out to the floor.]

MH: More likely, they'll end up with the two idiots they just beat, because those are the only guys in the league dumb enough to step in there with them.

AT: Aw hell, I hope they don't gotta dip that far down the roster. Mikey and I were hopin' for some sport at MSG in two weeks.

Look, fellas, if you need us to call somebody, just say the word. I know a bunch o' old buddies who'd be more than happy to get steamrolled for a paycheck. You guys ever heard o' Setzer Van Strife? Eddie Jacobs? Say the word an' we'll make the call.

MS: We don't mind dusting off the 'ole Rolodex to help you boys out. How about Ivan Ramius? There was nobody better when it came to a quick steamroll. Or maybe the Ghost Dancers? They were always a good stand-in when it came to handouts and charity work.

MH: I never heard of any of those guys, which makes them perfect. Because ten years from now, none of the wrestling fans will ever have heard of you two either. We'll make sure of it. When we're done, the only people who'll know your names are the people who'll see you every day: your families and your health care providers!

MG: Mark, be respectful. Their parents are dead.

MH: Probably died of shame.

[TORA steps forward towards the ropes, leaning over them.]

T: You know what? I'm tired of this. You want to find out who we've got? Well, get out of our way and start heading to New York, boys. Because, after what you've said, well, you don't deserve to know.

BJ: The only thing you four jerks need to know is this. We've got two guys who can't wait to get their hands on you! Now, get out of our way!

[Brian James and TORA are about to exit as well when Tucker is the first one in, winding up for a right hand. Hoefner and Ginn follow him, swarming TORA and shoving him back against the turnbuckles as Sebastian moves to aid his partner!]

GM: We've got a four-on-two!

BW: Just like we're going to have at SuperClash!

[Both of the fan favorites are taking a bit of a pounding up against the turnbuckles. The two rulebreaking teams shout to each other, showing some communication skills as they set to whip the two men into each other.]

BW: Look at how well Dichotomy and Strictly Business are working as a unit!

[The whip sends the two partners barreling towards one another until James leaps up in a leapfrog, allowing TORA to charge under him...]

...and throws himself into a split-legged dropkick, each foot catching one man in the chest! James drops into a front roll after the leapfrog, springing up into a brutal uppercut before a spinning backfist connects!]

GM: Good grief!

[And with the four rulebreakers stunned, TORA and James bail out of the ring to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: They tried to get 'em! They tried to corner them and finish them off but not tonight, Bucky! Not tonight!

BW: They might have gotten away on this night but at SuperClash, when it's legally four on two, all bets are off, daddy!

GM: Fans, we've got to take a break but we'll be right back with more action!

[James and TORA huddle up, trading a high five as the four men in the ring brood over what happened as we fade to black.

The shot opens to an overhead view Madison Square Garden, as a voice over speaks over top.]

"Madison Square Garden. The World's Most Famous Arena.

The Mecca of Professional Wrestling.

In just a few weeks, the home to AWA's SuperClash VI."

[Cut to a billboard in Times Square with the SuperClash logo, Supreme Wright and Ryan Martinez on either side.]

"But years before the World's Most Famous arena hosted The Wrestling World's Biggest Event, it was the proving ground for men who became legends in the world of professional wrestling..."

[Cut to a sold out Madison Square Garden, on their feet and cheering as a bulky, bloody Italian kneels in the middle of the ring, clutching a title belt...]

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

[Now the shot switches to another hot Garden crowd, chanting and cheering as a Hispanic man does a modified Ali Shuffle, taking his ring jacket off as he hops in place...]

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

[Finally to the hard camera shot at MSG, as a thick man in fatigues waves the red, white and blue in the center of the ring, a bloodied opponent lying in the corner and a thin, bespeckled manager having a tantrum as he enters the ring...]

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

[The magnificent Hawaiian Hercules, Kai Alana, is introduced to the MSG crowd for the first time, as the ring announcer shouts his name, with the voice over speaking over top...]

"And now their stories can be told."

[To the clips: tag teams fighting in a cage, "Handsome" Jimmy Myers posing on the top rope, the inimitable Andre Price standing with taped fists, Bucky Wilde and "Pitbull" Billy Arnold being escorted to the ring by riot police, the historic staredown at the Last Fight In Philly...]

"Featuring over three hours of never before seen interviews..."

[Cut to present day Bucky Wilde, tie loosened and looking visibly anxious as he reminisces.]

BW: I was just a kid, and I was getting in fights on my way TO the ring. Every night. Everytime we went to Boston, I quit the business. Billy's hair started to fall out...

[Cut to Blackjack Lynch, letting off a rare smile.]

BJL: I hadda get in there, but I knew I couldn't use my name. If my bosses had heard that Blackjack Lynch wrestled in the Garden, they'd'a fired my ass before I left the state. But it was just too good to pass up...

[To Colt Patterson, dress shirt open at the collar.]

CP: Kai Alana was a freak of nature, man, people were in awe from the word go. When he came to town, you couldn't get a ticket. He outdrew the Rolling Stones.

[To a shorter man with a thick bush of black hair, wearing glasses, but curiously, a shirt with no sleeves. The name "Phil Darling" flashes on the screen.]

PD: Bruno refused to even get in the building. He wanted his money. My dad had to go to the bank and empty his safe deposit box, and Landon had to hawk one of his ridiculous gold bracelets. They never spoke after that night...

[Cut to a shot of two men standing in a cage, in the middle of old Veterans Stadium in Philadelphia, as the voice over returns.]

"...and some of the most famous matches ever seen on the East Coast. Available for the first time ever on DVD and Blu-Ray, and digitally remastered for quality, now with alternate commentary."

[Back to the clips, as the great "Soul Man" Andre Price addresses the Boston Gardens crowd.]

BW: There's only one thing I know that's for sure in this life, baby.

Pain is temporary. Glory fades... but legends never die.

[Cut to a sped up view of various matches taking place in the Garden, Spectrum and Boston Gardens, as the hook of "Cold Hard Bitch" by Jet plays... and then abruptly the screen goes to black, except for these words...]

LEGENDS OF THE NORTHEAST.

Available now.

[Fade to black.

Fade up to a screen with a graphic at the bottom saying "Earlier This Week." Andrew Sterling and Dan Thomas are both seated behind a fold-out table with a line of wrestling fans in front of the table waiting to greet the tag team. The Epitome Of Cool are signing autographs, smiling and laughing with the fans as they step up to the table.]

Fan: You guys are the best! I can't even believe you're gonna be at SuperClash! We bought our tickets - we're gonna be in NYC to cheer you guys on!

Fan #2: Hey, if you get a chance... can you get that wench Hayes in there and show her how the E used to do things?

[Thomas chuckles as Sterling shakes both fans' hands. There's some more off-mic chatter that we can't pick up on but what we can pick up on is a buzz rippling through the line. Old wrestler instincts die hard as Sterling stands up, arching his neck to look past the fans...

...and locks eyes with Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong as the former World Tag Team Champions make their way down the line, nudging fans aside as they head towards Sterling and Thomas.]

LS: The last time I saw this many pathetic pieces of trash in one place, I was at a Combat Corner tryout.

[Anderson chuckles, slapping his partner on the shoulder.]

AA: Well, well, well... look what we've got here. We must've taken a wrong turn and ended up at the Retirement home, Lenny.

[It's Strong's turn to laugh but Sterling and Thomas are not laughing. In fact, they're both standing and firing off angry words in response. Most of it is off-mic but there are few things definitely being censored by WKIK. Strong angrily turns, snatching a DVD from a fan hoping to get it signed and chucks it at Thomas. The fans instinctively sense trouble, abandoning their single-file line to circle the two teams...

...just before Dan Thomas takes a swing at Strong, knocking him back. Anderson throws himself into a tackle, shoving Anderson back, taking him over the table! The table tips over as Anderson batters Sterling with right hands. The fans are roaring for the fight as event security comes rushing into view, throwing themselves between the two teams, trying to wedge them apart.

The security manages to get the two teams apart... for a bit... before they charge back together as more and more security comes flooding into view, eventually getting the teams separated while they continue to angrily scream and shout at each other..

...and we fade down to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are standing.]

GM: Welcome back, fans... and as you saw, that fight that broke out at that autograph signing last week got both of those teams in a bit of hot water. The AWA has put them in opposite areas of the building tonight, trying to prevent another situation from breaking out. Let's hope they're successful at that. Right now, let's head back to the ring for more action!

[Cut to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following match is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring...weighing in at two hundred and thirty-one pounds...Nick Crick!

[A plain-looking man with a black brushcut and in blue trunks and boots raises his arm into the air to no reaction from the crowd.]

PW: And his opponent...

["Chief Rocka" by Lords of the Underground begins to play, as the crowd erupts in cheers!]

PW: ...he weighs in tonight at two hundred and ninety-five pounds...hailing from Tupelo, Mississippi...he is known as "The Strongest Man in..."

[The crowd chants it along with Phil...]

"ALLLLLLLLLL!!!"

PW: ..."the Land!"

HERCULLLLEES HAMMMMMMMOOONDS!!!

[All eyes turn to the top of the entrance way, where we see the massive Hercules Hammonds emerging from behind the curtains. Hercules is a sight of pure physical intimidation, with his shaved head, neatly trimmed goatee and a fierce, intense scowl. He has no pads, tapewrap, gloves or any other effects...just simple black trunks and boots. He stalks his way down towards the ring, eyeing his opponents like a fresh piece of meat.]

GM: This will be our first look at Hercules Hammonds, since he parted ways with Skywalker Jones.

BW: The entrance just doesn't seem to pack the same punch without Buford P. Higgins doing it, eh Gordo?

GM: I think Phil Watson did a great job.

BW: You would.

"DING DING!"

[As the bell sounds, Crick charges right at Hammonds, hitting him with a flurry of forearm smashes, that the Tupelo native doesn't even bat an eyelash for.]

GM: Nick Crick with a fast start! He's all over Hammonds!

[Breaking away, Crick runs into the ropes and charges in with a clothesline...]

"OHHHHHH!!!"

[...only to be TOSSED into the air and caught on the way down into a Samoan drop!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: I don't think Crick was cleared for takeoff on that one, daddy! Hammonds almost launched him outta' the Coliseum!

[Yanking Crick up off the mat, Hammonds scoops him up and holds him across his chest, yelling out to the crowd...]

"SHOULD I BREAK HIM HALF???"

[And the crowd answers predictably...]

"INTO A MILLION PIECES!!!"

[Cracking a wide grin, Hammonds takes a step forward and drops Crick across his knee with a backbreaker. He repeats the motion, dropping Crick across his knee once more. Still holding on, Hammonds lifts Crick over his head...

...and then powers him into the air with a military press!]

GM: What a display of strength from Hercules Hammonds!

[Hammonds holds Crick into the air for a couple seconds, before dropping him gut-first across his knee!]

GM: RIGHT INTO A GUTBUSTER! You know Bucky, some people thought that making the transition from tag team wrestling to singles competition would prove to be difficult for Hercules Hammonds, but he looks to be doing just fine to me!

BW: When you're strong enough to bench press a Volkswagon, a lack of experience don't really matter, Gordo!

[Strutting around with his chest puffed out and a little swagger in his step, Hammonds watches Crick slowly and painfully rise to his feet clutching his ribs, before dashing into the ropes and EXPLODING into him with a diving shoulderblock that sends Crick flying halfway across the ring!]

GM: OHHH! THE TUPELO TORPEDO!

BW: That's almost three hundred pounds of solid muscle barreling right into you like a runaway train, Gordo! If Crick wasn't broken into a million pieces already, he is now!

[Popping to his feet and beating his chest, Hammonds marches over and drags Crick back to the center of the ring, as the crowd chants his name...]

"HERC!"

"HERC!"

"HERC!"

"HERC!"

"HERC!"

"HERC!"

[Grinning big at the crowd's cheers, Hammonds then immediately deadlifts Crick off the canvas and up into a Canadian backbreaker...]

GM: Here it comes!

[...and then flings him right back down face-first into the canvas with The Hammonds Hammer!]

"OHHHH!!!"

GM: Good grief! THE HAMMONDS HAMMER!

BW: Count to a million, Crick is done!

[Hammonds goes for the pin, squatting down and placing his knee across Crick's throat as the crowd counts along...]

"ONE!!! TWO!!! THREE!!!"

"DING DING DING!"

PW: Your winner! HERCULLLLEES HAMMMMMMOOONDS!!!

[The crowd roars with cheers, as Herc...demands the mic? Taking the microphone from Phil Watson, he takes smiles big, as the crowd cheers...]

"HERC!"

"HERC!"

"HERC!"

"HERC!"

"HERC!"

"HERC!"

HH: Aw come on, now...y'all gonna' make Jones jealous!

[The deep bass in Hammonds voice echoes throughout the arena in laughter.]

HH: For weeks now, all I've been hearin' is a whole lotta' doubters and haters wonderin' just how far Hercules Hammonds can go now that I'm out on my own. Well, I don't know 'bout you people, but I'm pretty sure Hercules Hammonds can go as far, as the hell he wants!

[Big Cheers!]

HH: Put me in dat battle royal at SuperClash and there ain't NO doubt in my mind that I'm gonna' walk into Madison Square Garden and chuck every single last sucka' outta' that ring! There ain't NO doubt in my mind that I'll win the whole damn thing!

The Battle Royal!

The Tournament!

ALL OF IT!

[The second generation star grins.]

HH: Ya' wanna' talk 'bout brass rings? Then put me in dat Battle Royal at SuperClash and I'll grab'em by the fistful! And before the night is over, long after I've gotten through clearin' that ring body by body, before that crowd's gotten done chantin' my name...

[This starts up another round of "HERC!" chants from the crowd.]

HH: ...I'll have grabbed enough brass rings for every finger and toe!

[POP!]

HH: 'Cause the strongest man in...

"ALLLLLLLLLL!!!"

HH: ...the land wants that brass ring! He wants that big gold!

[Smirk.]

HH: And there ain't a single one of you that can stop me!

[Hammonds drops the mic and thrusts his arms into the air to the cheers of the crowd as we fade out.]

Colt Patterson is standing in the back with Calisto Dufresne and Johnny Detson. Detson is dressed to wrestle with long, gold tights black boots. A pair of sunglasses hide his eyes. Dufresne is dressed to the nines as usual; his three-piece suit covering his wrestling attire.]

CP: Gentlemen, later tonight, you'll be facing Supernova and Sultan Azam Sharif in tag team action but the two of you don't look all that concerned.

[Detson lets out a sigh and takes off his shades to reveal a rather bored look on his face.]

JD: Should we be, Colt? I mean Supernova and Sultan, really? These are the people that are going to deny my greatness?

[Detson smirks and points at Dufresne.]

JD: OUR greatness. I mean these two jokes have already been dispatched countless times by previous incarnations that Calisto and I have led in the past. A fate Supernova would have had repeated on him if not for that idiot Sultan!

[Detson shakes his head.]

JD: Sultan, I think talks about respect. Sultan, I think talks about honor. Sultan, I think talks about how he won the Steal the Spotlight. You think I want your honor and respect, Sultan?

[Detson scoffs.]

JD: Please. You have nothing that I want or need except that Steal the Spotlight win on my resume. Of course when I get it I won't waste it like you did on your honor and respect. I'll just use it on a World Title shot and enhance my legacy and then you can be humble in my presence!

[Detson smirks and looks over at Dufresne which reminds him to change the subject.]

JD: But at least even you aren't as incompetent as that partner of yours; who has repeatedly failed to get the job done, unlike me, proven winner. Unlike my partner over here, former World Champion!

[A nod from Dufresne.]

CD: We don't look concerned because we aren't concerned. The suits upstairs in their ivory tower, despite doing all they could for years to hold Calisto Dufresne back, and now doing the same to Johnny Detson, got one thing right. They knew that if you want these inbred Texans to shell out three months' worth of pay for a Pay Per View, you have to go into SuperClash by headlining the best talent your organization has to offer.

[A deep bow from Dufresne.]

CD: So here we are. Ready to quickly demolish Supernova and Sharif – again – to close the show.

Sharif, I heard what you said two weeks ago. I didn't understand about 90% of it, but I got the impression that you think you beat me. I've been called a lot of things in my life, but forgetful isn't one of them. And I don't recall your arm being raised in victory when Calisto Dufresne was involved, and I don't anticipate that'll change much tonight, either.

I'll try and use an analogy these Texas rednecks can understand. Before one of your NASCAR races where you turn left over and over, the cars go around the track a few times. Warming up the engine. Getting debris off of the tires. That's what Johnny and I are doing tonight before SuperClash. Getting rid of the debris.

Sometimes you're the bug, sometimes you're the windshield, gentlemen.

[A shrug.]

CD: I think we all know what you are tonight.

[The duo grin and chuckle as we fade back down to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: A whole lot of confidence - OVERconfidence if you ask me - on the part of Johnny Detson and Calisto Dufresne as they head into this tag team Main Event later tonight.

BW: Why wouldn't they be confident, Gordo? Do you know who we're talking about here? Those are two former World Champions. They're among the very best in the world. They're nineteen days away from competing in Steal The Spotlight and winning the match of their choice.

GM: Not quite, Bucky. Even if Detson and Dufresne lead their team to victory in New York City, they still find themselves in the situation where only one of them can be the ultimate winner. Only one man walks out of SuperClash as the Steal The Spotlight contract holder so if it comes down to Johnny Detson and Calisto Dufresne as the final two, they're going to have to battle it out to see who wins it all.

BW: You're just trying to stir things up between them. They'll deal with that when it happens, Gordo.

GM: That remains to be seen. SuperClash is all about big moments and big opportunities. For Detson and Dufresne, it's about the chance to win that Steal The Spotlight contract. But for Air Strike and Violence Unlimited, it's a chance to not only establish your team as the very best in the world but also to make history by becoming the first tag team to hold the AWA World Tag Team Titles and the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown at the same time.

BW: Gordo, do you really think those little pipqueaks, Aarons and Mertz, stand a chance against those two hosses, Morton and Haynes?

GM: Of course I do. Air Strike has been one of the best in the world for quite some time now and proved it when they won the World Tag Team Titles from the Lights Out Express back at Homecoming.

BW: You mean when they STOLE the titles? While Air Strike was committing Grand Theft Titles, Violence Unlimited ran over everyone in their way to win the Stampede Cup... they tore a path straight to the Tiger Paw Pro straps... and now they're comin' back to the US of A to bulldoze these little runts and to prove that - beyond a shadow of a doubt - they are the best tag team in the entire world.

GM: We'll see about that at SuperClash... but right now, Mark Stegglet is standing by inside the squared circle to speak with the World Tag Team Champions!

[Crossfade to the ring where Mark Stegglet stands in the middle, microphone in hand.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, my guests at this time, they are the World Tag Team Champions, Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons... Air Strike!

["Can't Hold Us" begins to play as the crowd gets up in rousing ovation as the tag champs run out from the back. Aarons is wearing a pink Air Strike Fan Club shirt and blue jeans while his partner has on a green Combat Corner shirt with green track pants with white piping down each leg. The AWA World Tag Team Championships are secure around their respective waists as they sprint down the ramp and fling themselves over the top rope in stereo and land in the ring. The tag champs take a side next to Stegglet. Aarons takes the time to wink at a small female section of the front row which causes an extra squeal of joy from that section of the crowd.]

MS: Gentlemen, thank you for coming out here tonight; we are just a few short weeks away from Madison Square Garden and SuperClash, where the two of you will face Violence Unlimited in this Winner Takes All showdown for all the gold!

[Mertz nods as Aarons frowns.]

MS: We all saw Violence Unlimited last time on SNW and what they had to say - what are your thoughts?

MA: Thoughts?

[Aarons looks at his partner and then back at Stegglet.]

MA: What thoughts could we have? What more could we possibly say?

[Aarons shrugs.]

MA: Do you want to know if Violence Unlimited are beasts in the ring?

[Aarons shrugs again.]

MA: Cuz they are. Do you want to know if Violence Unlimited is the hardest hitting team I've ever been in the ring with?

[Again, Aarons shrugs.]

MA: Cuz they were. Or maybe you want to know if Violence Unlimited is one of the best teams in the world today, a dominant team and the definition, no the staple, of tag team wrestling in the sport?

[Aarons smirks. Looking at Mertz now he shrugs, nods, and then looks back at Stegglet.]

MA: Because they are.

CM: Mark, you are not going to get an argument from us about most of the stuff that Morton and Haynes had to say last week. Time and again they have come out to the ring and proven most of the words they speak.

They are the TPP Global Tag Crown Champions for a reason. They are the only two time Stampede Cup winners for a reason. They are very, very good.

[Aarons' eyes narrow as he takes over for his tag partner.]

MA: And they are also right when they say we are a good – little – team.

[Aarons wags his finger at the camera as a smile forms on his face.]

MA: But that's where the nonfiction part of the Vee U story comes to an end! Because as much as they may not want to admit this Air Strike is a _little_ more than a good _little_ team.

[Aarons points back and forth to the tag title as he says that last part.]

MA: And no offense to my main man B. James but I'm sorry to let those gentlemen know that Air Strike is a little different then Air + Strike or whatever math facts they may or may not have learned on the flight back stateside. You might be able to tell the difference by the AWA tag team titles that are currently around the waist of the high-flying, death defying, tag team redefining team of Air Strike. The Tag Titles that you are coming after, the reason you came stateside after you said you wouldn't.

[Aarons smirks.]

CM: Make no mistake, you beat two very good wrestlers in Brian James and Michael Aarons and you decked me along the way. But come SuperClash, Air Strike is going to prove to you and the world that we belong on this stage.

MS: And what of Haynes and Morton's claims that they are going to win at SuperClash and then take the titles back to Japan?

[Mertz and Aarons look rather annoyed at that question.]

CM: Well Mark, Michael and I aren't about to stand here in the AWA's home here in Dallas, Texas.

[Hometown pop.]

CM: And let those two disrespect our home and all these people's home in the AWA. If they think they're going to walk out of New York with the AWA World Tag Team Titles and then not defend those titles on AWA's home turf? We have a problem with that. If they want to disrespect a place like the AWA that helped cement their legacy, we have no problem standing up for the AWA.

MA: You see that?

[Aarons points to the rafters.]

MA: That banner says Air Strike, that banner represents the AWA World Tag Team Champions and that banner is in Dallas not Tokyo; Dallas not Osaka; Dallas not Kyoto. So you say victory is a sure thing and that you're taking these titles to Japan? Well, I say come and try!

[Huge cheer from the crowd as Aarons shakes his head nodding to the crowd.]

MA: Because in New York, you're going to get the high flying; you're going to get the death defying; you're going to get the Teenage Dream Team.

[Mertz and Aarons exchange a fist bump.]

CM: But most importantly you're getting THE AWA World Tag Team Champions; and we'll have something to say about you taking these tag titles from us but more importantly we'll definitely have something to say about you taking these titles from them.

[Mertz points out to the crowd to a huge response when suddenly...]

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT AT THE DEVIL!!!"

GM: OH MY! VIOLENCE UNLIMITED IS HERE!

BW: Business just picked up, daddy!

[..."Shout at the Devil" by Motley Crue plays over the PA system, signaling the arrival of the two-time Stampede Cup winners and current Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown tag team champions, Violence Unlimited. Danny Morton is wearing a black tanktop with his grimacing face on the front that reads "Bad to the Bone" and black leather pants. Jackson Haynes is wearing his trademark floppy cowboy hat, a sleeveless shirt with the Confederate flag on the front that reads "If this Shirt Offends you...you need a history lesson" and blue jeans.

The duo step into the ring, as Mark Stegglet wisely drops the microphone and makes his exit from the ring, not wanting to chance being caught in the middle of a brawl. Haynes picks the microphone off the canvas, pointing a finger at Cody Mertz.]

JH: You say you got somethin' to say to us, boy? Well, there ain't no need to wait 'til we get to New York. If ya' got somethin' say...

[Haynes takes two steps forward, getting right up in Mertz's face, shouting in his usual belligerent style.]

JH: ...then go right on ahead and SAY IT!

[Michael Aarons is quick to step in and push back Haynes with a hard shove, drawing a huge cheer from the crowd! Quick to anger as always, Haynes tries to lunge at Aarons, but Danny Morton is quick to grab his tag team partner and pull him away, backing him into a corner and shouting "CALM DOWN!" Taking the microphone, Morton turns him attention back to Air Strike, who have their fists raised, ready for a fight!]

DM: WOAHA! Woahwoahwoah! Now, there's no one in this world that's ever more ready to fight at a moment's notice than Danny Morton or Jackson Haynes, but now's not the time or the place! So put those hands down!

[He turns to Haynes, who's ready to roar out of the corner with fists flying.]

DM: JACK! BACK DOWN!

[Morton points to Aarons and Mertz.]

DM: Nothing personal fellas, but me and Jack are here on a mission! No disrespect meant to the AWA and no disrespect meant to you, but whether you like it or not, those belts...will be ours!

[This draws a roar of boos from the crowd, as well as firing up Air Strike once again.]

DM: Cool your heads...we're not gonna' do anything.

[Morton gives a quick glance at Haynes, before turning back to Air Strike with two fingers held in the air.]

DM: Scout's honor! This...this is the biggest tag team match in American and Japanese wrestling history! And what it deserves, are the two best tag teams in the world...Air Strike and Violence Unlimited...giving the world exactly what they want to see. All four of us...

...BEATIN' THE LIVING HELL OUT OF EACH OTHER!

[The crowd actually explodes in cheers for Morton's words!]

DM: So Jack...fellas...

...let's shake on it.

[Air Strike looks hesitant, while Haynes looks ready to blow his top. After some grandstanding, Haynes removes his cowboy hat and wipes his hand down his face, before stepping out from the corner and begrudgingly holding out his hand! The two members of Air Strike look at each other warily.]

DM: COME ON! BE REAL MEN!

[Aarons and Mertz stare down Morton and Haynes for a moment...before shaking their hands! BIG POP!]

GM: Now that's what I like to see!

BW: Ah jeez, what's with all this bleeding heart Pollyanna garbage? Even Haynes got suckered into this-

"OHHHHH!!!"

GM: IT WAS A SET-UP!

[As soon as Michael Aarons turns his back, Jackson Haynes' eyes grow wide and he LARIATS the AWA tag team champion in the back of the head, knocking him face-first into the ground! Danny Morton turns to his tag team partner shouting, "What're doing, Jack!?", but a furious Cody Mertz isn't taking any chances, rocking him with a flurry of punches! However, the smaller Mertz's offense is short-lived, as a huge haymaker from Morton drops him like a gunshot! A furious Morton shouts at the fallen Mertz.]

DM: IF YOU'RE GONNA' HIT ME, THEN HIT ME LIKE YOU MEAN IT!!!

[Haynes then grabs the microphone as the crowd boos them ferociously.]

JH: If ya' give'em an inch, they'll always take a mile, Danny! And I ain't gonna' stand here and take no disrespect from these punks! Now this one...

[He points to Aarons, down on the canvas, holding the back of his head in pain.]

JH: ...thinks he's some kind of tough guy! He thinks he can put his hands on me and not get smashed in the mouth? The hell with that! I say, we get their respect the old fashioned way!

We TAKE it.

[And with that, Haynes drags Aarons into a standing headscissors, setting him up for his trademark powerbomb. However, before Haynes can lift him up, he's flipped over onto his back as Aarons backdrops him to the mat! Morton charges at Aarons, but he pulls down the top rope, sending Morton flying out of the ring!]

GM: OHHH!

[Haynes gets back to his feet in a hurry and buries a forearm between Aarons' shoulderblades. He whips Aarons into the ropes, but it's reversed, just as Cody Mertz gets to his feet. As Haynes rebounds, Mertz charges in and the two Air Strike members both leap into the air, NAILING Haynes with a double dropkick that knocks him out of the ring!]

GM: OH MY STARS! AIR STRIKE HAVE CLEARED THE RING!

BW: And they might have just sealed their fate! Haynes and Morton are going to be coming for their heads at SuperClash! They might not just take Air Strike's titles, they might take their careers!

[Security is quick to swarm Haynes and Morton on the outside of the ring, preventing them from reentering the ring. Inside the ring, Air Strike are daring Violence Unlimited to come back in, while a swarm of security guard struggles to drag a wild-eyed Jackson Haynes away, whose rage-filled screams can be heard throughout the Coliseum...]

"YOU'RE DEAD!!! AT SUPERCLASH, YOU'RE BOTH DEAD!!!"

[...as we fade out.

In the background, we hear the slowly building sounds of the Alan Parsons Project's "Sirius."

One word slowly fades in, filling the entire screen.]

"SUPERCLASH"

[We cut to a montage of still photos from SuperClash events gone by - Stevie Scott standing nose to nose with Juan Vasquez, Alex Martinez putting William Craven into barbed wire, Dave Bryant locking the Iron Crab on Calisto Dufresne, City Jack standing over his best friend to protect him with a baseball bat, Bobby Taylor trading blows with Kevin Slater, and so on and so on. The graphic changes.]

"VI!"

[As the roman numeral fades, we catch a glimpse of AWA owner Bobby Taylor in what appears to be a major city, walking the busy streets in his cowboy boots. We see glimpses of illuminated marquees with the latest big musical productions. We see towering buildings. Jam-packed streets. A small hot dog cart with a vendor hawking his offerings.

And then shots that become slightly more obvious.

A street of major theaters.

The 9/11 Memorial.

The Empire State Building.

The Statue Of Liberty.

The shot fades to the black screen again with three letters that say it all, coming up one by one.]

"M...S...G."

[Cut immediately to a panning shot of the world's most famous arena, the camera circling around it before cutting to an overhead shot of it before cutting to the sign that reads "MADISON SQUARE GARDEN." And then one more cut to a black screen with all the details.]

"SUPERCLASH VI
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
NEW YORK CITY
NOVEMBER 27, 2014"

[The graphic holds for a moment and then cuts to one more graphic.]

"LIVE ON PAY PER VIEW."

[Fade to black.]

We fade into a shot of Mark Stegglet, standing by with Skywalker Jones and Buford P. Higgins. Jones is wearing a black suit with white pinstripes underneath a gray fur coat, while Higgins is decked out in his trademark all-white suit. As Stegglet speaks, there's a visibly agitated look on Jones' face.]

MS: Skywalker Jones, with the dissolution of your tag team with Hercules Hammonds, the wrestling world has wondered what your next move would be. With the announcement of the Brass Ring Tournament, I have to ask, will you, like Hammonds, announce your intentions to enter the open invitational Battle Royal at SuperClash?

[Jones gives Stegglet an offended look.]

SJ: Marky Mark Stegglet...does Skywalker Jones, brightest star in the sky...superstar in the AWA since the day he's arrived, HAS been a superstar, IS a superstar, CONTINUES to be a superstar...look like a man that needs an extra nudge to break on through the Ricky Marley Memorial glass ceiling to fame and fortune?

AW HELL NAW!

[In the background, Buford shouts, "He already broke through!"]

MS: If not the Battle Royal...then what?

SJ: Now, I ain't tryin' to put down the Brass Ring tournament. That Brass Ring thing might work for some people, it might be Herc's thing, but with all due respect, Skywalker Jones got no use for brass rings! That tournament is for people that haven't made it to the next level...and I'm already on my OWN level! The only rings that go 'round Skywalker Jones' fingers...

[Jones holds up his hands, showing fingers filled with bling.]

SJ: ...are made of platinum and gold!

MS: But with no other openings on the SuperClash card, are you saying you're going to sit out the biggest show of the year?

SJ: As far as SuperClash is concerned, short of a title match, there should be only ONE match, Skywalker Jones should be in, Marky Mark! The match that Skywalker Jones made famous! The match that Skywalker Jones put on the map! The match that Skywalker Jones is known for, all the world over! But I'm lookin' at that line-up and I don't see Skywalker Jones name ANYWHERE! So answer me this, Stegglet, how the heck are you gonna hold "Steal the Spotlight"...

...without "MISTER Steal the Spotlight"!?

["YA' CAN'T!"]

SJ: I don't wanna' hear excuses, either! I don't wanna' hear a pitiful apology! I don't wanna' see Johnny Detson or Supernova down on their knees beggin' for Skywalker Jones' forgiveness, sayin' they just FORGOT about Skywalker Jones!

Ya' just FORGOT about me!?

Ya' FORGOT about SKYWALKER JONES???

[Jones shakes his head in disbelief.]

SJ: Ya' got the time to include that bipolar jiggadolt Terry Shane III that couldn't steal a spotlight if ya' shined a flashlight on him 24/7 and some rookie that's won about as many matches as BUFORD HAS, participatin', but...you...

...you...

[He closes his eyes and takes deep breaths, trying to remain zen, trying to find his center of calm, before gritting his teeth and shaking his head. He steps away from Stegglet, looking flustered.]

SJ: I can't even keep myself composed...break it down for'em Buford!

[And with that, the greatest ring announcer in the business today, Buford P. Higgins, steps in without missing a beat.]

BPH: ...but ya' can't make room for THE MAN that's captained his own Steal the Spotlight team, saved the AWA from Royalty, flies through the air with the greatest of ease, captivates the audience whenever ya' please, kicked Calisto Dufresne in the head and made him cry, so unbelievable that the fans swear that to Heaven they've gone to 'cause they must've DIED...the legendary, the immaculate, the pec-tacular and SPEC-tacular...

...SKYWALKER JOOOOOONES????

[Buford takes a step back, as a calmed down Jones steps back in, picking up right where Buford left off as if nothing happened.]

SJ: What we have here, is a systematic CONSPIRACY to commit a TRAVESTY...

...against ME.

[He points a finger to his chest.]

SJ: And if ya' think Skywalker Jones is gonna' let these jive turkeys get away with it?

Then you just don't know Skywalker Jones.

[And with that, Jones stomps off, with Buford following behind him.]

Crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first...

["Intergalactic" by The Beastie Boys fires up over the airwaves.]

GM: I'm not familiar with this music, Bucky.

BW: Not a Beastie Boys fan?

GM: I'm familiar with the song, I mean I have no idea who is coming out to it.

BW: Really? I always figured you more of a Hank Williams kind of guy, sitting alone at home on a Friday night with a bottle of Jim Beam in one hand and an old love letter in the other.

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: Hailing from a galaxy far, far away and weighing in at amount that is immeasurable here are...

JASON APOLLO! MATTHEW MERCURY!

THE ANTI-GRAVITY KIDS!!!

[Lasers. Lots of lasers. As the Beastie Boys song continues to fire up, two men glide into view wearing skin tight silver sleeveless jackets and matching ring shorts, kneepads, and boots. Both men, even amidst the padded jacket and pants, are razor thin green as grass. Apollo has a bit of a black slanted flat top with mid-length sideburns and is otherwise clean shaven. Matthew Mercury has shoulder length blonde hair parted down the middle.]

BW: These guys can't weight more than a buck and some change soaking wet. Combined.

GM: Not exactly the physical specimens we have been accustomed to as of late but you can't judge a book by its cover, Bucky.

BW: You can judge it by the string bean arms!

[Apollo and Mercury slap a few hands, give a bit of a skip, and then sprint down the ramp and despite being on the same level as the ring, they headfirst slide under the ropes into the squared circle. Both men race for a turnbuckle and leap up and raise their arms in the air making a diamond shape with their pointer fingers and thumbs connected.]

PW: And their opponents...

[A loud thump of a drum. And another. The hammering continues as an electric siren sounds off and the alarming duo of Alexander Awe and Solomon Shock step through the entrance portal. The sound of the music heightens and both men begin their march down the elevated ramp to the ring.]

GM: The tag team of the future, Bucky. Shock & Awe have been fighting for so long to make a name for themselves here in the AWA and my gut says they are on the verge of breaking through and making a splash in 2015.

BW: My gut says three chili dogs was one too many.

[The muscular duo of Shock and Awe continue a fierce pace to the ring. The large African-American Solomon Shock has his hair buzzed close to the scalp and his muscles spill out of a yellow spandex shirt. He sports matching ring tights with orange lighting bolts up his thighs. Alexander Awe sports an impressive Mohawk and spike of hair jetting out from chin. His attire reflects that of Shock though instead of the old school tights he has a more modern mid-thigh length pair of tights on.]

PW: And their opponents weighing in at a combined weight of five hundred and thirty pounds....

ALEXANDER AWE! SOLOMON SHOCK!

SHOCK! AND! AWWWWWWWWWWWWWE!!!

BW: Do you think Shock feels a bit slighted by Phil? He sure put a little bit more flair on his partner's name.

GM: I think that is the least of his worries.

BW: Well, it definitely can't be the bean poles standing across from them.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Jason Apollo races across the ring and just as Alexander Awe turns around he BLASTS with a double flash kick to the chest that sends him crashing into his corner. Awe falls to the mat, propped up only by the corner of the ring.]

BW: What the-?!

GM: You were saying?!

[Apollo races back to his own corner, smacks the turnbuckles, and sprints full-speed across the ring where he somersaults at the last moment and slashes his boots into the chest of the downed Awe to a nice ovation from the crowd!]

BW: This feather can fly, but I'm doubting there's any kind of stink behind those kicks.

[Jason Apollo is right back to his feet where he pops the rising Awe in the chest with some well placed kicks before leaping up and cracking his ribs with a spinning roundhouse kick.]

GM: Jason... Apollo? That's his name, right? These two are making their debut on AWA television to the best of my recollection and so far, they're the ones delivering the shock and awe as Apollo charges across the ring again...

[Awe reaches up to tag his partner as Apollo does the same. Matthew Mercury catapults himself over the top, charging across the ring towards the opposition's corner...

...and HURLS himself headfirst through the ropes, wrapping his arms around the torso of Solomon Shock in a makeshift spear, dragging him down to the floor before he can even get in the ring!]

GM: My stars! These kids can go, Bucky!

BW: Don't get too excited, Gordo. Yeah, he knocked Shock off the apron but he caught the man off-balance. It's not like he ran him over like a steam engine or something. It was a good move but my money's still on the big guys.

[Alexander Awe pulls himself up, still in the ring, looking out at his partner in shock as Jason Apollo (also still in the ring) tears into him with a series of short kicks to the ribs followed by kicks to the thigh that chop the bigger man down to all fours...]

GM: Down to his hands and knees goes Alexander Awe and Apollo's on the move again, off the ropes and-

[He charges across, stepping up on the back of Awe, and flinging himself over the top with a somersault onto a rising Shock to the delight of the crowd, taking him back down to the barely-padded floor!]

GM: Good grief! Well, Bucky, you just let me know when you're ready to buy into the Anti-Gravity Kids, Bucky.

BW: How about when they get more than a lucky flurry to start a match? You gotta prove yourself if you want my respect in the AWA.

[Referee Davis Warren starts a count on Solomon Shock and Matthew Mercury that is short-lived as Mercury and Apollo pull Shock up, sliding him back under the ropes into the ring. Both men leap up on the apron, grabbing the top rope with both hands...]

GM: Shock trying to get up off the mat but he's got these kids waiting for him when he does...

[Apollo and Mercury spring into the air, catapulting over the ropes to drive four feet into the chest of Shock, knocking him back down to the canvas.]

GM: A double dropkick of sorts by the Anti-Gravity Kids!

[With Shock down, Mercy dives on top of him, hooking a leg...]

GM: We could have an upset here! One! Two!

[But Alexander Awe is having none of that, hammering a double axehandle down across the back of Mercury to break the count. Back up, Awe is stomping the back of Mercury until the referee's count forces Awe out on the apron.]

BW: You know, Gordo... it strikes me that Shock And Awe are missing one thing to put it all together and make a run for the World Tag Team Titles in 2015.

GM: Oh yeah? What's that?

BW: A manager.

GM: I see. You volunteering?

BW: My advice don't come cheap, Gordo. But the free stuff is that they need a manager to get them in line, get them on the same page, and get them ready to live up to potential their incredible physiques offers them.

[With Awe and Apollo finally out on the apron, Solomon Shock climbs up to his feet, lifting Mercury off the canvas and easily slinging him over his shoulder.]

GM: Shock's got him up - perhaps a powerslam on the way.

[Shock strides to the neutral corner and shoves Mercury off, dropping him facefirst on the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohh!

[The face bounces off the buckle, causing Mercury to collapse on the canvas. The referee checks on Mercury but Shock's having none of that, nudging him aside as he pulls Mercury up, throwing him bodily into the corner where his partner awaits.]

GM: Matthew Mercury is in the wrong part of town, fans, as Shock hammers him back into the buckles... and there's the tag to his partner...

[Shock lifts Mercury easily up into a bearhug as Alexander Awe steps up on the middle rope, lifting his powerful arms up into the air...

...and then springing off, connecting with a flying clothesline, dragging Mercury down hard to the canvas!]

GM: Oh my! That might be enough right there!

[Shock steps out of the ring as Awe applies a cover.]

GM: One! Two!

[Jason Apollo comes sailing over the ropes, crashing down onto Awe with a somersault senton!]

GM: Apollo breaks the cover!

[Apollo springs up to his feet, ready to fight but the referee steps in, forcing him back...]

GM: The referee's trying to get Jason Apollo out of the ring and-

[With the referee distracted, Alexander Awe and Solomon Shock work together, whipping Mercury into the neutral corner. Awe grabs his partner's powerful arm, firing him in...

...where Shock BULLDOZES Mercury with a crushing avalanche in the corner. Awe comes barreling in after him with a running clothesline!]

GM: SHOCK AND AWE PUTTING THEIR POWER... THEIR SIZE... TO BIG ADVANTAGE!

[Shock steps out as Awe catches a staggered Mercury wobbling out of the corner, dropping him with a standing clothesline!]

GM: Good grief! He almost took him out of his boots with that!

[Awe applies another cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The crowd cheers as Mercury slips a shoulder off the mat.]

GM: Whoa! A nearfall right there but Matthew Mercury escapes in time! This kid's got some fight left in him, fans!

[Awe drags Mercury up, tugging him into a bodylock, holding him chest-to-chest before LAUNCHING Mercury over his head, sending him bouncing off the canvas!]

GM: An overhead throw by Alexander Awe... and there's a tag!

BW: I think we are about to see the end of the Anti-Gravity Kids.

[Shock jerks Mercury into a standing headscissors, setting up for a powerbomb, throwing his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture...

...but Jason Apollo slips back into the ring, charging across into a spinning leg lariat that breaks up the powerbomb attempt!]

GM: This division has been red hot as of late, Bucky! Look at these hungry young teams go! On top of that we've got Violence Unlimited making the trip from Japan to face Air Strike at SuperClash! We've got the Epitome of Cool coming out of retirement on that same night where we pay homage to the legacy of the legendary EMWC against the former AWA World Tag Team Champions the Lights Out Express-

[Gordon's voice skips a beat as the crowd's disapproval of the figures standing at the elevated ramp brings him to a halt.]

BW: You said their name too many times and they appeared. It's uncanny.

[Camera focuses on the ramp. It's a quite sudden cut. Jarring, even. Even more jarring is the group that stands there. There are no lackeys. No henchmen or sidekicks. There are just three men and one crafty little lady. Their track-suits are black and white with gold inseam save for the woman who wears a power charcoal gray skirt with a stylish pink chiffon blouse and wields a florescent pink taped branding iron. Lenny Strong, Aaron Anderson, Donnie White, and Miss Sandra Hayes.]

GM: What in the world are they doing out here now. They've got no business with these teams out here tonight.

BW: No business? They are the number one contenders to the World Tag Team titles that Air Strike hijacked from them! Every team in this locker room is their business!

GM: Hijacking is a bit of an exaggeration.

BW: I beg to differ.

[The cavalry hits the apron and immediately step into the ring. Jason Apollo, who was standing over Alexander Awe, turns away from him and shouts towards Aaron Anderson and his voice is lost on the Axeman who plows forward and DRILLS Apollo between the eyes with a brutal head kick.

Awe, now standing up, gestures to the downed Apollo and lets out a hardy laugh...

...only to suffer a similar fate as Lenny Strong blindsides him with a forearm to the jaw that knocks him into the corner!]

GM: Come on! This isn't necessary, these teams don't deserve this!

BW: This is a rude awakening for them. THIS is how you make it, Gordo. This is the kind of tenacity it takes to be a champion!

[Awe tries to fire back but Strong is relentless with his forearms, blasting him repeatedly in the side of the head. Solomon Shock springs back into the fray, sprints forward, and leaps into the air...

...SMASHING both Strong and Awe in the corner with an avalanche.]

GM: There we go! Shock isn't going to just lay over and die!

[Shock grins, turning back towards the center of the ring where he's met by Aaron Anderson who pops him up into the air...]

GM: OH MY STARS! WHAT AN UPPERCUT!

[...and nearly takes Shock's head off with the shot!]

GM: Here comes Matthew Mercury!

BW: I'll see your Mercury and raise you one Donnie White.

[Mercury rushes in and is immediately met by the Atomic Blonde who grabs him by the shoulders and heaves him right back through the middle ropes where he crashes down to the hard floor on the outside. White grabs the top rope with both hands and catapults himself into the air, over the top, somersaulting in air...

...and CRASHES on top of Mercury!]

BW: Point, Buckthorn Wilde.

[Hayes, now in the ring, begins barking out orders as Strong pummels Shock with stomps to the back. Anderson gutwrenches Apollo, lets him hang waist high, and then HURLS him overhead where he SLAMS into the corner. Apollo, holding the back of his head, rolls out of the ring. Alexander Awe scrapes to get up to all fours and Lenny Strong measures him, rolling up his tracksuit sleeve and then rolling down his black elbow pad. Awe pulls himself, wobbles himself straight...

...just as Strong rushes towards him and CRUSHES him with an elbow!]

BW: ROLLING KO ELBOW! Nobody does it better!

[Awe goes limp and face plants into the mat. Strong pumps his fists into the air and then boots Alexander Awe in the ribs until he rolls out of the ring. Donnie White, now back on the apron, begins pacing towards the corner.]

GM: How has nobody put a stop to this madness. These guys are just going rogue as of late. We saw it with that snippet earlier in the week where they interrupted the Epitome of Cool's autograph session and sent hundreds of fans home empty handed after the local police were forced to shut down the event following the altercation.

BW: They're sending a message. Violence Unlimited may rule Japan. Air Strike may be the champs here in the AWA. But this is their playground, Gordo, and NOBODY comes onto their turf and lives to tell about it without going through them first.

[Anderson yanks Shock up, throwing him towards Strong who turns him into position. The former champions duck down, lifting Shock into a double electric chair, a leg on each man's shoulder. Donnie White pulls himself up on the apron, spitting on both hands before grabbing the top rope as Hayes raises her branding iron in the air and with a high pitched shriek emphatically lowers the branding iron. On cue, White leaps up, springboards off the top rope, raising his knees up into the chest of Shock as he cradles the back of his head...]

GM: MY STARS!

[...and rides Strong all the way down to the mat, crushing him underneath the knees!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: WHOOOOA DADDY! I take it back...THAT'S how you send a message!

GM: What in the world do you call that?

BW: Breathtaking.

[Hayes jubilantly skips around the ring as Anderson, Strong, and White all get up to their feet and stand over the unmoving Shock. Strong signals for a mic and is handed one immediately.]

LS: Now THAT'S how you put your autograph on something, jack! We could set up shop out front, let a bunch of pencil neck geeks and pre-adolescent teens go goo-goo for us as they wet themselves in a five hour line and scratch our names on some old photos or magazine covers...

...or we could come out here and do something ya ain't ever gonna forget! Now ya'll can argue the semantics of that statement by I guarantee ya that I can show ya four guys who will never forget this day.

[Strong tilts the mic down and gestures towards the carnage around the ring. Apollo, Mercury, Awe, and Shock all laid out.]

LS: If the AWA had it's way we'd have BORA or TO-JAM or whatever those nerds call themselves running around rampant in this place, playing to twelve year old girls cause they ain't ready for teams like the Lights Out Express. Hell, they ain't ready for Panda Express am I right?

BW: I concur.

GM: You would.

[The group take gentle steps towards the ring ropes facing the entrance way. Anderson's face is blank, like an executioner's. Strong is almost giggling while White is in outer space combing his fingers through his mile high Mohawk.]

LS: The real funny thing is, we were all set to come out here in about ten minutes but quite frankly after about fifteen seconds of watching this abomination, we couldn't take it anymore. Fact is, we could have just sat back, collected our paycheck for the night, and gone onto to New York and broke Dan Thomas' and Andrew Sterling's necks and everything would have been fine with the world.

We are what makes this place go round. Imagine a locker room without the Lights Out Express...without the delightful Miss Hayes. Imagine Dichotomy main eventing SuperClash. Imagine these good people trying to fork over their honest wages to see the Wilde Bunch. Oh man.

We should be defending OUR titles against those cowards Violence Unlimited at SuperClash who for the past six months have hid across the Pacific Ocean and ducked the team they SHOULD have faced in the Finals of the 2014 Stampede Cup.

We were robbed in Japan. We were robbed of our titles. We were wrongfully denied our contractual rematch against Air Strike and then we've been FORCED to drag the Epitome of Cool out of the gutters and local watering holes and make them relevant again. You're welcome, boys. People born in this century now know your names all thanks to the Lights Out Express! We put this division on OUR shoulders, with OUR blood, with OUR talent. What did we get for it? Justice? No. Vengeance? None. Retribution? Of course not.

So here's where it gets interesting. Here's where the double threat beauty and brains of Miss Sandra Hayes comes into play. Sandra, if you will?

[Hayes whips her tar colored rat tail off of her shoulder as she walks up to the mic.]

MSH: I almost forgot how much fun having all the power really was.

[A candid smile.]

MSH: As the greatest leader the AWA has ever had, I advise you to listen to what these fine men have to say. What you saw here tonight was just a taste of what happens if you don't oblige to what the Lights Out Express want...

.

..and what Hayes-Dane-Michaelson Incorporated wants. It has been a busy beginning to the holiday season for us. We have been collecting royalties on Noboru Fujimoto's dominating title reign in Japan...we have been watching Terry Shane's intimate and heart warming self-destruction into the pits of irrelevancy. And we have been welcoming back old friends...

[She gestures to Donnie White who upon recognition flashes his pearly white smile.]

MSH: ...and destroying new ones. In the midst of all that, I have been establishing the Lights Out Express Rule which states that any binding member of our team may compete in any tag team match without having to notify our opponents which members of the entity will be representing the team. Now while the ability to select from Donnie, Lenny, and Aaron is rather irrelevant considering their talent and natural athletic abilities, what is relevant is that the winner of the Epitome of Cool and Lights Out Express at SuperClash will be granted a World Tag Team Title match within the first thirty days of 2015.

GM: Whoa!

BW: Talk about a shake up. She's still got it, Gordo!

GM: A big coup for Miss Hayes and her men as they now move into position to get a shot to regain the World Tag Team Titles.

[Hayes continues.]

MSH: So after these men dispose of those washout hacks Thomas and Sterling at SuperClash, they're taking back what is rightfully theirs! After they dispose of those Social Security drawing-

[Suddenly, the crowd buzzes...]

GM: WAIT A MINUTE! HERE THEY COME!

[...and that buzz suddenly turns into an ear-splitting roar!]

GM: DAN THOMAS! ANDREW STERLING! THE EPITOME OF COOL HAVE HAD ENOUGH!

[Hayes shouts out at her men to alert them as Thomas and Sterling sprint madly down the ramp, ducking through the ropes...

...just as Anderson, Strong, and White duck out the other side of the ring.]

GM: COWARDS! These guys are unbelievable!

BW: They can't tip their hand, Gordo! Thomas and Sterling have no idea if they are going to get White and Anderson, Strong and White, or Anderson and Strong!

GM: You think that worries a Hall of Fame tag team like the Epitome of Cool? Sterling and Thomas WILL walk into New York City ready for absolutely everything and anything and I'm betting that they'll upset all of Sandra Hayes' plans to regain the World Tag Team Titles.

BW: Not a chance, Gordo. The L-O-E is gonna send the E-O-C back out to pasture before taking back the titles they never should've lost to begin with.

GM: That remains to be seen and right now, let's go backstage where we've just caught up with Alexander Kingsley and Sunshine!

[The shot crossfades back to the locker room area where the aforementioned duo are standing next to "Sweet" Lou Blackwell. Blackwell is eyeing Sunshine a bit too eagerly as the camera comes upon them and he "awakes" with a jerk, looking towards the camera.]

LB: Thanks, Gordon! Joining me right now is the man who has been challenged to a SuperClash showdown with Travis Lynch, Alexander Kingsley along with his... lovely... valet, Sunshine.

[Sunshine, clad in a black and red #scumbagTravis tanktop, glares at Blackwell.]

S: Valet? VALET?! You think I'm some empty-headed twit whose job is to hold open ropes and to take the robe off Alexander's exquisitely chiseled physique?

[Kingsley shakes his head.]

S: I am his manager. I am his partner. I am his ally in the greatest cause known to mankind - the complete and absolute destruction of the Lynch family. And in New York City, that cause takes one giant step forward when we put Travis Lynch out of wrestling once and for all.

[Blackwell grimaces.]

LB: Mr. Kingsley, what about it?

[Kingsley, standing in a black dress shirt with matching black tie, looks down his nose at Blackwell.]

AK: Miss Sunshine speaks the truth, Mr. Blackwell. People will walk into Madison Square Garden with all sorts of wishes and goals... all kinds of dreams driving them. Some men like Shadoc Rage walk in desiring gold. Some men like Tony Donovan walk in desiring the chance to stand on his own. Some men like Brad Jacobs seek freedom.

I seek a reckoning.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

LB: A reckoning? What in the world are you-

[Kingsley interrupts.]

AK: You simple-minded fool, it should be clear as the crystal on my mother's formal dining table. I walk into Madison Square Garden with an opportunity greater than any those others have. I have the chance to reach back into the annals of time and wrap my hands around the throats of those who have wronged my friend and mentor, Mister Oliver Strickland. I have the chance to throttle those who have wronged my lovely partner, Sunshine.

[Sunshine beams at the idea.]

AK: This is not mere defeat. This isn't a notch in the win column that I'm after, Blackwell. This isn't me trying to prove a point to the suits who run this place that I'M the man they should be banking their future on.

[Kingsley makes a dismissive gesture.]

AK: The time to do all that is in the future. While I usually settle for nothing less than the finest of jewelry...

[He flashes his hand, revealing a ring and gold bracelet that Sunshine lovingly runs her hand over.]

AK: ...I do have my eye on a certain Brass Ring to add to my collection. But that's not now. That's not the immediate goal. That's not what awaits us on Thanksgiving Night.

I plan to skip all meals on that day, Blackwell. I plan to walk into SuperClash as hungry as can be. And when it's all said and done and Travis Lynch is nothing but a smear on the highway in the rearview mirror of my stretch limousine...

Then we will eat like kings. We will toast our riches. And we will give thanks for the world being rid of Travis Lynch.

[Kingsley tugs at his collar, looking ever the GQ model.]

LB: Alexander Kingsley is looking to do some damage to the Lynch family - lasting damage - at SuperClash VI! Fans, let's go back to the ring for more action!

[Phil Watson is standing by in the ring alongside a thickly-built man, with chocolate-colored skin, dressed in a red singlet, with a jagged black pattern around the neck and thighs, and matching boots.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a five-minute time limit. Introducing first, hailing from Evanston, Illinois and weighing in at 315 pounds, he is...

THE "EVANSTON ENGINE" DONALD FROSSST!!!

[Frost does not react to the fans' lack of a reaction. He simply hops from foot to foot, loosening himself up for the match.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The Pogues' "The Rocky Road to Dublin" starts to play over the arena speakers. Twenty seconds in, Callum Mahoney strides through the entranceway dressed in a black studded leather jacket, with metallic spikes covering the shoulders and lapels of the jacket, over a black singlet, with the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front. In addition, he has on black knee pads and black laceless boots. Mahoney also has the All-Europe Catch Wrestling tournament trophy in his right hand. He stands with his left hand on his hip, a smile on his face, soaking in the reaction from the crowd. He then holds his arms up aloft and the crowd roars louder.]

'T WAS IN THE MERRY MONTH OF JUNE FROM ME HOME I STARTED #
LEFT THE GIRLS IN TUAM NEARLY BROKEN-HEARTED #
SALUTED FATHER DEAR, KISSED ME DARLING MOTHER #
DRANK A PINT OF BEER, ME GRIEF AND TEARS TO SMOTHER #
THEN OFF TO REAP THE CORN, LEAVE WHERE I WAS BORN #
CUT A STOUT BLACKTHORN TO BANISH GHOSTS AND GOBLINS #
BRAND NEW PAIR OF BROGUES RATTLED O'ER THE BOGS #
FRIGHTENED ALL THE DOGS ON THE ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN

[As Mahoney makes his way to the ring, he does not sing along to his entrance theme like he used to. Instead, he points to a particularly rowdy section in the crowd where the fans are waving the flag of the Republic of Ireland and singing along.]

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE #
HUNT THE HARE AND TURN HER DOWN THE ROCKY ROAD #
AND ALL THE WAY TO DUBLIN, WHACK FOLLLOL DE DAH!

PW: Hailing from County Cork, Ireland and weighing in at 240 pounds, he is...

CALLUM MAAAHONEEEY!!!

[Reaching the ring, Mahoney steps through the ropes. He walks over to his corner and a member of the ring crew over. Mahoney hands his trophy to the crew member and we barely hear him say, "You drop it, I'll drop you." He shrugs off his jacket and hands it to the crew member as well. As the music fades, he paces the ring, leading the fans in a chant of "FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!", as he awaits the start of the match.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Both men circling each other...

"CHOO! CHOOOOOO!!!"

BW: What the?!

GM: That was the Evanston Engine, trying to rally the fans behind him.

BW: By making train noises?! The Irish National champion is not impressed.

GM: Former Irish National champion. Apparently, Mahoney was absent from AWA action the past couple of weeks because he was defending the title back in Ireland. This time around, unfortunately, Irish eyes weren't smiling on the Armbar Assassin.

BW: But he's still this year's All-Europe Catch Wrestling tournament winner.

[In the meantime, both men lock up in a collar-and-elbow tie-up. But not for long, as Frost uses his slight size advantage to push the Irishman off and onto his rear end.]

GM: Mahoney scrambles to his feet as the young man from Illinois taunts him.

[Mahoney looks a bit embarrassed by the hard fall, glaring at Frost with the slightest of nods as he moves back in.]

GM: Back to the collar and elbow, Mahoney ducks under into a full nelson... nope, right back out and into the armwringer.

BW: You gotta love the speed and fluidity of Mahoney as he moves from hold to hold, keeping his opponents off balance. Now he's cranking on the arm, trying to take a weapon away from his much-larger opponent.

[Frost simply reaches out with an open hand, piefacing the Irishman, and with a loud shout of exertion, he shoves him down to the mat again.]

GM: Wow! Mahoney goes down for the second time!

BW: The first time, he was embarrassed. This time, I bet he's just plain mad.

[Proving Bucky correct, Mahoney angrily slaps the mat as he gets back to his feet, pointing a threatening finger at the opposition who waves him forward.]

GM: Here we go again... another collar and- ohh! Mahoney goes downstairs with a knee to the midsection!

[Grabbing the back of Frost's head, the Fighting Irishman PASTES him with a European uppercut that snaps his head back. Pulling the head right back down, Mahoney delivers a second forearm shot that leaves Frost reeling, backpedaling as the Irishman dashes to the ropes, springing off..]

GM: Crossbod- CAUGHT!

[The crowd grumbles as Frost holds Mahoney across his chest...

...and DROPS down into a front powerslam!]

GM: Big slam by a big man as he counters!

BW: That was one of the ugliest cross body attempts I've ever seen, Gordo. Not a usual weapon from Mahoney and he paid for it.

[Mahoney rolls under the ropes to the floor as Frost gloats over his impressive move. The Irishman slaps the ring apron, pacing around ringside with his hands on his hips as the referee counts him and Frost shouts for him to get back in.]

GM: Callum Mahoney choosing to take a breather and perhaps get himself back in the right frame of mind to continue this march. His much larger opponent seems to have him off-balance so far in this one.

[Mahoney waits until the eight count to slide back in where Frost is waiting with a pair of heavy forearms across the back before he can get up.]

GM: The Evanston Engine lifts Mahoney off the mat, scooping him up with ease, and throws him down with a body slam!

[With the Irishman down, Frost hits the ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: ELBOW!

[...and hitting the canvas with a big leaping elbowdrop!]

GM: Mahoney avoids the elbow... back to his feet now, stomping the taste right out of Frost's mouth...

[He reaches down, hooking Frost by the ear and hauling him off the mat into a stiff forearm shot to the jaw.]

GM: Good grief! What a shot that was!

BW: You see Mahoney use the ear to lift him up? These fans may cheer him but he ain't a nice guy, Gordo. He's tough, he's mean, and he likes to hurt people.

GM: Plus he likes to fight as we know. Perhaps Mahoney will be a late entry into the Brass Ring Battle Royal that everyone is talking about.

BW: He's the perfect competitor for it, Gordo. A guy who is as talented as they come but is just stuck in neutral, spinning his wheels as he looks for an opportunity...

[Mahoney throws a second forearm shot, this one off the bridge of the nose, that forces Frost down to a knee.]

BW: Whew. A shot to the nose like that hurts for a long time. It makes your eyes start to tear up... it's hard to breathe...

[With a double handful of hair, Mahoney lays in knee after knee on the kneeling Frost as the referee steps in, counting quickly.]

GM: The referee trying to get Mahoney out of the corner here...

[At the count of four, Mahoney breaks off the barrage of knees, throwing him across the ring. He pauses, arguing with the referee as Frost hits the buckles...

...and bounces out into an impactful clothesline!]

GM: Oh my! Big clothesline by Frost when Mahoney lost his focus for just a moment! There was a ton of explosiveness out of that clothesline and that's the kind of surging offense that earned Donald Frost the nickname of the "Evanston Engine."

[Pulling Mahoney up, Frost batters him with a series of right hands back up against the ropes as he grabs an arm, shooting Mahoney across...]

GM: Mahoney hits the ropes... BOOM! Big running tackle!

[Frost pumps a fist up and down like he's blowing a train whistle, turning back towards Mahoney who is down on his knees, begging for mercy...]

GM: Mahoney's trying to back off, get a chance to-

[Pulling himself up, Mahoney throws a kick at Frost's midsection but the Evanston native catches it!]

GM: Oh! Frost catches the foot!

[Mahoney's eyes go wide, shaking his head as Frost slowly walks him back out of the corner, nodding to the sprinkling of fans cheering the newcomer.]

GM: Frost has got Mahoney in trouble here! He's got him in a bad way!

[Walking him back, Frost goes to spin Mahoney around, rearing back with a right hand as the Irishman turns towards him...

...and leaps up, hooking the off-arm as it dangles at Frost's side, dragging the bigger man down in his dreaded armbar!]

GM: ARMBAR! ARMBAR OUT OF NOWHERE!

[Frost screams, clawing at the mat frantically...

...but wastes little time in giving up.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Wow! How about that?

BW: Callum Mahoney can never be counted out of a fight, Gordo. Never.

[The Pogues' "The Rocky Road to Dublin" starts to play, as Mahoney slides out of the ring, heading straight for the All-Europe Catch Wrestling Tournament trophy. It is Donald Frost's turn to slap the mat in frustration, as Mahoney backs away from the ring, his arms held aloft, while occasionally taunting his opponent.]

GM: A submission victory for the All-Europe Catch Wrestling Tournament champion as he shows that he truly is the Armbar Assassin. Folks, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, we'll hear from the Fighting Irishman, Callum Mahoney!

[Fade to black.

A black screen slowly fades to a graphic that reads as follows, accompanied by a voiceover.]

"THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENT HAS BEEN PAID FOR BY THE AWA."

[And then we cut to a grainy handheld camera, walking around the ringside floor of a small arena. Dimly lit and filled to capacity, the arena boasts a crowd that is loud and rowdy.]

VOICEOVER: The whole world has its eyes on Dallas, every Saturday Night.

[We get a couple of quick clips from Saturday Night Wrestling, of major stars in action. Juan Vasquez hitting the right cross on Stevie Scott. Alphonse Green nailing Dave Cooper with the Hunger Strike. Jack Lynch chasing Demetrius Lake in an effort to Claw him. After this, we go back to the handheld. The user is climbing the ring steps, giving us a first person view of what it must be like for a wrestler to enter that ring.]

VOICEOVER: But what about those two weeks in between? You hear us promote the great action all over Texas and nearby states. And every summer, we travel all around the world. No TV production; just a gala featuring the AWA stars and a few thousand of their closest friends.

[The cameraman walks around the ring, filming the crowd. There are about five thousand here, and a sign that bids all welcome to the Cal Farley Coliseum in Amarillo, Texas.]

VO: What great matches have we never seen? How much blood was spilled in the pursuit of a dream, and we never knew?

[Now more clips... in less professionally-produced areas. The clips feature not only current, but former AWA stars. We see Rick Marley with a flying headscissors taking down Shadoe Rage. We see The Rave diving out of the ring at the Blonde Bombers. We see MAMMOTH Maximus pressing Kolya Sudakov overhead. We see Calisto Dufresne using the ringpost to free himself from the grip of Glenn Hudson. And we see Hannibal Carver slugging it out with Hercules Hammonds.]

VO: They're called "house shows". Classic matches, held in arenas all over the United States, seen only by the fans in attendance. But the AWA did have cameras at some of these events... and captured some of these intense battles. And now, for the first time ever, you can witness them too.

[We get a product screen featuring a DVD Set: AWA Signature Series Volume Three: House Show Classics. The cover features a montage of images from each clip shown above.]

VO: The AWA Signature Series, Volume Three. House Show Classics, featuring unaired matches from the entire AWA run.

[As each match below is mentioned, we get a clip of it...]

VO: See... From 2013, Calisto Dufresne defends the AWA World Heavyweight Championship against the World Television Champion Glenn Hudson.

From 2012, James Monosso defends the very same title against Dave Cooper.

From 2009, a 15-man West Texas Bunkhouse Battle Royal.

From 2010, Stevie Scott defends the National Title against Vernon Riley.

From 2013, Dave Bryant defends the World Television Title against Mr. Sadisuto.

From 2011, Nenshou defends the same belt against James Lynch.

From 2013, The Blonde Bombers defend the World Tag Team Titles against The Rave.

[Back to the product splash.]

And besides these seven great matches, there are eleven other great contests. Eighteen matches in all, on a two DVD set. Special features include...

[A clip of a variety of young wrestlers setting up a ring... some of whom we recognize as stars today.]

VO: ...a behind the scenes documentary on the travels and travails of life on the road...

[And then another of a training session at the Combat Corner.]

VO: ...and an exclusive look inside the Combat Corner over the years. See some of the friendships and rivalries that formed before they were stars!

AWA Signature Series Volume Three, House Show Classics. Available today from Amazon, Best Buy, and AWAsShop.com. Get yours today!

[One last look at the product screen, and the commercial ends as we fade back to the interview platform, where Mark Stegglet is standing by with Callum Mahoney, who has the All-Europe Catch Wrestling tournament trophy in his right hand, which he holds up aloft to cheers from the crowd.]

MS: Callum Mahoney, the search is on to fill the final spots for the Steal The Spotlight teams. You were in the match last year; do you think you have a shot at the spotlight as we head towards SuperClash?

CM: Last SuperClash, I was roped into being a part of a Steal the Spotlight team... To make up the numbers. I made a vow that I was done being the guy who's simply there to make up the numbers...

[Mahoney nods.]

CM: Which is exactly why Supernova has named ME to be the fifth member of his team, because I, more than any other athlete here in the AWA, will make it count!

[The crowd reacts with surprise. Happy surprise. But surprise nonetheless.]

MS: Wait a second! We've been asking Supernova all night and you're telling us you're the fifth man!?!]

CM: That's right, Mark. Supernova knows how valuable an ally I can be; I showed that in the Tower Of Doom against the Wise Men at Guts & Glory. So, my teammates don't have to worry about my disappointing them. When you see that brass ring in front of you, you reach out and grab it! And that's what I plan to do...

[He holds out the All-Europe Catch Wrestling tournament trophy in front of him.]

CM: Right now, this is the most precious thing to me, because it's proof that I'm the best in Europe. But make no mistake about it: I would drop this trophy in an instant if it means freeing up my hand to grab the brass ring... If it means I've got both hands free to STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT!

[Mahoney turns to the fans, raising the trophy in the air, as we hear him yell, "We're going to New York!"]

MS: Wow! Huge breaking news just unfolded in front of us right there as we learned that Callum Mahoney is the fifth and final member of Team Supernova for Steal The Spotlight! Right now, let's go backstage to another member of that match!

[We fade to the backstage area where Terry Shane III stalks the hallways of the Crockett Coliseum. There are a few people trickling here and there – they've learned to give the wrestlers wide berth, but it's nothing compared to the frenzy that we will see on Thanksgiving evening in New York City.

He's wearing a lime green V-neck shirt, ash colored jeans, and dark brown boots. His mane of black hair is brushed back just so. He's shaved clean and his arms hang at his side. His blue eyes are narrow and flinty...and his first words are ground through his teeth.]

TS3: Not to put too fine a point on it...but you never finished your sentence, Bobby.

[He's seething now.]

TS3: Just one single, solitary question. You had two weeks to answer and I know you are perfectly capable of doing that. If Sultan Azam Sharif can figure out how to string together semi-coherent sentences long enough for all of us to somewhat understand what he is talking about than so can you. Anything, a post card, a social media blast. You said you know something about me that nobody else does.

[Shane's chest pounds in and out.]

TS3: You said you know the REAL Terry Shane. I welcome an elaboration on your part but until then...

...let me tell you something about the REAL Terry Shane.

[Shane's eyes are lit with a burning fire.]

TS3: Let me tell you about who I am. Let me tell you about how much it rankles me to not be in the main event at SuperClash. To not be fighting for the World Title but instead having to battle for an opportunity to just stand in the same ring with Supreme Wright and share the same air. Let me tell you what it is like to go from being spoke of in a hush tone that symbolized fear and then to be mocked by the lowest possible scum in this company.

I can stand here with pure and absolute confidence and say that MY ego, Bobby...

...is bigger than yours. That what I am going through right now tears at me more than a man like Ebola Zaire ever ripped at your skin, ever dug his nails through the flesh of your forehead, ever sunk his teeth into your limbs gnawing for a figment of the bones that hold your body together. It is easy for you and your adolescent and naïve being to look at a man like me with sullen and confused eyes and wonder what has become of me.

What happened to Terry Shane the eleven year old boy who would share a bag of popcorn and soda with you. What happened to the teenager who never let a girl or prize ever become between us.

I will tell you, Bobby.

He is DEAD.

Dead to me, dead to you, and dead to anyone that ever knew him. He died a long, long time ago. You know the road I traveled so I need not repeat it or bore you with the semantics of my childhood. You lived it. You lived it with me. You held me up when I was at a breaking point and now I see you...I see you trying to do it again. Do not think for a second that I do not understand what is transpiring in that thick skull of yours. When all others have turned a cheek to me. ME. You want to reach out and SAVE me.

[Shane, right hand shaking, continues to burn a whole in the camera with his iron stare.]

TS3: SAVE ME?!

[He shakes his head.]

TS3: [softly] Save.

[Head down.]

TS3: [faint] Me.

[The Ring Leader exits, leaving the camera pointing at nothing for a long, long while before we slowly fade back to the ring.

We've got a nice panning shot of the Crockett Coliseum crowd setting the scene.]

GM: Terry Shane continues to be one the most erratic competitors in the entire AWA, Bucky.

BW: Ever since the collapse of the Shane Gang and the split between he and Sandra Hayes, Terry Shane has just not been right... mentally. He allied himself with Team AWA at the Battle Of Los Angeles, seemed to be changing what we knew about him, and then jumped back the other way, becoming more angry and vicious than ever.

GM: You just never know what you'll get with Terry Shane.

BW: And that's what makes him dangerous.

GM: Fans, coming up next-

[Abruptly, the sounds of snarling and barking dogs fills the air just before the lights drop to nothing and KISS' "War Machine" kicks in over the PA system.]

GM: Cry havoc and let slip the Dogs Of War!

BW: Oh yeah, daddy!

[The swirling spotlights hit the arena floor as a dark blue lighting scheme takes over the Coliseum's lighting grid. The swirling spotlights come to rest on the top of one of the sections of fans, illuminating the most successful trio in AWA history as they start their walk down the aisle between the seats, dressed - as always - in midnight blue and ready for action.]

GM: It's been almost nine months since the Dogs Of War first made themselves known to the AWA and in that time, we have seldom seen a more destructive group of individuals.

BW: Nine months since we KNEW about them. They've been around for over a year now, showing people the business end of a car windshield. When you look at the list of people they've taken out of action, you include people like Stevie Scott... like Supernova... like Waterson, Matsui, and Blue among others. These men have no fear and at the end of the day, they're willing to take on any challenge... if the price is right.

[Isaiah Carpenter is the first one over the railing, leaping over it gracefully before diving headfirst under the ropes into the ring. Pedro Perez follows suit, barking insults at a few ringside fans before he pulls himself up on the apron, ducking through the ropes. Wade Walker, the muscle, brings up the rear, staring stoically at the jeering fans as he takes his place alongside his brothers-in-arms. Pedro Perez produces a wireless mic, tapping the top of it a few times before speaking.]

PP: Nineteen days.

[Perez pauses, breathing heavily into the mic.]

PP: Nineteen days until AWA fans all over the world get together with their families to watch the biggest show of the year. And when it's all said and done, they'll settle in for a second helping of the gluttony they shoveled down their throats earlier in the day and pay thanks one more time... but this time, they'll pay thanks to the Dogs Of War.

[Perez hands the mic off to Carpenter.]

IC: That's right 'cause you see... on Thanksgiving Night at SuperClash, the Dogs Of War are going to give the AWA and its fans the greatest gift of all - the END of Juan Vasquez and Alex Martinez.

[The boos pour down on a smirking Carpenter who raises a hand.]

IC: Oh, I get it. You people THINK you don't want to see that but when it comes down to it, you just haven't thought enough about it. Think about a

world without Alex Martinez... a world without a seven footer who believes he's still relevant. The big man should've stayed in Hollywood but he can't... he just can't pass up the chance to try and steal a little of his son's spotlight. Ryan Martinez should be thanking us for what we're going to do to his old man at SuperClash. You people should be thanking us for clearing a path... for cracking the glass ceiling... for showing the wrestling world that they can live without Alex Martinez.

[Carpenter hands the mic back to a sneering Perez.]

PP: And then there's Juan Vasquez.

[Big cheer! Perez looks agitated.]

PP: Juan Vasquez is the perpetrator of the biggest scam in the history of our sport. He makes you people believe that he's a good guy. He makes you believe that he gives a damn about any of you. He trots out people like Supernova... like Sweet Daddy Williams... like One Eyed Luke himself... like Stevie Scott... and he tells you that he's their friend. That he'll do anything for them. That he'll always have their backs... as long as they do this one little thing for him.

Shorten their careers.

[The crowd is jeering Perez loudly now.]

PP: The fans may not thank us for what we're going to do to Vasquez at SuperClash... but the locker room definitely will! The locker room will fall to their knees and thank us for clearing that clogged artery that leads to the top of this sport. They'll thank us for no longer saddling them with an albatross around their necks that can only serve to cause them injury and embarrassment. They'll thank us for making this a world without Juan Vasquez.

[The mic gets handed off to Wade Walker who is about to speak when...

There's no music to interrupt the Dogs of War. Only the sudden, deafening roar of the crowd. A reaction so loud that, for a moment, Perez, Carpenter and Walker are completely overwhelmed by it. And why the cheer?

Because coming down the entrance ramp are two bonafide legends.

On the right is Alex Martinez. The Last American Badboy is wearing his studded black leather jacket over a black AWA T-shirt, as well as a pair of blue jeans and leather biker boots. The overhead lights gleam off the silvery lenses of his mirrored sunglasses.

On the left is Juan Vasquez, wearing a black hoodie over a t-shirt with the image of him in his "Dia de Muertos" facepaint.

The two men stop just short of the ring, a bit of distance between them, their eyes trained on the three men in the ring. Cordless microphone in hand, it's Alex Martinez who speaks first.]

AM: Ya know, I really was ready to call it a career. Last year about this time, I was in that ring, talkin' about how my last match. I was askin' the kid if he'd let me tag with him. And now, a year later, well, everyone knows what Ryan will be doin', come Thanksgiving. And I was good with that. I was good with buyin' myself a ticket and sittin' in legends row and watchin' my son carry on the family tradition. But what's that sayin'?

Just when I was out, three jackasses pull me back in.

[Both Martinez and Vasquez take a step closer.]

AM: You three have been runnin' your mouth for a long time. You've been doin' what ya wanted to who ya wanted. And so far? Well, you've pretty much had the run of the yard? Me? I think its time we pulled back on that choke chain and made sure you three get what's comin' to ya.

So when my good buddy Juan Vasquez called me up and asked me if I wanted to get the band together, when he asked me if I could find my way to New York and do somethin' about you three? Well, I just had to clear my schedule.

[Perez leans forward, over the ropes, about to speak.]

PP: We-

[But Martinez shakes his head.]

AM: Quiet, junior. The man's got somethin' to say.

[A huge cheer comes from the crowd as Perez seethes in anger at Martinez cutting him off... and gets louder as Vasquez steps up to the plate.]

JV: They say that if you tell a lie big enough and long enough, repeat it over and over...the people will start to believe it. Well sorry, amigo, but you can stand there yappin' 'til SuperClash _2015_ and it ain't gonna' cover the stink from the crap comin' outta' your mouth!

[POP!]

JV: So you wanna' rid the world of Juan Vasquez? That's fine by me. You ain't the first and you ain't gonna' be the last ones that wanna' put me outta' the business. That just goes with the territory.

[He chuckles.]

JV: But don't try to tell the world you're fighting for some noble cause. Don't tell the world that you're trying to do this out of the goodness of your heart. At least grow a pair and tell the world the truth. This ain't about justice. This

ain't doin' it for the boys in the back. This is about you three, tryin' to make a name for yourselves at our expense. This is about being on Percy Childes' payroll and continuing to carry that fat bastard's plans from beyond the Wise Men's graves. This about the fact that when it comes right down to it, in a fair fight, you three DOGS...

...are nothing but three BIT-

[The audio cuts out for a moment but when it comes back, the crowd is ROARING at what Vasquez said. The Hall of Famer smirks at the reaction, looking into the ring where Pedro Perez is physically being held back by Wade Walker. Isaiah Carpenter grits his teeth, glaring at Vasquez as he grabs the mic.]

IC: Make no mistake, Vasquez... what we do to the two of you in New York City has nothing to do with the locker room full of people who want your spots. But it has EVERYTHING to do with the three people in this ring who want them.

[Vasquez nods at the truth. Perez breaks away from Walker, snatching the mic away, madness in his eyes.]

PP: YOU'RE DEAD! DEAD, VASQUEZ! DEAD, DEAD, DEAD!

[Carpenter tries to retake the mic.]

PP: No... NO! He needs to hear this! This ain't about the locker room... this ain't about the fans... this ain't about money or Childes... this ain't about none of that.

THIS... IS ABOUT... THE END!

[Perez stares over the ropes, pointing angrily at Vasquez.]

PP: THE END OF YOU!

[He points at Martinez.]

PP: THE END OF YOU!

[He points at Vasquez.]

PP: THE END OF IT ALL!

[Perez bounces off the ropes, slamming a fist into his chest.]

PP: I don't... WE don't want a page in the history book after the two of you. That's not what this is about either.

[Walker snatches the mic away, glaring out at the two Hall of Famers.]

WW: We want to tear out every... single... page... of that book.

[Walker rolls his muscular neck.]

WW: And burn it.

[Perez snatches the mic again.]

PP: And that's what we'll do in New York City. That's what we'll do at SuperClash! That's what we'll do because when I look around this ring, I see three of us...

[He holds up three fingers.]

PP: ...and only TWO... of you.

[That sadistic grin crosses Perez' face again as a chuckling Martinez slowly raises the mic again.]

AM: That what ya think?

[Martinez yanks his mirrored sunglasses off and folds them up, tucking them into the inner pocket of his leather jacket.]

AM: If I were you, I'd count again.

[Just then a commotion breaks out at ringside behind the Dogs' backs. A figure breaks to the front, jumping the railing.]

GM: Fans, you may see the Dogs of War make their way to the ring through the crowd but by no means should you do the sa--

[Except this is no fan...]

GM: What the-?! That's-

[The individual in question snatches up a mic from the seated Phil Watson, smiling wildly at the three men in the ring who - after hearing the commotion - have turned their attention towards the source of the interruption.]

"PAPA'S HOME!"

[The crowd ROARS once more as Hannibal Carver looks around at the huge ovation he's receiving, nodding before he continues.]

HC: I'd apologize for breaking up yer little party... but for anyone with a brain in their head it ain't no surprise. I told yeh boys, the more yeh don't invite me the more I'm kicking yer front door in.

[Carver takes a step towards the ring.]

HC: I told yehabout yer two choices. Act like yen've got a spine and take me on in New York...

[Carver sneers.]

HC: ... or I'll bring the party to yeh. In yer locker room, in the parking lot, at yer snotnosed kid's sweet sixteen... it don't matter to me.

Fortunately for me, two men do have the smarts to know like it or not, I was coming to stomp yer guts out.

Unfortunately for yeh, they invited me to the party.

[BIG ovation as Carver nods at Martinez and Vasquez.]

HC: So now that yeh pups know the third man that's gonna send you to the hospital come New York...

[Carver points a finger at Perez.]

HC: Time for a preview.

[The crowd ERUPTS as Carver nonchalantly throws the mic over his shoulder, diving under the ropes into the ring as Vasquez and Martinez come tearing through the ropes on the other side!]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[Carver gets to Perez first, lowering his head and barreling him back into the turnbuckles where he opens fire with a series of hard right hands while Vasquez tangles with Isaiah Carpenter and Alex Martinez trades blows with Wade Walker!]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands here in Dallas! We've got a sneak preview of what it's going to be like in New York City! We've got ourselves a fight!

[With all six men battling inside the ring...

...we abruptly cut to the bank of television monitors that can only mean the Control Center.

A voiceover is heard.]

"With your SuperClash Control Center... Melissa Cannon!"

[We fade up on Melissa Cannon dressed in a SuperClash VI t-shirt with her hair pulled back in a ponytail standing before the aforementioned bank of monitors with the SuperClash VI logo over her right shoulder.]

MC: Nineteen days! Check the days off your calendar because we are at nineteen days and counting until the biggest night of the year! For the very

first time, the AWA is storming into New York City... storming into Madison Square Garden. We are coming to the Mecca of all things sports and entertainment for SuperClash VI! The big event is SOLD OUT, fans, so the only way you can catch all the action will be to join us LIVE on Pay Per View!

Hello, I'm Melissa Cannon on special assignment here in the Control Center, running down all the news you need to know about the big event.

[A graphic comes up that reads "STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT."]

MC: It's the once a year extravaganza known as the Steal The Spotlight showcase! A five on five elimination matchup with the sole survivor earning himself a contract guaranteeing a match of their choosing. On one side, we'll see Team Supernova made up of team captain Supernova, Sultan Azam Sharif, Bobby O'Connor, Derrick Williams, and we now know that Callum Mahoney will be the fifth man. On the other side, it'll be team captain Johnny Detson leading Calisto Dufresne, Joshua Barnes, Terry Shane, and a fifth man who we still do not know. Remember, the rules say that only the last man standing will win the contract so if we get down to more than one competitor on the same team, those competitors will square off until one man remains.

[The graphic changes to reveal Dave Bryant and Brad Jacobs with Larry Doyle by his side.]

MC: It'll be a quest for freedom as Brad Jacobs attempts to win his liberty from his overbearing manager, Larry Doyle, when he takes on former World Champion Dave Bryant. If Jacobs can defeat Bryant, Doyle has sworn to tear up the managerial contract binding Jacobs to him.

[The graphic switches to showing the World Television Title.]

MC: The World Television Title will be on the line when Tony Sunn comes home to New York state to defend the title against the Number One Contender Shadoc Rage. The Championship Committee has ruled that this will be the one and only time these two men will meet for the title as neither will be allowed to challenge the other for the title again as long as they are the champion.

[Another graphic change to show Brian James and TORA alongside two silhouettes on one side of the screen and the quartet of Strictly Business and Dichotomy on the other side.]

MC: Eight man tag team action will see Dichotomy and Strictly Business team up to take on Brian James, TORA, and two partners of their choosing. Mum's the word as to who their partners will be but it'll have to be some top flight competition if James and TORA hope to overcome their rulebreaking opponents!

[The graphic switches to show the Epitome of Cool and the Lights Out Express.]

MC: You talk about your grudge tag team affairs - the bad blood will be flowing when the Hall of Fame of Andrew Sterling and Dan Thomas, the Epitome Of Cool, come out of retirement to face the Lights Out Express! Earlier tonight, we learned that Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong had officially added Donnie White to their team and that any of the three could compete in any sanctioned AWA tag team contest. Who will the EOC be facing and will it matter when they get their hands on Sandra Hayes' duo? Earlier tonight, our own Mark Stegglet caught up with the Hall of Fame duo so let's hear what they had to say...

[We fade to backstage footage where Andrew Sterling and Dan Thomas are standing by with Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Earlier, we saw you two run down to confront the Lights Out Express after their brutal attack on their opponents. Earlier in the week, Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong crashed an autograph signing session, ultimately ending the session early and sending hundreds of fans home disappointed.

AS: I'm getting real sick and tired of listening to the Lights Out Express flapping their gums, Mark. All they like to remind everyone about is how they're the World's greatest tag team and how they were robbed of the tag team titles.

DT: Already, they're looking beyond our match at SuperClash, Mark, demanding the winner of the match get a shot at the tag team titles. The Lights Out Express believes this one is in the bag already. And hey, maybe it is. We're no spring chickens anymore as the Express likes to remind everyone in five second intervals.

But here's the difference, Express. When the world's greatest tag teams are discussed, the Epitome of Cool will still be in the discussion after the match at SuperClash.

AS: And while you've written one hell of a first chapter to your tag team story, ask yourself one question. Will the Lights Out Express stand the test of time fifteen years from now like the Epitome of Cool?

[We fade back into the Control Center where the graphic has changed.]

MC: It'll be a fierce grudge match when Travis Lynch, returning from serious facial injury, will take on Alexander Kingsley who is sure to have the venomous Sunshine in his corner!

[The graphic changes again to show the Donovans - both father and son.]

MC: The AWA will attempt to solve some family disputes in NYC as Robert Donovan is forced to compete against his son, Tony, in one-on-one action. Don't forget that Wes Taylor, the son of the Outlaw, will be in Robert's corner... and whenever Tony Donovan is, you can be sure that Team Supreme will be as well.

[Another graphic change shows the words "BRASS RING BATTLE ROYAL."]

MC: Earlier this week, the AWA announced that early 2015 will see the Brass Ring Tournament come to town. Who will be the first to earn a spot in that tournament? We'll find out as some of the best in the AWA come to New York City to compete in this battle royal event.

[The words fade and are replaced with "TEXAS DEATH MATCH."]

MC: A longtime feud will come to an end at Madison Square Garden when Demetrius Lake and Jack Lynch go to battle in a Texas Death Match. To win the match, you must score a decision AND have your opponent unable to answer a ten count. And remember, whoever loses the match will need to come to the next Saturday Night Wrestling and admit that the winner was the better man.

[The graphic changes again.]

MC: You just heard it! It'll be a six man tag team war when the Dogs Of War take on Juan Vasquez, Alex Martinez, and Hannibal Carver! And in breaking news, we JUST received word that the Championship Committee has decided to make that match a no disqualification STREET FIGHT!

[The words "STREET FIGHT" appear in big red letters over the graphic...

...and then switch to the words "WINNER TAKES ALL!"]

MC: It'll be Winner Takes All when the AWA World Tag Team Champions, Air Strike, take on the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Champions and 2014 Stampede Cup winners, Violence Unlimited! Whoever wins the match will walk out with BOTH sets of titles and Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes have sworn that if they win, they will take the AWA titles back to Japan and defend them there.

[The graphic switches again - this time to Ryan Martinez and Supreme Wright.]

MC: The World Heavyweight Title will be on the line when champion Supreme Wright takes on challenger Ryan Martinez! Stay tuned, fans, because immediately following our Main Event in just a few moments, we'll see Unfinished Business - a special look at our SuperClash Main Event. Wondering how the champion is preparing for his title defense? Wondering what the challenger's state of mind is just a few weeks before the biggest match of his life? Stay tuned and find out the answers to all of those questions and more!

[We fade back to a SuperClash VI logo.]

MC: It's Madison Square Garden! It's New York City! It's the biggest night of the year for the wrestling world! It's SuperClash VI and I promise you that you do NOT want to miss it! For the Control Center, I'm Melissa Cannon and we'll see you in New York City!

[We fade away from the Control Center and back up on the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. Introducing first...

[The sounds of "Kashmir" by Led Zeppelin start to play over the Coliseum's PA system to big boos from the capacity crowd.]

PW: At a total combined weight of 493 pounds...

"LADYKILLER" CALISTO DUFRESNE
and...
JOHNNNNNNYYYYY DEEEEEETSONNNN!

[The curtain parts as the dastardly duo walks into view to even louder jeers. Detson is wearing a black zippered sweatshirt with long gold tights and black boots, looking arrogantly out at the fans as Dufresne leans over, whispering something to him that causes both men to laugh.]

GM: These two seem to be having a good time out there. We'll see if that keeps up when they get in the ring with their opponents.

BW: You're talking about two former World Champions who could be nineteen days away from securing an opportunity to wear gold yet again.

GM: You and these two are deluding yourselves. I'll say it again, Bucky. Only one man walks out of Steal The Spotlight with that contract. Even if these two make it to the final two, they-

BW: They have to face each other to win the contract. Yes, I know it. They know it. The whole world knows it. Do you think we're all that dumb, Gordo?

GM: No, but-

BW: But what you fail to notice is that right now, they each walk into Steal The Spotlight with a ten percent chance to win the contract. After they've destroyed the competition, these two have a 50/50 shot. Even a betting man's gotta like those odds.

GM: You're completely ignoring the chance that a man like Supernova... like Sultan Azam Sharif... like Bobby O'Connor... maybe even a Derrick Williams... or even someone like Joshua Barnes or Terry Shane could win that thing.

BW: I'm not ignoring anything, Gordo. I'm just playing the odds. You can look up and down the men in that match and point out the reasons why they're going to lose. Only Dufresne and Detson allow you to point out the reasons why they're going to win, daddy.

[As the rulebreaking duo steps into the ring, their music fades and is replaced by Metallica's "Seek And Destroy."]

PW: And their opponents... at a total combined weight of 519 pounds...

The team of SULTAN AAAAAZAAAAM SHARIF... and...

THIS! IS! SUUUUUUUUPERNOOOOOOOOOVAAAAAAA!

[The curtain parts again as the face-painted fan favorite and his popular partner stride into view to a big reaction. Supernova is dressed in black tights with yellow flames running up the sides and black wrestling boots, each with a small, fiery sun on the sides. He is also wearing a white vest with a big, fiery yellow sun on the back and the word "Supernova" beneath it in yellow lettering. And most notable is his face paint, black and yellow, resembling a flame.

His partner is in a white keffiyeh (headdress) with a black agal (headband that keeps the keffiyeh on), and sports a dark reddish-brown robe (bisht) as he walks down the aisle with Supernova by his side.]

GM: An unlikely duo but one that just may find great success tonight as well as in nineteen days at SuperClash VI as part of Steal The Spotlight.

[Sharif gets to the ring first, pointing in at Dufresne with a menacing threat as the former World Champion backs off, shaking his head. Johnny Detson pulls him into a huddle as the fan favorites step through the ropes.]

GM: This should be quite the SuperClash preview, Bucky.

BW: Only four of the ten men in Steal The Spotlight are out here for this but that should be enough for Detson and Dufresne to prove their dominance.

GM: Give me a break. It occurs to me, Bucky, that we now know the full team for Supernova. Supernova, Sultan Azam Sharif, Bobby O'Connor, Derrick Williams, and Callum Mahoney... but Johnny Detson has yet to reveal the fifth man on his squad.

BW: Give him time.

GM: He's almost out of time! This is our Main Event!

[Referee Johnny Jagger establishes control, getting Detson out of the ring as Dufresne tugs at the top rope while Supernova stands in on the other side just before the bell rings.]

GM: Here we go! And it's a SuperClash III rematch with Supernova colliding with Calisto Dufresne!

[With the bell sounded, Supernova charges across, catching Dufresne off-guard with a right hand that knocks Dufresne through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: Wow!

BW: What the-?! That closed fist was illegal!

[Supernova runs around the ring, beating his fists against his chest as Johnny Detson angrily complains about the closed right hand...

...before catching one of his own, drawing big cheers as he collapses down to the floor!]

GM: Oh my!

[The Venice Beach native is all fired up as he mounts the midbuckle, delivering a howl to the fans that they quickly echo...

...before stepping out to the apron, leaping off with a forearm to the skull of each of the huddled Detson and Dufresne!]

GM: Supernova's taking the fight out to the floor!

[Supernova spins Detson around, cracking him with a backhand shot that sends him staggering away as Supernova grabs Dufresne by the long blonde hair...

...and SLAMS him facefirst into the ring apron!]

GM: I'm not sure this is the best idea for Supernova but the kid is fired up and you gotta think he's going to ride that enthusiasm as far as it's going to take him.

[Spinning around, Supernova throws Dufresne back under the ropes into the ring, pulling himself up on the apron. He gives another shout before he heads to the corner, climbing up to the top rope...

...and leaps off, catching Dufresne with a cross body off the top!]

GM: OH MY! ONE!! TWO!!

[But Dufresne easily rolls him out, scrambling to get off the canvas as Supernova gets up, burying a boot into the midsection of his opponent.]

GM: The former World Champion is certainly having some troubles with Supernova who scoops him up... and slams him down!

[With Dufresne down in the center of the ring, Supernova walks to the corner, pointing to his partner who gets big cheers before 'Nova tags him in.]

GM: Tag! In comes the Sultan!

[Sharif comes through the ropes, moving in on Dufresne who is crawling quickly towards his corner...

...but Sharif cuts him off, grabbing his legs from behind...]

GM: Look at this, Bucky!

[With Dufresne in wheelbarrow position, Sharif shows off his tremendous upper body strength by powering the Ladykiller up off the canvas...

...and HURLING him down to the mat with a spine-rattling suplex!]

GM: Wow!

[Dufresne reaches around to the back of his head, grabbing his neck as Sharif gets back up, striking a double bicep pose in the direction of the nearest camera.]

GM: Cameraman, zoom it!

BW: Try and show a little impartiality here, Gordo.

GM: I guess someone should.

[Sharif turns his focus back to Dufresne who has managed to crawl across the ring this time, slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: In comes Johnny Detson!

[Detson stalks in, running his mouth all the while. He stomps across the ring, glaring at Sharif...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE SLAPPED SHARIF!

[An enraged Sharif throws himself at Detson's legs, lifting him up in a picture perfect double leg, powering him up into the air, and throwing him brutally down to the canvas!]

GM: Sharif takes him down! Showing off that Asian games experience!

[With Detson down on the mat, Sharif hooks a waistlock, deadlifting Detson straight up off the canvas...

...and throwing him down on his side with a waistlock takedown!]

GM: Good grief! What power out of Sharif!

[Detson frantically tries to scramble up to his feet, looking for an escape but runs right into a drop toehold that takes him down. Sharif rolls through it, straddling the back of the downed Detson to a huge cheer!]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR THE CAMEL CLUTCH!

[Seeing his partner in grave danger, Dufresne dashes into the ring, charging at Sharif...]

...but Supernova cuts him off, throwing himself into a clothesline that takes Dufresne down!]

GM: Oh my!

[Supernova gets grabbed by Johnny Jagger who forces him to walk back to his corner, protesting all the while as Dufresne staggers up and boots Sharif between the shoulderblades before he can hook in the Camel Clutch!]

GM: Ohh! Dufresne breaks up the Camel Clutch and-

[The crowd cheers as Bobby O'Connor and Derrick Williams appear on the entrance ramp, walking down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: We've got company!

BW: What are THEY doing out here?! They've got no business coming out here, Gordo!

GM: They saw Dufresne and Detson using their usual illegal tactics and they're trying to cut it off before it goes too far.

[As Williams and O'Connor take the long walk down the aisle, Detson takes advantage of Sharif being attacked by Dufresne, raining down clubbing forearms across the back of Sharif who is all on fours...]

...before a rib-cracking punt kick flips him over onto his back!]

GM: Hard kick to the ribs by Detson!

[Detson measures his downed opponent, driving a knee down into the ribs once... twice... three times before the official backs him off, leaving Sharif cradling his ribcage in pain.]

GM: Detson pulls Sharif up off the mat by the arm, whipping him into the neutral corner...

[The former World Champion follows up, driving a running knee into the ribs!]

GM: Ohh! Simple offense out of the leader of Team Detson but still effective!

[He pulls Sharif out of the corner, lifting him up under his right arm...]

...and then drops him down across a bent knee!]

GM: OHHH! Backbreaker beautifully executed by Johnny Detson!

[Detson shoves Sharif off his knee, moving into a lateral press without bothering to hook a leg.]

GM: Detson gets one! He gets two!

[But Sharif easily kicks out, breaking the pin. Detson springs to his feet, immediately stomping and kicking the ribs, keeping the rising Sharif from getting back up off the mat...

...and a falling double axehandle to the ribs puts Sharif back down on the mat.]

GM: Detson grabs hold on the ankle, dragging Sharif back towards his corner... and there's the tag to Dufresne.

[Calisto Dufresne glides through the ropes as Detson pulls Sharif up into a front facelock. The Ladykiller takes aim and BURIES a stiff front kick up into the abdomen of Sharif, putting him back down on a knee as Detson pulls him back up, grabbing an arm...]

GM: Double whip on the way...

[The duo sends Sharif off the ropes, throwing a double kick to the gut on the rebound.]

GM: Again, simple doubleteam offense but quite effective...

[Detson steps out as Dufresne jams the point of his elbow down into the ribs, knocking Sharif off his feet again. Dufresne drops to his knees, battering the ribs repeatedly with a right hand as the referee orders him to back off...

...and the crowd starts to boo loudly.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Hey, if O'Connor and Williams are gonna be out here at ringside, you gotta expect that Shane and Barnes are comin' to the party too!

[The boos get louder as Terry Shane and Joshua Barnes, walking several feet apart, head down the aisle towards the ring as well.]

GM: This is getting bad, fans. This many people down at ringside, all with bad intentions, could go South in a hurry.

[Dufresne turns, glaring at the approaching Shane. He turns to Detson, pointing down the ramp with a "What's HE doing here?!" Detson shrugs as Dufresne stalks away from Sharif, looking down the ramp at the incoming Shane and Barnes.]

GM: Terry Shane and Calisto Dufresne trading some words from afar.

BW: Dufresne needs to keep his focus on the ring though because Sharif is recovering, getting up off the mat...

[As Sharif gets up, Dufresne turns back towards him, charging hard...

...and gets caught with a right hand downstairs!]

GM: Sharif caught him coming in!

[With Dufresne breathing hard, Sharif grabs a handful of tights, swings him around...

...and ROCKETS him through the ropes and into the ringpost!]

GM: OHHHH! INTO THE BUCKLES!!

BW: His shoulder may have hit the post, Gordo!

GM: That's certainly a possibility and-

[Sharif stumbles towards the corner, grabbing at his ribs as he slaps his partner's hand.]

GM: In comes Supernova!

[Supernova grabs Dufresne, spinning him around for a trio of right hands followed by three stiff backhand jabs, knocking the Ladykiller back into the buckles. The face-painted fan favorite has the crowd roaring as he grabs Dufresne by the arm, rocketing him across the ring to the opposite neutral corner...]

GM: Dufresne hits the corner!

[With a howl, Supernova drops back to the corner, setting...

...but Detson comes charging in, refusing to let Supernova use the Heat Wave!]

GM: Detson's in and-

[Supernova sidesteps, HURLING Detson through the ropes to the floor!]

GM: -DETSON'S OUT!

[Supernova dives back against the buckles again, charging across the ring at top speed, leaping into the air...]

GM: HEAT WAVE!

[...and CRUSHES Dufresne against the turnbuckles. He steps out, throwing the dazed Dufresne down to the canvas. He leans down, grabbing the legs...]

GM: Supernova's going for the Solar Flare! He's got him tied up, turning it over...

[The crowd ROARS as Supernova locks in his trademark submission hold, the former World Champion clawing at the mat!]

GM: Oh my stars! It's locked in! Dufresne's got no way out!

BW: Supernova's trying to take him out of SuperClash! He knows that Dufresne has a history of back injuries! He knows that-

[From outside the ring, Johnny Detson slides back in...

...with a steel chair gripped in his hands!]

GM: DETSON'S GOT A CHAIR!

BW: REMEMBER THE CIBERNETICO! HE'S GONNA PRESTON SUPERNOVA!

[Detson shoves the official aside, winding up with the chair...

...when the crowd reacts with surprise as Terry Shane jumps up on the apron, grabbing the chair!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: What the HELL is he doing?!

GM: Shane's got the chair! Shane's got the chair!

[Detson spins away, leaving the chair in Shane's hands. He points angrily at him, shouting at the third generation competitor. Shane argues back, screaming "YOU WERE GONNA BE DISQUALIFIED!"]

GM: We've got an argument going on here in the ring and-

[With no referee near to call the submission, Supernova breaks the hold, allowing Dufresne to roll out of the ring...

...and then rushes at Detson from behind, dropkicking him into the very chair that Shane is holding up!]

GM: OHHH!

[Detson staggers back, dragged down into a schoolboy as a dazed Johnny Jagger dives down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Supernova springs up, a grin on his face at the victory as Detson just barely avoids kicking out in time...

...and then tackles Supernova back to the corner, opening fire on him with a series of right hands!]

GM: We’ve got a fight on our hands! The match is over but the fight continues!

[Sharif slides into the ring only to run headlong into Joshua Barnes as the two begin trading punches. Derrick Williams runs around the ring, grabbing the rising Calisto Dufresne...

...which leaves Bobby O’Connor standing in the middle of the ring, staring his former friend dead in the eyes.]

GM: Uh oh! We’ve got a showdown in the ring!

[But before O’Connor can strike, Callum Mahoney comes tearing down the ramp, dragging Shane off the apron to fight out on the floor.]

GM: There’s brawling all over the ringside area! The fight is on and-

[The curtain parts and a buzz washes over the crowd.]

GM: Oh my stars! Is he... is he the fifth man?!

[The buzz grows stronger as the man marches down the ramp, stepping over the ropes into the ring...

...and gets CRACKED with a right hand from Bobby O’Connor!]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO! CAIN JACKSON IS FIGHTING WITH O’CONNOR!

BW: What a coup, Gordo! The big man is the final man on Team Detson and tell me that doesn’t turn the tide in their favor!

[With fisticuffs flying, the camera pulls back to show the brawl ensuing all over the ring and ringside area...

...where Derrick Williams gets HURLED backfirst into the railing by Joshua Barnes who has joined the fight on the floor!]

GM: Good grief!

[Freed up, Dufresne slides into the ring, helping his ally Detson batter Supernova back against the turnbuckles. On the other corner, Terry Shane is hammering Callum Mahoney with stiff European uppercuts...

...until Johnny Detson picks up the fallen chair, taking aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DETSON CLUBS SHANE ACROSS THE BACK!! HE HIT HIS OWN PARTNER!

[Shane goes down like a bag of rocks as the ringside brawls start to spill over the railing and back up the aisle towards the locker room, leaving fewer and fewer competitors at ringside.]

GM: Johnny Detson lost this match thanks to... well, essentially, thanks to Terry Shane... and now he's out for payback!

[Dufresne throws Supernova over the top rope, bouncing him off the floor before he turns back to the ring where Detson is standing over a downed Terry Shane...

...and the duo launches into an assault on Shane, stomping and kicking him into the canvas!]

GM: Detson and Dufresne are attacking their own partner! Shane's mistake is costing him in a major, major way right here just nineteen days before SuperClash!

[The kicks and stomps are finding the mark repeatedly on Shane, knocking him down over and over again before he can get back to his feet...

...when suddenly the crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Bobby O'Connor in the ring, wielding the dropped chair!]

GM: O'CONNOR IS IN AND- WHOA!

[A big overhead swing nearly catches Dufresne who just BARELY avoids it, dropping down to the mat and rolling to the floor.]

GM: Dufresne bails out and-

[A baseball-style swing that could've taken Detson's head off is avoided by the former World Champion who falls through the ropes trying to avoid it, landing hard on the floor as O'Connor gives a triumphant shout at having chased off the two men who were assaulting his former friend!]

GM: Terry Shane said that the man who was Bobby O'Connor's friend was dead! He said that everything O'Connor remembered about him was dead! But maybe not! Perhaps Bobby O'Connor just found a way to bring that friendship back to life!

[O'Connor throws the chair angrily down on the canvas, leaning over to check on his fallen former friend. He shouts at the retreating Detson and

Dufresne who are chuckling at the scene before them. O'Connor gets up, shouting a threat down the aisle again.]

GM: Bobby O'Connor's got quite the temper on him when he feels he's seen something wrong unfolding and we just saw that right there. Now, he's helping his friend back up to-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd EXPLODES in jeers as Shane SLAMS his arm up into the groin of his savior!]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

[Shane winces as he gets to his feet, hooking a front facelock on O'Connor, reaching down to cradle a leg...

...and SNAPS O'Connor over with a swinging cradle neckbreaker!]

GM: OHHHH! GOOD GRIEF!

[Shane slowly gets up, looking down at his former friend...

...and leans down, picking up the steel chair off the mat, raising it high over his head...]

GM: NO, NO, NOOOOO!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: The steel chair SLAMS down onto the knee - the very same knee that Demetrius Lake attacked with a chair two weeks ago!

[Shane raises the chair again...

...but the crowd ROARS at the sight of the locker room clearing, Jack Lynch leading the way!]

GM: HERE COMES THE CAVALRY!

[The Ring Leader spots the incoming group of attackers, bailing out of the ring and making his escape before they can get there.]

GM: Terry Shane is running for it... running for it like the yellow, no-good, stinking coward that he is! He's running for his life and he'd better keep on running because when Bobby O'Connor gets his hands on him after this, he'll wish he'd never been born!

[The fan favorites hit the ring, Lynch diving to his friend and partner's side to check on him as Sweet Daddy Williams and Travis Lynch fire off some strong words towards the fleeing Terry Shane.]

GM: Unbelievable. Absolutely disgusting for someone to attack a man who had just saved you!

BW: Hey, Terry Shane didn't ask O'Connor to save him. He chose to do that himself knowing just the kind of guy he was rescuing. You ask me, O'Connor had it coming.

GM: HAD IT COMING!? What a terrible thing to say! An absolutely terrible thing to say!

[Cut to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated. The camera focuses tightly on them, though a few fans have managed to lean into the frame, waving to the camera. Gordon looks disgruntled over what we just saw while Bucky throws an occasional glance into the ring at what's still going on.]

GM: You see something like that and you just have to hope that Bobby O'Connor is going to be able to make it to SuperClash.

BW: Even if he does, what kind of shape will he be in? What condition will that knee be in? Team Detson just got a step closer to a clean sweep, daddy!

GM: I highly doubt that. Fans, it's been a spectacular night of action and we're not quite done yet. Immediately following the end of this broadcast a few moments from now, we invite you to stay tuned for a very special AWA presentation - Wright/Martinez: Unfinished Business. It'll be a half hour look at both champion and challenger as they prepare to walk into New York City for the biggest match of their lives. Look at how they're training, hear what they're thinking... it's going to be something very, very special, I believe. And immediately following that, we're going to cut right back here, LIVE on WKIK, for the official contract signing right inside the ring. We're nineteen days away from-

BW: Uh, Gordo...

GM: (confused) Yes, Bucky.

BW: We have a visitor.

[The camera draws back, and there, standing in front of the broadcast table is the dark haired girl in the black dress that fans have begun to refer to as "The Creepy Little Girl." She wears the same unadorned black church dress as always, and stares dead eyed at the announce team. Her hand raises and she points to Bucky's head.]

BW: Hey! I don't know what this is all about but you better stay back!

[Her fingers tap to her ears and then again point to Bucky's head.]

GM: I think she wants your headset, Bucky.

BW: I think she's trying to steal my soul!

GM: Bucky! Will you relax?

[Slowly, Bucky pulls his headset off and hands it to the girl. Quickly, she places it over her ears and atop her head, pausing to adjust it. She takes Bucky's suddenly vacant seat and then turns her head, staring straight at the venerable Gordon Myers.]

GM: Well, I confess to being a little confused. This close to the ring is no place for a little girl. And where are your parents?

[Her expression remains calm and stony, giving nothing away.]

CLG: We need a hero.

GM: Excuse me?

CLG: Those were your words, were they not, Mr. Myers? "We need a hero." In the darkest days of the AWA. In the days of the coalition that destroyed Juan Vasquez. In the days of Royalty and the Unholy Alliance. And especially when it was revealed that the AWA had become a viper's nest, ruled by serpents called The Wise Men. Did you not say that the AWA needed a hero?

[As the little girl continues to stare at Gordon, the dean of commentary nods his head.]

GM: Yes, I did.

CLG: And a hero heeded your call. A man stepped forward. Stepped forward and made himself heard. When others were involved in their own feuds, or in the pursuit of gold, one man stepped forward and put his body and his career on the line.

Ryan Martinez answered your call, did he not?

GM: He did, yes. And he has my respect... the respect of his peers. And the love of these fans.

CLG: But the cost, Mr. Myers. Do you know the cost?

The Dogs of War came after him. Do you remember the sickening sound of Ryan Martinez' body bouncing off the concrete? Do you remember the sight of rivulets of blood running down his face?

That was but one thing he suffered.

They took his title from him. A title earned honestly and defended earnestly. A title he worked for his entire life.

Eric Preston fell, never to rise again. Bobby O'Connor has suffered. Hannibal Carver will never forgive Ryan Martinez for doing nothing but being the hero you asked him to be.

And his shoulder? Do you know the extent of the damage to his shoulder, Mr. Myers? It is damaged beyond repair. One day, when his career is at an end, that damage will haunt him. One day, Ryan Martinez' arm will hang limp and useless, the nerves severed, the damage too severe to be fixed by even the strongest medicine.

That is the cost, Mr. Myers. The cost of being a hero.

The cost of answering your call.

GM: I am not sure what you're trying to imply. But if you're saying that I-

[She interrupts.]

CLG: No, Mr. Myers, I am not laying the blame at your feet. Ryan Martinez made his choices. Ryan Martinez had it in his heart to be the hero you asked for. What he did, what he sacrificed? That was his doing.

But you were the man who called him to arms.

And that means, Mr. Myers, that you are the one he will listen to. And that is why I am here. Because you are his last hope. Just as, when you were searching for a hero, he was your best hope. He has listened to you.

You must make him listen to you again.

[Once more, the little girl produces an envelope, which she lays in front of Gordon.]

CLG: Open it, read it. Then give it to him. Make him listen. Make him understand.

Save him, Mr. Myers. As he saved the AWA.

[Her work done, the little girl hops off her seat and sets the headset down. As Gordon slowly opens the envelope, Bucky returns to his chair.]

BW: Wow, that is one creepy little girl...

[No response from Myers, who is still reading. We can see his face beginning to turn ashen.]

BW: Hey Gordo, you all right?

GM: I just... fans, we... we're out of time, right?

BW: Gordo, what's wrong? What was in that envelope?

GM: Nothing. Nothing I can say to... to you... to them...

[He gestures broadly at the camera, obviously shaken up.]

GM: But... well, I think I do need to find Ryan Martinez. This is not something he can overlook.

[Gordon abruptly gets up, dropping his headset on the table, walking back up the aisle towards the locker room area, leaving a puzzled Bucky behind.]

BW: Uh, well... how does he do this usually? We're out of time. We've gotta go. We'll see you next time... at the matches.

[Bucky cranes his neck, trying to spot his broadcast partner...

...as we slowly fade to black.]